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PERSONAL MEMOIRS

AND

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

COLONEL CHARLES SHAW,

K.C.T.S., &c.

OF THE PORTUGUESE SERVICE,

AND LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL, IN THE BRITISH AUXILIARY LEGION OF SPAIN;

COMPRISING

A NARRATIVE OF THE WAR

FOR

UU-9-15

CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY

IN

PORTUGAL AND SPAIN,

FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT IN 1831 TO THE DISSOLUTION OF THE BRITISH LEGION IN 1837.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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J. B. Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament Street.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GENERAL BARON LYNEDOCH.

My Lord,

The admiration which I have ever entertained for your character, induces me to dedicate these Sketches to your Lordship. Your career as a soldier is familiar to the whole world. I may, however, be permitted to observe, that so long as undaunted bravery, deep sensibility of honour, generosity to friend and foe, and determined adherence to principle, form the true foundation of the character of "The Soldier," so long must the name of Lynedoch live in history.

I have the honour to remain,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

CHARLES SHAW.

Richmond. 10th June, 1837.

PREFACE.

On arriving from Spain, I was surprised and gratified, not only to find some old "Memoranda" preserved, but even that my kind brother had gathered all my correspondence, which had been composed hurriedly, often in the presence of the enemy, sometimes in the expectation of, and occasionally after the fatigue and excitement of an engagement. In reading these hasty and off-hand productions, I became much interested, and I then resolved to occupy my leisure time in attempting to form a Narrative, from the day of my entering the army. After having followed this plan for some time, I recurred to the Correspondence (for the purpose of refreshing my memory,) and then I thought it best to leave the letters as they really were, and not retouch those sketches, made in the camp, the field, or the bivouac. The great difficulty was, to give the letters an appearance less egotistical, for the per-

sonal pronoun is used much too freely. But this I hope the reader will have the kindness to excuse, when he is requested to bear in mind, that I was writing to relatives and friends, who took a warm interest in my fate, and who (acquainted with few or none of my brother officers) were principally anxious to hear what I had to say of myself alone.

I am well aware of the "defects of style" in this publication; but so little have I had it in my power to open a book for these last seven years, and so much have I been accustomed to converse in the "patois" of four or five foreign languages, that I must surrender all claims to the honour of being considered a "literary man."

It is not to be expected that a civilian can enter into those alternations of feeling, which scenes such as I attempt to describe, are calculated to produce; but the soldier can well understand them. The professional reader will at once perceive that this is not a military work; but if he wishes for plans of the siege of Oporto, the most correct is the "*Carte Topographique et Militaire des Lignes au Nord et au Sud du Douro, à laquelle sont annexées les Plans et Profils des Forts, Redoutes et Batteries, tant de l'Armée Constitutionnelle assiegée à Oporto,*

que de l'Armée assigeante des Rebelles."—Dressée par ordre de S. M. T., par le Lieutenant-Colonel Du Genie.—Moreira.—As to the Seat of War in the North of Spain, I would direct the reader's attention to the "*Map, Descriptive of the Movements of the British Auxiliary Legion since the 5th of May*, 1836, *to the 10th of June*, 1837, *by Captain Adderley, W. Sleigh, K.T.S., Acting Engineer, B.A.L.* Published by W. Clerk, 202, High Holborn.

The reference to individuals may sometimes appear to have been harsh. Yet I can declare that this publication goes forth to the world without bad feeling towards any human being. But I do not pretend to conceal the deep indignation I feel, that the Portuguese nation has allowed her faith and honour to be tarnished by her treatment of the foreigners who fought in the cause of the liberty of Portugal, and on the side of her Queen.

Many blanks will be apparent, for reasons so obvious that it is not necessary to explain them. The letters in the Second Volume begin with the Portuguese Expedition, and finish with my arrival in Paris from St. Sebastian.

I most eagerly seize this opportunity of expressing the admiration I always felt, and still continue

to feel, for the perseverance, ardour, gallantry, and great professional attainments of the Portuguese officers and soldiers.

As for the Spanish soldiers, though they may have to encounter dangers, difficulties, and defeat, yet their military qualities, of long and patient endurance, of sobriety, and calm courage, only remain in the back ground, until called forth by some officer of ability, to enable them to claim with pride their descent from those famous lansquenets, whose very name was synonymous with glory and victory.

With respect to official returns regarding the affairs of Portugal, they have long since been published. I am unable to give any exact information as to the actual number of British who have joined the Auxiliary Legion, never having seen returns in which I could place confidence.

Richmond, 10th June, 1837.

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ERRATA TO VOLUME I.

Line 9, page 20, for German and Hussars, read *German Hussars.*
12, 22, for Colonel Gibbs, read now *Major-General Gibbs.*
17, , for removed, read *moved.*
27, , for Captain Diggle, read *now Lieutenant-Colonel Diggle*
2, 26, for Brigade of Colonel Gibbs, read *Major-General Gibbs.*
20, 26, for Admiral Gage, read *Admiral Gore.*
2, 35, for Donk, read *Bergen-op-Zoom,* for Bergen, read *Donk.*
18, 42, for Offermœn, read *Olferferman.*
20, 43, for Lissenes, read *Lessines.*
18, 45, for instinct, read *endowed.*
26, 46, after up, read *towards,* for to, read *of.*
5, 47, for drawing, read *driving.*
10, 177, the National Guards to be in line 11, after officers, to be preceded by *of.*
25, 218, after Twelfth Night, read *cake.*
6, 272, for oat, read *boat.*
3, 289, for fellow, read *fellows.*
16, 304, for Marcos, read *Marcus.*
1, 305, for Palmella, read *Pizarro.*
2, 307, for Pat Griffin, read *a Liberator.*
2, 339, for 1820, read 182 .
7, 341, for —lls, read *Bells.*
7, 341, for thee, read *the.*
9, 394, for dead, read *dying.*
16, , read *um Gottes Willen, verlassen Sie mich nicht.*
3, 396, for witty, read *with the.*
6, 405, for Foy, read *Foz.*
24, 424, for Oporto, read *St. Sebastian.*
5, 435, for towards this point, read *from this point.*

ERRATA TO VOLUME II.

Line 9, page 42, in note, after " matters," insert *so well.*
19, 189, before " the enemy," insert *next day.*
, 294, at bottom of page, for respectively, read *respectfully.*
18, 421, for the —— contractor, read *from —— the contractor*
10, 437, for my case is, read *my case here is.*
6, 461, for the Legion, read *the Christinos.*
461, Letter XIX. ought to be XVIII., and XVIII. to be XIX.
16, 489, for me, read *us.*
1, 509, after marines, read *and the Light.*
, 531, for House, read *Horse Guards.*
15, 539, after orders, insert *as.*
15, 512, for light, read *fight.*
3, 522, from bottom, after seldom, read *or.*
, 547, for Pazu, read *Paz.*
, 521, for 1st of April, read 21*st April.*

MEMOIRS

OF

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHAW.

CHAPTER I.

The rivers Ayr and Doon—Edinburgh college—Sent from Edinburgh to St. Andrews and placed under Dr. Jackson, the celebrated Professor of Natural Philosophy, in that University—Game of Golf—Early friendships—Depôt of French prisoners at Pennicuik—Six of them make their escape and are retaken—Determines to abandon Law and become a soldier—Declines proceeding to India—Natural enemies—Enters 52nd regiment as Ensign—High state of discipline of this regiment—Anecdotes of officers—First acquaintance with the author of "the Subaltern," the Reverend Mr. Gleig—Drilling in the 52nd—Ludicrous ignorance of Sir ——— ———, of the ——— —Removal from Shorncliffe to Hythe—The "Goose Step" of the *reformed 85th*—The 2nd battalion of the 52nd receives an express to hold itself in readiness for foreign service—Receives an order to march.

It has often been remarked how, at an early age, the smallest circumstances give a tinge and

colour to the unformed character. The boy who is educated near a trout stream acquires a taste for angling, which only dies with himself. The happy hours which it was my lot to spend, fishing in the rivers Ayr and Doon, made me look forward with delight to the day when I should be a man; when no schoolmaster could interfere with me; and in my choice of a profession I was guided in my views, by considering in what line of life I could best indulge myself in my favourite sport.

I had heard that the lawyers have a vacation of six months in the year, in the best fishing and shooting season; and the thought of this so delighted me that, after *mature* deliberation, I resolved to become an advocate of the Scotch bar.

To Edinburgh College I was sent, to be well grounded in Greek and Latin; but the river Tweed so interfered with these necessary branches of learning, that, as I was found to have forgotten even what I had been taught at school, it was wisely determined that I should go to St. Andrew's College, where it was supposed there were no temptations to idleness. Placed under the celebrated Professor Jackson in that University, before the session was finished, I became a proficient in the athletic game of golf. I now began to doubt the the wisdom of the learned, on finding that all the rules for instruction in Latin and Greek, were

given to boys in these two languages, instead of in English; the reason for which absurdity, I have not to this day been able to comprehend.

The great object was now to calculate the particular day on which the Professor would examine; and, having once ascertained this, the previous night was spent in hard study; and thus, by dint of a little manœuvring, it was easy to keep up a respectable character for learning among the students. Thus my studies ended—the most valuable of my acquirements at the two Universities, being some sincere friendships, which, I am proud to say, endure to the present day.

At the period of which I speak, there was a depôt of French prisoners at Pennicuik, about ten miles from Edinburgh. Six of these unfortunate fellows had escaped, and were retaken near St. Andrew's. These men excited much interest in my mind; an interest increased to pity by their re-capture, and I attribute half the romance and love of adventure which have developed themselves within me, to the operation of this trivial circumstance on a mind naturally ardent and sanguine. I well remember wishing myself to have been a French prisoner, in order to have escaped and to have proved the impossibility of retaking me.

I now began to hate the idea of law; but, fearing to offend my friends, I determined to leave the arbitrament of my fate to chance.

At St. Andrews, there is a large pool, called the Witches' Lake. The local traditions state, that reputed witches were for ages thrown into this pond.

If the poor wretches who were thus treated sank, they were drowned; if on the contrary they swam, they were to be burned. The stories told by the fishermen of the dances of old women on this pool, lighted by blue flames ascending from the surrounding rocks, interested me much; and often did I gaze into its depths to endeavour to see some of these drowned hags.

"Well," said I to myself, shortly after the affair of the French prisoners, "suppose I test my profession in the same way as that in which the witches were tested of old. I will throw myself into the pool—if I sink, they may make a lawyer of me if they please, but if I swim, I will make myself a soldier."

Fatigued with the weary duty of hunting out words in the Greek Lexicon, I made up my mind to get rid of it somehow. One morning rising very early, I went down to the pool. Never can I forget the superstitious dread I had about plunging into this lake; but, shutting my eyes, I made a desperate leap. Instead of sinking as a lawyer (thanks to my happy stars) I swam out a soldier. From that day forth, I threw back my

shoulders, buttoned my jacket to my throat *à la militaire*, and nearly suffocated myself with tight neckcloths. My sleeping dreams were of old Ascanius: my waking ones of Charles XII. This military turn did not please my friends. They thought it would wear away; and did not prevent me from reading Cæsar's Commentaries, because of the elegant Latinity, but my own taste led me to the despatches of Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington.

About this period, the late Lord Moira left England to assume the government of India. By the exercise of a little interest on the part of my friends, I might have accompanied his lordship; but European battles were more to my taste than Eastern; and my chief ambition was, like that of every other English school-boy at the time, to fight the French, who were then called our "natural enemies." What a sad perversion of terms! But, thank God, I have lived to see this feeling die nearly wholly away.

My early ambition was soon after gratified. On the third of January 1813, I was gazetted Ensign, by purchase, in the 52nd Light Infantry. What pleasing recollections arise in my mind when I think of that splendid regiment! The high-minded, honourable, soldier-like feeling, which actuated all the subalterns, the strict discipline, the gentleman-like bearing of the Commanding Officers to their juniors, all conspired to

make the 52nd the *beau ideal* of what soldiers ought to be. I joined the 2nd battalion at Shorncliffe barracks, in March 1813. It was at that time commanded by Captain Diggle, now one of the officers at Sandhurst College. I was provided with a very strong letter of recommendation by my friend Colonel George Napier, to which I attribute my warm and cordial reception; and, on my arrival, was attached to Captain Love's company, an officer who now commands the 73rd. All the light regiments at this period in England, were quartered at Hythe and Shorncliffe, under the command of General Mackenzie. The barracks were consequently full; and it fell to my lot to take up my quarters at an hotel, in company with Mr. Gleig, the clever author of the "Subaltern." How strange and mysterious after all is the destiny of man! Thinking on this subject, I am often tempted to reverse the remark of Ophelia, and say, "We neither know what we are, nor what we may come to." Who could have then imagined that within a dozen years—least of all Gleig or myself—that he would become a minister of the Gospel, and I, a civilian of the city of Edinburgh. Be this as it may, I remember as though it were yesterday the many long conversations we had at the inn at Hythe. Whole nights were passed in determining how nobly we should act on first encountering the enemy.

No officer was allowed to do duty in the 52nd,

until he was completely drilled in every branch of his duty. The regimental regulation was six months at six hours a day; and, at the end of this period, every subaltern was perfected as a private and non-commissioned officer. It resulted that none of the juniors of the regiment ever displayed that ignorance which is the cause of the want of much moral respect on the part of the soldier. I remember to have seen the effects of this ignorance once exhibited on parade, at Shorncliffe, by Sir —— ——, of the ——, who commanded. This "officer but no soldier" got the regiment into square, but how to get them out again was the chief puzzle. He applied to the adjutant of the 52nd, who whispered to him what to do, but it was all Greek to the military tyro. In this emergency the would-be *militaire* ordered the bugler to sound the "disperse," and a few minutes after the "assembly," when they were again in column. This ignorance produced a great effect on my mind, and I resolved, by an assiduous study of my profession, never to place myself in such a predicament.

From Shorncliffe, we removed to Hythe barracks, where my delight was to witness the officers of the reformed 85th, many of whom had been years in the Peninsula, practising the goose step. At Hythe, we spent our time in drill and athletic exercises, and I will venture to say, that a more active body of young men were never seen than the officers of

the 43rd, 52nd, and rifles. The 2nd battalion of the 52nd was at this time so weak, (being composed chiefly of boys and convalescents,) that the idea of the battalion being sent on foreign service never entered the mind of any one. However, about the end of November 1813, as we were quietly sitting at mess, an express arrived, much to the surprise and joy of all, ordering the regiment to hold itself in readiness for foreign service. The news was received by officers and men with a shout of delight, and in less than half an hour an order arrived, to march at twelve that night.

CHAPTER II.

Regimental Bustle—Packing up.—Felicities of Soldiering—First March—Arrive at Daybreak at Deal—First Impressions of the Place—Forwarding by Express to Ramsgate—Arrival and Detention there—Ramsgate—Civility of the Inhabitants—Colonel Gibbs assumes the Command of the Battalion—His anxiety to introduce the Officers to the best Society of the Place—Embarkation of my Detachment on board the Dictator Troop Ship—The Hon. Captain Crofton, with Detachments of 44th and 56th Regiments, under Colonel Skerret—Our Destination—Misery on Board—Landing at Tholenland—The Author's Disembarkation—First Sight of Sir Thomas Graham, now Lord Lynedoch—Dutch Women, their appearance, and dress—A Highland Quartermaster—March to Halteren—Our Regiment quartered in a Village Church—The Whistling of Balls—Dutch digging to some purpose—Re-march to Helteren—Russians and Cossacks—The Cossacks speak Latin. Scotch pronunciation of Latin understood; not so the English—Turkey Hunting—Exploits of the Author in this matter—Frying a Beef Steak in a Papier Maché Machine—Author seized with illness on the March—Noble Conduct of Colonel Fullarton of the Rifles.

No sooner did we receive the order to march, than the regiment was in instant commotion. A pack of hounds in full cry was but a feeble type of the noise and hubbub which split the ears of all

those who were within a quarter of a mile of us. Then the running to and fro, returning this and reclaiming that; this man seeking for his clothes' brush—that for Muller's Fortifications—here an outcry for an odd volume of the last novel—there for the Dictionary of the Bible. Neither was this confusion rendered less confounding by the sudden influx of visitors and tradesmen; the former to bid many of us a last adieu, the latter to be paid for a recent order, never again to be repeated. There was something so pleasant, yet withal so mournful, in this double kind of excitement, that I remember it made a deep impression on me. Yet, is not the scene of human life, in every situation, made up of a crowd of incidents such as these? Is it not, after all, a queer game of packing and unpacking, of coming and departing, until we fairly journey to that last said home "from whose bourne no traveller returns?" Are we not, whether civilians or soldiers, here to day and gone to-morrow? But a truce to sermonizing, which I had not inflicted on the reader, but that I had all my "traps" packed up in ten minutes, and was thus afforded an opportunity of observing the ups and downs, the chances and changes, the packings and unpackings; in a word, the domestic felicities to which soldiers are exposed. I had often heard at public dinners and elsewhere the song "How merrily we live that soldiers be," but I never knew what it meant till this moment. At twelve o'clock, on the memorable

night of which I speak, we marched for Deal. We arrived there at daybreak, while the inhabitants were as yet wrapt in "Nature's soft restorer, balmy sleep." It was a cold and raw morning, and there was something in the cheerless and uninhabited air of the town which gave me a prejudice against it. I have often since remarked that I never could very much like a city which I entered on a rainy day; and I am as little disposed to relish any town or village which I have traversed after the inhabitants have retired to rest, or before they have risen in the morning. This is doubtless owing to the cheerless, dull, and uninhabited look which such places wear. To mend the discomfort attendant on so early an arrival at Deal, we found the transports not ready to receive us. We were, therefore, forwarded by express—the officers in post chaises, and the men in waggons, to Ramsgate. The cleanliness of this town, its bracing air, and healthy site, pleased me much. There was then neither discontent nor distress among the substantial farmers or worthy yeomen of the Isle of Thanet; and as I saw the ruddy peasantry and noble teams, laden with corn, entering the streets of Ramsgate, I could not help remarking that England was indeed "a land all flowing with milk and honey." To be sure there were then war prices; but I heard it remarked at the time, and I fully believe the fact, that the farmers of the Isle of Thanet did not launch out into those extravagances which distinguished

the same race in the other parts of England. Their daughters, to use a vulgar phrase then much in vogue, were neither "Frenched nor musicked," and not one of them had a dozen of foreign wine in his house. Though we spent ten days in Ramsgate, and much money into the bargain, and were credibly informed that many of the bourgeoisie of the island had fortunes of £20,000 and £30,000, yet we did not mix at all in their society: for Colonel Gibbs, who had assumed the command of the battalion, introduced us to the highest circles in the town, which was then, as well as now, a highly fashionable watering-place. It is impossible to forget the kind manner in which this excellent man behaved to the young officers, or the anxiety he evinced for their personal and social comfort. I could not, however, help regretting the useless despatch with which we had been hurried away from Hythe and Deal, more especially when I reflected on the great inconvenience which it caused to very many officers.

The 52nd gained golden opinions at Ramsgate, and departed amidst the regrets of the inhabitants. On the 9th December, the detachment to which I was attached embarked on board the Dictator troop ship, Captain the Hon. Charles Crofton. There were also on board detachments of the Guards, of the 44th, and 56th, under General Skerrett, (afterwards killed at Bergen-op-Zoom,) together with the commissariat and medical departments.

Our destination was the coast of Holland. The misery endured on board this ship, especially by the subalterns, was dreadful in the extreme. There was not even sitting room for the officers in the gun-room, and this was the more lamentable, as from the roughness of the weather sea-sickness was deplorably prevalent, and our only provisions pease-pudding and red-herrings.

On the 19th of December we landed at Tholenland. The 52nd was the first regiment to disembark, and as I was a tolerably good French and Latin scholar, I was sent with the first boat. Arrived on Dutch ground, I saw standing on the shore a fine soldierly looking officer. I inquired who he was, and was struck with mingled awe and admiration when I learned it was Sir Thomas Graham, (now Lord Lynedoch,) of whom I had heard so much in my childhood.

The beach was crowded with native women, with blowsy cheeks, manifold petticoats of ample dimensions, and wooden shoes of impenetrable thickness. They wore for the most part a profusion of gold or brass ornaments, which in no degree contributed to their adornment. Although Sir Thomas still remained on the beach witnessing our disembarkation, yet such was the irresistible drollery of these figures, that neither officers nor men (both of whom were, however, very young) could refrain from repeated bursts of laughter. The girls could not at first understand it; but as laughter is infec-

tious, especially between young men and women, the shore became one uniform scene of merriment. I was sent forward with the quarter-master; the latter had left the Highlands while yet a boy, but he could scarcely speak a word of English. On the strength of his Erse and Gaelic, mixed with a little Portuguese (for he had served a short time in Portugal) he fancied himself a great linguist. I found him haranguing a burgomaster of one of the villages in very villainous Portuguese, of which the said burgomaster understood not one word. My friend, however, was evidently impressed with the idea, that if he spoke Portuguese to any foreigner he must of course be understood. Having taken up quarters for the regiment, we marched next morning for Halteren, meeting on the way with a regiment of Guards returning from a reconnoissance of Bergen-op-Zoom. About three miles from the latter place, we again quartered in the village church of Halteren, huddling both officers and men together. At day-light, I was surprised by shouts of laughter. It was a young scamp who had dressed himself in the gear of one of the female images, and was holding forth to his comrades. Though none of us had before visited a Roman Catholic country, we took the precaution of shutting the church doors, in order to prevent the inhabitants from entering, and thus seeing their religious prejudices shocked. Before mid-day, we moved out on a "*reconnoissance*"

party. The sub-division to which I was attached was supported in front by some Cossacks and Russian hussars, and it was now for the first time that I heard a ball whiz by me. My attention was, however, more called to the zeal with which several respectable men were digging in their gardens. I soon divined the cause, on hearing an old Peninsula soldier call his comrade to mark well where the boxes were buried; of course, they contained treasure. On our return to Halteren, we found many more Russians had arrived, and a very superior class of Cossacks, who spoke Latin among themselves. There were many young men from Eton, Harrow, and Westminster in the 52nd, but their Latin was Hebrew to the Cossacks, My Scotch pronunciation caused my barbarous Latin to be understood. The Cossacks got on uncommonly well with our regiment: we alternately assisted each other very cordially, and I understood the greater part of what our friends talked about, but I never could comprehend the meaning they attached to the words "*meum*" and "*tuum*." In fact, to speak without circumlocution or disguise, they showed a very ill example to our soldiers. I recollect particularly well the manner in which they hunted some very agile turkeys, who had no particular wish to die prematurely. These fellows used to lower their lances the instant they spied the bird; sometimes, they speared them with the point, but it oftener happened that the turkeys

escaped. Our fellows, of course, followed their example, not only in killing turkeys, but, in fact, making free with what they could lay their hands on. A great proportion of our soldiers were young; the only veterans being those, who either from wounds or ill health had been sent home from the Peninsula, and who were knowing enough to put the young ones forward, while they alone contrived to reap the produce of this marauding. The officers were likewise youths, and we did not view this conduct as so serious a breach of discipline as we should have done. The commanding officer and the seniors, however, soon pointed out to us the absolute necessity of preventing the smallest approach to predatory doings. There were two or three gentlemen of this army put under arrest, and some tried for permitting depredations, and even punished, whereby their characters were in some measure hurt, while really their sole cause of error was ignorance, and the bad example of the Russian and Cossack officers, who were allowed to do what they chose with impunity.

The style of living of these half-savage soldiers was not only clean but luxurious. Both English and Cossacks were equally bad at the Dutch language, but the latter fellows often after showed great quickness of conception. I was one day explaining to my landlady (a Dutch woman) that I wished a frying-pan to cook a beef-steak. She either

could not or would not comprehend me; when one of the Cossacks, who was at my elbow, spying a *papier maché* tray, laid hold of it and put it on the fire directly. His astonishment was great indeed when the heat caused a crackling tatt-tatt, accompanied with a saltatory motion of no mean altitude.

About this time, reports became rife that the French were to attack us. We accordingly made a night march. It was the custom for the company mess to carry a bottle of old rum, to be used in case of illness among the officers. It was my fate to be seized with sudden illness, and the surgeon ordered me to have a drink out of the bottle, which was carried by my brother Sub, now Lieutenant-Colonel ———, commanding the ——. I saw him look rather queer; he gave me the bottle without saying a word, and I was too ill to speak. On putting it to my lips, there was not a drop in it; for on a cold night it is difficult to resist the temptation of Brandy. Unable to move on, I remained behind the column, expecting to be taken prisoner; but an officer of the Rifles, who was well mounted, perceiving my situation, rode up to me, and although he could himself walk with difficulty, dismounted, and, tying his horse to a tree, bade me mount him when I found himself a little better. I had never seen this officer before; I had no kind of acquaintance with him, nor he with me; and it may be imagined by those who

have been in similar situations how I appreciated such conduct. I should do but half my duty did I not record the name of this good and generous man. It was Colonel James Fullarton, of the Rifles, who died about two years ago, in command of the 96th regiment. A better man or a braver soldier never served king or country. Something may be gained by adulation of the living, but what avails it to flatter the "dull cold ear of Death." Colonel Fullarton is beyond the reach of my praise, and the expression of my gratitude is now valueless to him; but, in holding up such a character for example, I only perform my duty to the living.

CHAPTER III.

Arrival at Oudenbock—March to Rosendaal—Forced night march to Capelhutte—Brisk cannonade—Videttes placed—The enemy turned out friends—Mistake occasioned by our men wearing great coats—Challenged by a sentry—Our bread frozen—March for Antwerp—Attack on the village of Merxem—Carried by Rifles under Colonels Fullarton and M'Cleod—Advantages of being a good Linguist—Mistakes from ignorance of Uniforms—Meeting of, and Conversation with, His present Majesty—His Majesty taken for an Officer of the Commissariat—Tremendous hail-storm on the march for Westwesel—Orders for burning the fleet at Antwerp—The celebrated Carnot in the Citadel—Orders to carry the village of Merxem—Sir Herbert Taylor—Good conduct of the troops engaged—Shelter from the shot—Gallantry of Major Mitchell of the Artillery—Lord Lynedoch's panegyric on him in the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom—Unsuccessful attempt to burn the fleet at Antwerp.

I HAD not long remained seated on the ground before I recovered, and mounting Colonel Fullarton's horse, rode on and overtook our men. In the morning, we arrived at Oudenbock; and, on the 9th of January, 1814, marched to Rosendaal. Having heard that there was a corps of about 10,000 French moving towards Antwerp, it was deter-

mined that we should make a combined movement with the Prussians to intercept them. Accordingly, we made a forced night march, and arrived at Capelhutte on the borders of a vast moor. In a short time, a cannonade commenced to our left. We instantly formed, though the ground was covered with snow, and the cold intense. Hearing the rattling of artillery on the hard road, we threw out videttes, (German and Hussars). Those of the supposed enemy soon appeared, and, to the astonishment of both, the videttes met in a friendly manner. The truth was the Prussians had come down upon us, never supposing we were British. The mistake arose thus. Our men, owing to the cold, had worn their great coats; so that no portion of the scarlet uniform was to be seen; and the Prussians inseparably connected a scarlet uniform with British troops.

We marched onwards towards Antwerp. I was this night put on picquet on the road which lies between Antwerp and Bergen-op-Zoom. The cold was intense; and the snow deep on the ground; but hearing the Irish brigade were in Bergen-op-Zoom, and fearing some trick or blunder, I was all night on the move. The sentries were relieved every hour; and the patroles every half hour. I recollect being much amused with one fellow whose post was on a very cold spot at the corner of a wood. He challenged me:—I answered patrole. His patience could not stand it. He halloed out

"D—n the patrole, I thought it was the relief." The sentries were at this period ordered to put searching questions to prevent deceit; and, as there had been some complaints about always having biscuit, he put the question, "When was last tommy day?" (soft bread).

The bread we did get was of the blackest rye. When we first landed, I met an officer of the 2nd German Hussars, who told me that during the Duke of York's campaign in Holland, the frost was so severe that it froze the bread, so that it became impossible to eat it. This was thought a regular bouncing traveller's story, but this night, to our very great discomfort, proved its truth. The next morning, we marched for Antwerp, and made an attack on the village of Merxem, which was carried in a very splendid manner, by the Rifles under Fullarton, and the 78th regiment under Colonel M'Cleod. The ground was, as I before remarked, covered with deep snow, and I recollect the astonishment of all of us on seeing the wounded Highlanders lying at full length on the encrimsoned snow, none of the light brigade having heard of their having landed in Holland. The Prussians looked on them as English Cossacks; because all strange and savage-looking fellows amongst us, were called Cossacks.

Many strange mistakes were often on the point of occurring from the ignorance of the different variety of uniforms. It was in these cases that

the advantage of being a good linguist was so strikingly apparent. This ought to be a lesson to all military. It was Charles the Fifth, I believe, who said, "So many languages as a man knows, so many times is he a man," and the truth of this remark has been strikingly exemplified in my various scenes of blood and strife.

The 52nd were now ordered into the village to relieve the Rifles and 78th, and, as they were entering with their great coats on, a Prussian regiment met them. Each took the other for an enemy; but Colonel Gibbs, who was an excellent German scholar, prevented a collision which might under other circumstances have taken place. I think it was on this occasion that I had a conversation with his present Majesty. The regiment had removed to the left, and I was with the rear company, when a gentleman dressed in a blue coat with white lining came up. From his dress I thought he was one of the Commissariat, but remarking two musket shots through his coat, I thought him a rather rash commissary. I felt inclined to be offended when, addressing me in a loud commanding tone, he asked, "What regiment is that? Who commands it?"

"That gentleman," said I, pointing to Captain Diggle.

"Is he the Commanding Officer?"

"No! Colonel Gibbs commands."

It was odd that the men should have had the

same idea of the mysterious stranger as I had myself. They, too, supposed he must be a Commissary, and began muttering something about "Bread Bags better in the rear," when my friend Captain Anderson of the Artillery suddenly rode up. What was my astonishment on seeing him salute the supposed Mr. Commissary Bread Bags in the most respectful fashion, uttering at the same time the following words:—"If your Royal Highness moves a little more to the left you can have a little better view of the enemy. Sir Thomas Graham is in the steeple of the Church." I, in a whisper, asked Anderson, "What Royal Highness is this?" when he informed me it was the Duke of Clarence who had landed from England the day before. The Duke's courage continued to be the talk of the army for some days; but I said little, thinking I had gotten into a scrape. for having mistaken his Royal Highness for a Commissary.

This evening, we were again on the march. All the troops were overpowered with fatigue. The night was intensely cold, and before morning each man was marching as suited his own convenience. There was but a brigade of our men in the road, but this sample of service gave me some idea of what Napoleon's army must have suffered in its retreat from Russia.

We remained quietly at Rosendaal for some time, after our return to that place. On the 30th January, during a most tremendous hail and sleet

storm, we commenced our march for Westwesel. The weather was so dreadful that I am convinced the troops could not have withstood it, if they had not been convinced they were marching for France. As we approached Bracht, the road was one long pool of water; but, nevertheless, all went on with spirit till the steeple of Antwerp appeared in the distance. We reached Donk that night. It is a pretty village about three miles from Antwerp. At Donk we, for the first time, heard that we were to attempt to burn the fleet at Antwerp; but our hopes of success abated much on learning that Carnot, the celebrated republican, and still more famous engineer, was in the citadel of the town, and had come expressly to render it impregnable. The order next morning was that the Rifles, supported by the bayonets of the 52d, should carry the village of Merxem. At the moment of attack, and when the ugly order of "medical men to the front" had been given, Sir Herbert Taylor carried us to the right to make a diversion. In this manner, we escaped the musketry; but were exposed to the more nervous and harmless round shot. At the same time, we had an opportunity of observing and quietly admiring the good conduct of all the troops engaged. Driving the enemy before us, we formed under cover of a dyke, but, no sooner were we there, than he commenced with round shot, knowing the exact range to a nicety, and causing us many ugly casualties. This night,

while the mortar batteries were erecting, the 52d and Rifles were employed in the covering party. The weather being frosty, and the ground of a damp and spongy nature, the only way to get shelter from the shot was by digging holes in the dyke. Tools being put into our hands this was speedily done; but, as the wet continued dropping from the upper part of the holes, and froze as it fell upon us, our position was anything but pleasant. I was in the same hole with my brother subaltern, now Major M'Dowall of the 44th, and I well remember we lay on each other in turn in order to keep our bodies warm; meanwhile, the enemy kept up a very sharp fire of shot and shell. Many ammunition waggons were near the batteries, and never shall I forget the gallantry of a Major Mitchell of the Artillery in extinguishing the fire of a shell which had struck into the centre of a waggon of ammunition. In the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, Lord Lynedoch (then Sir Thomas Graham) speaking of this same officer says—"He fell covered with honour and with wounds, but still there is a slight hope that the services of this gallant soldier may be spared to his Country." Our attempts to burn the fleet at Antwerp were unsuccessful; and we retired, passing through the same country by which we had advanced.

CHAPTER IV.

Sufferings of the Dutch from the Saxon Cuirassiers—Our regiment, attached to the brigade of Colonel Gibbs, quarter at Groot Sandert—The Prince of Orange here joins the army, and appears heart and soul in the cause—System of General Gibbs on drill, at parade, and in private—The 56th and Colonel Brown—Strange speech of the latter at Barrossa—Our clergyman, Mr. James—Divine Service in the open air—Impressive sermon against swearing—Its effect on Brown—Party of Rifles sent to Westermalle—Selfish conduct of a senior officer—His shoes boiled down in consequence—Marching in clogs—Order to relieve the Guards at Bergen-op-Zoom—March to Starbrock along with the 25th, or King's Own Borderers—We erect a battery between Starbrock and Fort Lillo—A French ship of the line drops down the river to destroy the battery—The rocket brigade joins Lord Lynedoch's army—Brought to destroy the French ship—Rocket discharged; falls a few yards in the rear of the place whence it was discharged—Curious circumstance connected with this, which happened at Admiral Gage's table at Chatham—Order for 100 Rifles and 100 of the 52d to proceed to South Beveland to storm Fort Batz—Lord Harris sends the author as Adjutant—The owner of the boiled shoes falls into a putrid ditch—We boil his regimentals—Sudden order to march arrives while they are on the fire—Russian sailors at South Beveland—Unfeeling manner in which they are treated by their officers—Commodore Owen—The Russians and Marines formed under Fort Batz—General Gibbs arrives

with an armistice—Joy of the Dutch—Shooting and driving—Churning by a dog—Rejoin the regiment at Donk—Williamstadt—Strange address of a senior officer.

THOUGH the country through which we had advanced had suffered little from the march of our troops, yet I cannot say that the steps of our enemies had fallen as lightly as though they had trodden on flowers. On the contrary, the Dutch suffered severely from the ravages of a brigade of Saxon Cuirassiers. Amongst others, a family with which I had been quartered, and had left in perfect happiness, suffered in the most shocking manner. Our regiment was now attached to the brigade of that excellent man and lamented officer, General Gibbs, who afterwards fell at the disastrous affair of New Orleans. We took up our quarters at Groot Sandert, and here the Prince of Orange joined the army. Though his Royal Highness appeared to be heart and soul in the cause, and full of the eager and believing enthusiasm of early manhood, yet his subjects gave no indication of being actuated by feelings so generous and laudable.

At Groot Sandert we had a good deal of drill; and here I may remark, that, among the many officers I encountered in the army, I never met with one who had so much the knack of turning the minds of young men to useful military details as General Gibbs. It was a frequent custom of his, to ask young military men to his table; and, here

in the easy confidence of a generous hospitality, he pointed out to them, with the air of one who was really interested in their welfare, the advantages which would result to them, as officers, from the study of languages and mathematics. On parade, his favourite amusement was to employ two young subalterns, in skirmishing companies, against each other; and in this manner infused a military spirit into those under him. The 56th was then in his brigade. It was commanded by a character well known in the British army. I mean Lieutenant-Colonel Brown of the 28th, who, it is said, purposely allowed his regiment to be surrounded at Barrossa. Most officers would have felt nervous in such a situation; but it is reported Brown addressed his men thus:—"Twenty-eighth! what d——d lucky fellows you are! This day you must be either extinguished or distinguished. Do as you like." The 28th took their Colonel at his word. The rear rank turned to the right-about, and repulsed the enemy; and now the 28th wear the number of the regiment both in the front and the back of their schakos. Colonel Brown, at the period of which I speak, was rather given to the vice of swearing. The parson of the brigade, a Mr. James, was a most excellent and conscientious man, and, despite the severity of the weather, regularly celebrated Divine Service in the open fields. On one of these occasions, James delivered one of the most impressive sermons I ever heard

against the vice of swearing. The only fault the sermon had (if fault it had at all) was, that the preacher descended too much to minute particulars. The discourse over, General Gibbs gave orders for the brigade to return to quarters, directing Colonel Brown to move off first. Brown ordered his regiment to move off from the right. The grenadiers made some mistake, when the Colonel thundered out a volley of oaths; but, instantly recollecting himself, and turning to the clergyman, he exclaimed, "Beg pardon, Parson; but look there!—D—n me! could you yourself help it?" This appeal was irresistible; the whole brigade burst into fits of laughter, and thus the effects of the sermon were entirely destroyed.

About the end of February, a small party of the Rifles and 52d were sent to Westermalle, to attempt a surprise on a party of French. The roads were heavy and fatiguing; and, although there was a bed where we halted with three mattresses, the senior officer kept all to himself, not allowing the junior officers to lie down. "My ancient" had a fine new pair of strong shoes, so I thought "tit for tat" all fair. As soon as he was asleep, I took his shoes, and having ordered a cauldron of boiling water, cleaned them carefully while it was getting ready. When the pot was at a boil, I flung in the shoes, simmered them well for half an hour, and before morning they were clean, and at his bed side, outwardly as large as ever, but so swollen in

the inside, that his feet could not enter. My senior officer had to make the next day's march in a pair of clogs, lent him by an artillery officer, I having distinctly proved to him that the snow water always produced a contracting effect on English leather. This may appear a scurvy-enough trick to have played, but the intense selfishness of the man merited so sharp a reprisal. We soldiers would go to perdition for a gallant, generous, self-denying fellow; but we loathe and detest those selfish men who think only of their own comforts.

On the evening of the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, we got an order to march to relieve the Guards, who had taken that city. About four o'clock in the morning, we heard the melancholy truth. On this subject, I do not care to dwell. I shall only state what were the general reports in the army; namely, that Lord Lynedoch, with the greatest talent, had put the troops in the town, and, by some sad mistakes, they lost it.

We now marched to Starbrock, where we were along with the 25th or King's Own Borderers. At this time, that regiment was not in great repute, but they were most careful in giving all their designations and additions on the walls of the picquet houses, which had always the " rd" of Borderers changed into " th" by the relieving regiment. Thus, there were many squabbles, and much rivalry, among our men.

Starbrock lies at little distance from Fort Lillo.

It is only approachable by a dyke which runs alongside the river. On this dyke we had erected a battery, to prevent communication between Antwerp and the fort. About the 21st March, a French ship of the line dropped down the river to destroy the battery. The Rocket Brigade, which had been employed at the battle of Leipsic, now joined Lord Lynedoch's army. They were brought to destroy this ship. The rocket that was fired, hung for a few seconds above the ship, but returned with the same velocity, falling among some ice a few yards in the rear of the spot from whence it was discharged. Worst of all, too, the shell attached burst, and dispersed the numerous amateurs who congregated around.

Several years after this event, when in the 90th regiment, I dined one day at the table of Admiral Gore, at Chatham. A naval officer present told the story of this very affair of the rocket. His account was received with a loud laugh of incredulity; but, when I asked him some corroborative questions, I never saw a man more relieved. Every one knows the uncertainty of rockets, but I must confess this was a singular case.

About this time, an order came for 100 volunteers of the rifles, and 100 of the 52nd, to go to South Beveland, in order to storm Fort Batz. By the kindness of Lord Harris, who then commanded the 73rd, I was allowed to go as Adjutant to the detachment. By some mistake, we were delayed

two days in Tholen. The town is surrounded with ditches filled with green putrid matter. The owner of the boiled shoes, which had contracted from the contact with snow water, was of the party. I leaped a rather broad ditch, but in "mine ancient's" attempt to follow me, he dropped heavily somewhere about the centre, stirring up the "rankest compound of villanous smells" that ever offended the nose of Christian. He had no luggage with him; but we had a rare delight in prevailing on him to take off his uniform in order to have the unsavoury smell boiled out of it. While his clothes were yet boiling hot in the cauldron, the order for a sudden march arrived. The affected sympathy of his juniors, whose dissatisfaction at this lucky *contretemps* was but ill-disguised, was irresistibly ludicrous to those who knew the real relish with which they regarded the disagreeable man's misfortune.

It was at South Beveland we first saw the Russian sailors, who had been taken in the Tagus, drilling as soldiers. It was shocking to see the brutal and unfeeling manner in which they were treated by their officers. It was at South Beveland, too, that we saw Commodore Owen, with his sailors and marines. The Russians and Marines were formed under fire of Fort Batz, losing men, when luckily General Gibbs arrived to inform them of an armistice. It was arranged that we were to make the attack next day.

War being thus over, at least as far as regarded this expedition, we amused ourselves exactly as we pleased, the inhabitants being so happy and contented, that they would make no complaints. Although it was breeding time, they allowed us to shoot the game, and to gallop their waggons along their dykes; in short, they treated us in every respect with the greatest possible kindness. I happened, at this time, to be quartered in a wealthy farmer's house. Looking out of bed one fine morning, on which I awoke rather earlier than usual, I perceived a high narrow barrel, at the top of which, alternately there appeared, the head and tail of a dog. This was a churn. Near to the top of the barrel, was a moveable lid on a sort of hinge. The dog being put there, feels himself falling down tail foremost; he exerts himself with an effort, and up he comes; however, it is but to go down again as he did before, and thus the poor animal continues up and down, stirring the milk, until butter is made.

Leaving South Beveland, we rejoined the regiment at Donk by a very pleasant march.

Williamstadt was, at this time, the *dépôt* for the convalescents and wounded of the army. Each regiment furnished an officer for this duty. Many regiments made it a point to allow skulkers to take it, or to send officers who did not agree well with the mess, but in the 52nd, there were none such, and it accordingly became a regular

routine duty, each man in his turn. I was despatched to relieve a Lieutenant Mitchell in his duty. The commandant was Major ——, who had placed no less than thirteen officers under arrest, on the morning of my arrival. I was introduced to him, when, in a harsh voice, he said "Who are you?" "I said, Lieutenant Shaw, 52nd, sent by Colonel Gibbs, to relieve the other officer." On this, he flew into a violent passion saying, "Go instantly about your business, and tell Colonel Gibbs I shall not trouble myself to teach his officers their duty. Go about your business." This man, in officer's uniform, never said more grateful words to me. I instantly obeyed, and starting out of the gates, never halted until I arrived at my regiment. I thus got rid of a month's disagreeable command.

CHAPTER V.

Reported for having left the garrison without orders—The garrison of Donk, march through Bergen on their way to France—We give a dinner to the officers—March to Malines—Meet at Malines a brigade of Davoust, which had been with him in Hamburgh—English and French do duty together—The regiment of the King of Rome marches into Malines whilst we were there—Our brigade ordered to Brussels. The 78th at Brussels, and their kilts—Kindness of the inhabitants of Brussels to our officers and men—Author obtains leave to visit Paris—Returns by Lille—Song at the hotel—Visit Bergen-op-Zoom, passing Antwerp—Scotch guide—Regiment leaves Brussels—March to Antwerp—Disagreeable duty in the citadel—March to Ghent and Tournay—March to Ypres—A ball to the inhabitants—Amiable young men—Carnival—Cat with bladders—Report in the theatre of Napoleon's disembarkation—March to Menin—Louis XVIII. Duc de Berri, Courtrai, Charles X. Garde du Corps—March to Ath—Drafted into 1st battallion—Money and Drunkenness—Flogging—Sir J. Colborne—Colonel Rowan—Severity is mercy.

I HAD hardly arrived at our quarters, before this disagreeable Commandant reported me for having quitted the garrison without orders. Owing to his impertinent message to his superior officer, and his ungentlemanlike conduct to myself, the affair

went off quietly. It were, perhaps, well to put officers of this stamp in the rear, in order to make it disagreeable to skulkers. While quartered at Donk, the garrison of Bergen-op-Zoom marched through, on their way to France. We had a very pleasant day with the officers, to whom we gave a dinner; from this we marched to Malines. There was quartered in that town, a brigade of the division of French, which had been with Davoust to Hamburgh. Each brigade furnished a subaltern and thirty men for the town guard. I happened to be the officer of the Guard, and, although it was almost unnatural to see such recent and inveterate enemies doing the same duty, we, nevertheless, got on remarkably well.

Whilst we were at Malines, the regiment of the King of Rome marched into the town. It was composed of very young boys, but we were all astonished at the superior manner in which they exercised. Our brigade was now ordered to Brussels. The whole town turned out in the *Allée Verte* to receive us. The admiration of the inhabitants for the army in general, was great, but it was turned into astonishment, the moment the 78th Highlanders made their appearance in their kilts. The first emotions of the *Bruxellois* were those of wonder and affright, which soon changed into uproarious laughter.

The 78th had not been long in the town, before they became the greatest favourites. They fully

deserved their popularity, for it was impossible to find anywhere a better behaved regiment; the inhabitants of Brussels overpowered both our officers and men with every species of kindness. The conscription had been so severe, both in France and Belgium, that every one was obliged to enter the army without either regard to family or rank, and the gentry and *bourgeoisie* of Brussels supposed our army was similarly composed. It was the custom for the officers to visit the different billets, to see that the men were conducting themselves properly; and I have often, on such occasions, seen common uneducated soldiers sitting at table with most respectable families; of course, this did not last long; for, though these people could not exchange a word with our men, they must have seen, from their demeanour and manners, that they were not fitting companions for them.

At this period, I obtained leave of absence and proceeded straight to Paris, where I had an opportunity of seeing the capital in a state of complete confusion, caused by the entry of the allied troops. I returned by way of Lille, at which city I had intended to have passed a day; but some boys, who discovered I was English, gathered a crowd round the hotel, when they commenced singing a song, the chorus of which was "The Destruction of the English, at Bergen-op-Zoom." This was anything but pleasant to my ears and feelings, and, hastily quitting the town, I proceeded to Antwerp, and thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, with a view of

examining the works of that celebrated fortress. My military pride was here much offended by the guide, a Scotchman named Stewart, pointing out the marks still on the ramparts, by which the British had escaped. This is a disagreeable subject, but I convinced myself that Lord Lynedoch was fully justified in the attempt, and that, in fact, he did succeed in the object, though the troops lost it. I do not say that blame is to be attached to any quarter. It was a misfortune, perhaps arising from our having no reserve.

From Brussels, our regiment marched to do garrison duty in Antwerp; and, such was the innate dislike that Subs had to the guards in the citadel there, that I dare say many, like myself, experienced no great sorrow at hearing that the French destroyed it in 1833. We left the place without regret, and marching through Ghent arrived at Tournay. We were every where well received by the people. In Tournay, we remained in very pleasant quarters during the whole autumn, with excellent shooting to boot. From that city we marched to Yprés, which town we were informed, boasted of the best society in Brabant. We had not been long there, before it was determined to give a ball to the inhabitants. It was thought necessary in the regiment to make the lieges of Yprés know, what a fine set of fellows we were; so, before going to the ball, it was agreed among ourselves, that our conversation to the ladies should be of the amiable qualities of our brother officers.

We spoke with such effect that a ball was given in return for ours, and the houses of all the inhabitants were thus opened to us amiable young men. While we remained at Yprés it was carnival season, and many queer circumstances occurred, which I dare not here enumerate.

There is a curious custom at this place, which afforded us much amusement, but of its origin I have not the remotest conception. A cat is taken to the top of the high steeple in the square; about twenty blown bladders are then attached to its body, when it is flung into the street below. The poor creature sails quietly and slowly through the air, mewing piteously all the while. As it approaches the earth, all hands are extended ready to seize it, for the lucky person is free from municipal taxes during the ensuing year. The cat's claws and feet are left at liberty, and it sometimes happens that the happy man who is to pay no taxes, gets well scratched for his pains.

We now every day expected the order to embark for England. On going one night to the theatre, we found a report was spread, that Napoleon had landed in France. Some very young German officers shouted forth "*Vive Napoleon!*" and, if there had not been a move next day, they would have gotten into a scrape. We soon, however, found that the report of the Emperor's evasion, was quite true, and on the 20th of March we marched through Menin to Courtrai.

On the 22d I happened to be at Menin, where the 33d regiment was quartered. The bridge of the frontier is close to the town, and Louis the 18th crossed it in full flight from Lille, whilst I was hard by. On the road between Menin and Courtrai we met with the Duke de Berri. His crestfallen air and *abattu* look and manner, formed a singular contrast to his ordinary haughty and *brusque* bearing. Not one of our army who recognised the Duke, had the least sympathy for him. We had all heard of his tearing the epaulette off the shoulder of an officer at Lille, and then throwing it in his face. This harsh, furious, and ungentlemanlike conduct to a brave French officer, greatly indisposed us towards him. We all thought that he must come to a violent and untimely end, and how fully was our presentiment realized, a few years afterwards! As we got to Courtrai, who should drive up in a carriage, but the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles the Tenth, and now the royal exile of Prague. His Royal Highness was followed by a train of fine looking, well mounted, cuirassed and mustachoed heroes of the *Garde du Corps*. These fellows behaved in so unmanly and childish a manner, that no one had any pity for them. The Count, their master, was the only one who seemed to take it coolly, for he sat in the carriage smiling, as though it were a mere every day occurrence. I was much amused by a very young brother officer of mine, going up to his

Majesty, and saying, "Go to Ghent, and don't trouble yourself, we will soon allow you to return to Paris."

Soon after this we were quartered at Ath and the neighbouring villages, where we continued till the 13th of April, when we were drafted into the 1st battalion, one of the most splendid in the service. We were then commanded by Sir John Colborne, the present Governor of Canada. The men of the 1st battalion received about this time, a good deal of money that was due to them, and there was, in consequence, a great deal of drunkenness. Every morning, we had numerous court martials and floggings, but without much effect, for after the men had received a few lashes, and promised good behaviour, Sir John took them down.

I recollect, during Sir John's absence, we were commanded by that most excellent officer Colonel Rowan, now at the head of the London Metropolitan Police Establishment. Colonel Rowan is likewise an enemy to flogging; but having, for the two first days, inflicted every lash to which the prisoners were sentenced, he put an end both to crime and punishment. I always made a point of following Rowan's system, as I saw there was mercy in the end in making this degrading punishment most serious and painful.

CHAPTER VI.

The Author's first sight of the Duke of Wellington—Popularity of "Old Chin" among the Soldiers—Sir John Colborne—General Adam—Ludicrous Accident to a Waggon—Author sent to Brussels on Baggage Guard. Arrival at Waterloo—Disappointment and grief at being ordered back to Brussels—Return on the 19th to the Field of Battle—Arrival of Louis XVIII. at Chateau Cambresis, accompanied by the Duke de Berri—Their looks and bearing previous to, and after the Victory gained against their Countrymen—English Proclamation addressed to the French—Astonishment of the Hanoverians on being seized for plundering a few Cabbages—Plundering of the Prussians—Discontent of our Men at not having the same privilege—First exclamations of our Men, at seeing the Capital and Dome of the Invalids—Fight between the French and Blucher, near *Sevres*—English encamped in the *Bois de Boulogne*—Marched with laurels in their Caps through the *Champs Elysées*—General Offerman of the Brunswickers—His Military Career—Napoleon's Throne in the *Champ de Mars* given as flooring for our Tents—Grand Dinner of the Duke of Wellington to the Crowned Heads, on Blucher's Investiture of the Bath—Author on Guard that day, and invited to the Dinner.

It was on the 20th April that I first saw the Duke of Wellington. His Grace appeared under advantageous circumstances, and in his proper sphere—(a sphere in which he has been unrivalled

in our day)—reviewing our regiment. I had heard much of the Hero of Spain and Portugal, and read still more; and it was not without emotion that I first laid eyes on this extraordinary man. The men received their General with evident enthusiasm. The cordial shouts of success to "Old Chin," a *soubriquet*, by which Sir Arthur Wellesley was known in the army, pleased me much. It was clear the soldiers looked on him as their friend. We were now in Sir Henry Clinton's division. I soon saw, that he and Sir John Colborne did not pull well together. The men were in excellent quarters; and I recollect Sir John was very angry, at an order being given for the troops to *bivouac*, in order to accustom them to the thing. For my own part, I thought that men who had been so long in the Peninsula, might have been spared this unnecessary trouble.

Having been for some time kept at Grammont and Lessenes, at continued field days, we marched on the morning of the 15th to Ellegnies, St. Anne. While there, an order arrived, to join the Duke with all speed. Passing through Ath and Enghien to Brain le Comte, we there halted for two hours. General Adam, who commanded the Light Brigade, had given strict orders to allow no women to be with the column, and further, that no waggons should be allowed to impede the march on the road. The General discovered in front of him at the top of the hill, three long covered bread wag-

ons. He immediately rode up in a fury, and began flogging the horses. One of the long cylindrical waggons was upset, and rolled down the hill, discharging each time the lid opened, (to the horror of the General and the amusement of the men) not a batch of bread, but a batch of women!

On the afternoon of the 17th, I was, much to my grief, put on baggage guard, with orders to proceed instantly to Brussels. I arrived there on the morning of the 18th; and, having deposited all my baggage in the court of my old quarters, proceeded straightway to the field of battle. I arrived at the village of Waterloo about 9 o'clock, and on application to the Aid-de-Camp of General Clinton, was instantly ordered back to my duty. Thus were all my aspirations and wishes to take part in the glories of that day entirely defeated! It was no fault of mine. I did all I could, to "share in the triumph," but was unsuccessful. I could give many curious particulars of what I saw on the road, and at Brussels, but as much has been said and written on the subject, all this were now as "tedious as a twice-told tale." In going over the field on the 19th, I had many opportunities of being useful; opportunities which I did not neglect. On the 21st we entered France, and halted at Chateau Cambresis. It was here Louis XVIII. arrived, with all his *Gardes du Corps*. He was accompanied by the Duke de Berri. They

had passed together over the field of Waterloo, which was then covered with dead and wounded. I contemplated these men and their suite with innate feelings of disgust. When I reflected on their conduct and bearing a few short months before—that they then crossed the frontier, prostrate and broken in spirit, giving way to puerile lamentations and unmanly tears—and when I compared their present fierce and insolent demeanour with the woe-begone looks which they had heretofore worn, I had a very mean opinion of their spirit. Nor was this opinion in any degree mitigated by hearing them loudly bellow forth, "*Vive le duc de Wellington!*" "*Vivent les Anglais!*" those very English be it observed, who had reaped but a few days before, a bloody victory over their own countrymen. Since that day I have never looked on a Bourbon or any of his followers, as being instinct with the least spirit of nationality. I have regarded them on the contrary as men entirely actuated by a mean and sordid selfishness.

A proclamation was at this time issued to the French Nation, announcing to them that we came as friends and allies. It seemed to me that we had chosen a very odd way of shewing our friendship. While we were on the march, I was often amused with the astonishment of the Hanoverian *Landwehr*, when the Provost seized them for taking a few cabbages. The Hanoverians could not for the life of them understand, why they were not entitled

to the same privileges as the Prussians, both countries having been similarly treated by the French. Our brigade was the advanced guard of Lord Wellington's army, which gave me opportunities of observing the scenes of plundering of the Prussian advanced guard, which we met near St. Denis. Our men were much discontented at not being allowed to act in the same furtive fashion. I mentioned the conduct of their men to some of the Prussian officers, and when each one had his story to tell, how such and such a Frenchman had behaved in his father's house, I came to the conclusion, that if we English had been similarly treated, we should have acted pretty much as our allies did. Day by day we neared Paris. When we at length arrived at the top of one of the ascents, which commands a view of the capital, the dome of the Invalids appeared all glittering in the distance, looking more rich and golden from the reflection of a bright sky and a glorious sun. Our fellows, with one accord, raised a loud shout, which bore to my ears a signification somewhat like the following: "What plunder we shall have if the tops of their public buildings are covered with gold!" Here we halted. The greater part of the Prussian army passed us, moving up the bridge to St. Germain. Most of these fellows had pigeons and rabbits on their bayonets; and as the road was narrow, the column strong, and the progress slow, many sections carried chairs, on which they reposed

while a halt took place. On passing through the rich village of Argenteuil, all the marauders and bad characters halted to plunder.

The company to which I was attached, was sent down to assist in drawing these wretches out of the houses and cellars; and the shouts of "*Vivent les Anglais!*" as the families came running to put themselves under our protection, were to our ears very gratifying. It will be hardly credited that these marauding scoundrels fired at us as we approached. In one cellar we found five who had been drowned. Some of their comrades had wantonly fired through the casks, and we found twenty, emptying at one moment. Next morning, we were distant spectators of the fight, which took place between the French and Blucher near to *Sévres*.

On the 3rd of July, however, the armistice was proclaimed. We crossed the Seine by a pontoon bridge, and soon came to the bridge of *Neuilly*. The officer in command, had at first no desire to let us pass; but Sir John Colborne managed it well. On the 5th we were encamped in the *Bois de Boulogne*. On the 7th, having put laurels in our caps by order, we marched through the *Champs Elysées*, and halting close to the Place Louis XV. bivouacked. There were very many young officers, almost boys, with the regiment. The place was crowded with inhabitants to see the army pass in review, and we joined as spectators. Some young ladies began to quiz our

friendly proclamation, and somewhat posed our young boys, by asking "Whether friends came with laurels of victory in their caps?" One of our officers, a smart fellow, gave the hint to his comrades, and taking the laurel out of his cap, and accompanying the action to the word, said, "Our laurels were brought to throw at your feet." This speech was so entirely *à la Francaise* that it produced a wonderful effect. The scenes gone through by the troops while quartered in Paris, have been so often described, that I will not here dwell on them.

While riding one day with two field officers of the 90th regiment, we were accosted by a Brunswick general officer on horseback with his two orderlies behind him. He addressed Colonel Wright, who did not know him, familiarly and by name. It was General Offermann, at that time commanding the corps of Brunswickers with the army. He had when a boy enlisted in the 90th; and, having a taste for music, had risen to be master of the band. When Minorca was taken, there were two German regiments in garrison in the service of Spain, who volunteered into the British service. The 90th were then in garrison in Gibraltar. Few of the officers spoke German, and Offermann, being a very smart, active fellow, was sent as serjeant major, and at length became adjutant of the 97th, (the "Queen's Germans.") His conduct in this capacity was so correct, that on

his return to England, the Duke of Brunswick appointed him his aid-de-camp; and when the Duke was killed at Quatre Bras, he succeeded to the command, and gave universal satisfaction.

The weather was so bad during the month of October, and the ground so muddy, that the wood which was gathered in the *Champ de Mars* for Napoleon's throne, was given to us for the purpose of flooring our tents.

I recollect being on the Duke of Wellington's guard of honour, the day that Blucher was made a Knight of the Bath. All the Crowned Heads in Europe then in Paris, were invited by His Grace to dinner, and he was also good enough to invite the officers of his guard; but, though I have never dined in better company, yet truth compels me to say, I have dined at far pleasanter parties. There seemed wanting that easy, frank cordiality, and hilarity, which forms, in my mind, the great and most seductive charm of social parties. I was convinced, from what I saw of kings and princes on this occasion, that they are not half such happy fellows as their subjects think them.

CHAPTER VII.

How pleasantly time passes in Paris—Captain Northey—Lord Castlereagh and a led horse—Accident to his Lordship—Attended by Mr. Ritchie, of the Embassy, formerly in the Medical Profession—Ritchie goes to Africa with Captain Lyon, and dies there—Leave Paris for Versailles—Shooting party at Marly—Impertinent Message of the Duke de Berri—Spirited Answer of Sir William Douglas of the 91st—Author passes through Paris, on his way to England—Visits Bruce of the Guards, and finds "something brewing"—Affair of Lavalette—Author leaves the house with Major Shedden—Their Cabriolet twice stopped by Gens-d'Armes—Start in the Diligence for England—Stopped at Amiens—A free-born American—Arrives at Calais—Starts for Dover—Alien Officers lay hands on the free-born American, and detain him for two days—Author starts for Scotland—Joins his Regiment at Canterbury—The Duke of Richmond—The 52nd ordered to be disbanded—Author starts for Harwich—Arrives at Helvoetsluys and Rotterdam.

Our time passed on very pleasantly at Paris; and our sojourn in that gay capital was diversified by a thousand-and-one incidents and episodes. While riding one fine afternoon through the "*Champs Elysées*" with Captain Northey, of the 52nd, (nephew of Sir Herbert Taylor,) I dis-

covered a gentleman sitting beneath a tree, and a led horse standing beside him. He was evidently in great pain; and though he did not complain, one could see, from the manner in which he rubbed his knee, that he was suffering very acutely. I pointed out the gentleman to Northey. We advanced together; and, on a nearer approach, discovered that it was the late Lord Castlereagh. The moment the groom heard us pronounce the well-known name, he galloped off. The real facts of the case were these. Lord Castlereagh had been walking alone and unattended in the *Champs Elysées*. The unfortunate groom galloping quickly past, with a led horse, had no thought of those "*en piéton*," and Lord Castlereagh was the first sufferer. The led horse had struck his lordship on both knees, and hurt him severely. He was carried to the house of Sir Charles Stewart, then Ambassador to the court of France, where my friend Mr. Ritchie, who was attached to the embassy, happened to be at the time. Ritchie had been bred to the medical profession; and on the instant dressed the wound of the eminent diplomatist. Lord Castlereagh was so pleased with his attention, skill, and assiduity, that he would allow no other medical man to attend him. One might have fancied that this would have made the fortune of a young man; but poor Ritchie was perhaps of too adventurous a spirit to allow his fortune to be quietly made for him. He afterwards

went to Africa with Captain Lyon, where, together with another friend of mine, (O'Toole, of the 80th,) he fell a victim to the climate.

We left the *Champs Elysées* on the 30th of October for Versailles, where we had some excellent shooting.

A few days after our arrival in Paris, we had arranged a shooting party at Marly, the famous royal preserve. This was understood to be in some measure contrary to orders. However, the temptation was great; we yielded to it; but resolved to keep clear of other parties.

We had not been long in the grounds ere some officers appeared in the distance. In a short time after, some of the royal party arrived, and we of course kept out of the way. This was the Duke de Berri. His Royal Highness instantly sent an impertinent message, not to us, but to the party which he had at first encountered. Sir William Douglas, of the 91st, was one of them. This excellent officer was a blunt, homely-spoken, determined man, and his answer to the message was, "Tell the Duke de Berri, that as the British officers have given *him* permission to return to France, *they* intend to take a few days' permission to shoot at Marly." Of the message or answer we heard no more; but an order to prevent shooting in this royal domain was immediately issued by the Duke.

About the end of December, I obtained two

months' leave of absence for England. I was necessarily obliged to proceed to Paris; but even though that pleasant city lay out of my direct path, I wished to pass through it to take leave of my friend Bruce of the Guards. On arriving at his lodgings, I found one or two gentlemen there, and saw that something was going on: but I had not the remotest idea what it was. It appeared to me that Bruce was anxious to have me out of the house; so I immediately left him, and got into the cabriolet with my friend Major Shedden of the 52nd. In passing through the "*Place Louis Quinze*," the cabriolet was stopped by some "*Gens-d'Armes*," and most narrowly searched. A second search took place at the "*Barrière*." We were both much offended at this, and it was not till the next day we heard that the famous Lavalette had escaped. Hence these minute searches at all the barriers and gates of Paris. As to who was concerned in the affair, we had not the remotest idea; and it was only when the trial came on, that I found that Bruce and his namesake Michael were principal parties.

I departed for Calais in the Diligence. On leaving Paris, we thought that all the passengers were English. When asked for our passports; the response was "We are all English," and this was held sufficient. We arrived at Amiens about midnight. The "*Gens d'Armes*" in the usual routine of their duty, came to the

Diligence-door, and when the answer, "All English" was given, one of the passengers said "No, I am not English; I am proud to say I am a free-born American." On this, we were forced to descend from the *Diligence*, and were very unceremoniously walked off to the *Bureau de Police*, in a heavy shower of rain. Here, we were placed at a distance from the "*Chef de Bureau*," while one of his Subs examined the "*signalement*" or description of each on the passport, to see whether it corresponded with his or her personal appearance. The Sub was a clever, mischievous fellow, who made us all much uglier than we were. I gave him credit for his ingenuity. We arrived safely at Calais, without delay or interruption. Peace had been a very short time proclaimed with America, whose subjects were still considered aliens in England. I embarked on board the packet for Dover the morning after my arrival, and keeping a sharp look out for "brother Jonathan," determined to be even with him if possible. I recognised my Amiens friend, the Yankee, about "half seas over." Arrived off Dover, we were boarded by the alien officers. When they asked if there were any foreigners aboard, my "free-born American" had the audacity to say, "No, we are all Englishmen here;" but my memory was not treacherous, so I put him in mind of his "freedom" on the other side of the Channel. The alien officers were, in consequence of my

revelations as to his nation, civil enough to detain him only two days at Dover; so that we had our full revenge for the affair of Amiens.

I did not remain long in England; even London itself did not then present many charms to my eyes, and I posted off to the North.

After remaining two months in Scotland, I was ordered to join the 2nd battalion at Canterbury, on the 10th of March. The Duke of Richmond was then Captain of the 52nd. Ever anxious to make himself master of what he undertakes — whether it be agriculture, the state of the post-office, prison discipline, the efficacy of excise oaths and declarations, or military affairs,—the noble Duke joined the regiment, with a view to witness the regimental working of his profession. His experience in this way had not been very great; for he had been mostly on the staff of the Duke of Wellington, except when wounded at Orthes. Since this period, the Duke of Richmond has left the army; and here I may remark, "*en passant*," that every one who knows the Duke's abilities as an officer, must regret that he abandoned a profession of which he was so great an ornament, and to which he might have been so great a benefactor.

The 2nd battalion of the 52nd being ordered to be disbanded in the month of July, about that period we all prepared to move to our several homes. It was apparent, however, that, though every one talked of certain projects, no one really knew

what to do with himself. As for me, I returned to Scotland to shoot grouse, to fish, to be idle, to be discontented, and to fancy myself in bad health.

I remained amidst my native hills for some time; but, tired at length of this intolerable idleness, I left Scotland in January 1817 for London. Arrived in the metropolis, "the world was all before me where to choose." I started for Harwich, where I was sure to find a packet for the Continent, not caring much to what clime I wended my "weary way." I was resolved, however, to change my scene of life and of action; in a word, to see what is called "human life." Finding very opportunely a vessel at Harwich for Helvoetsluys, I got on board the "good ship," and in nineteen hours found myself at Rotterdam. But more of Holland and of the very commercial city of Rotterdam in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Rotterdam—Its Commerce and Trottoirs—The latter compared with those of Pau, Brighton, and Stafford—Public Buildings of Rotterdam—Quays and Bourse—Passion of the Dutch for flowers—Erasmus—Are the Dutch good Linguists?—Anecdote of a waiter—Character of the Dutch as Individuals—The Speelhauzen—Leyden—Boerhaave—Church of St. Peter's—Stuffed Pigeons—University—Lectures in Latin—Library—Beer and Flannel of Leyden—Goldsmith's partiality for Leyden Beer—Haarlem—Church of St. Bavon—Organ—Hotel de Ville—First book printed by Koster—Amsterdam—Infectious smells and bad water—Hackney Coaches without wheels—Author starts for Hanover—Naarden—Deventer—Osnaburgh—The late Duke of York—Start for Nienburgh—Carriage on fire and consumed—Evil effects of Cigar Smoking practically exemplified—Author arrives at Hanover.

I do not mean to write a lengthened description of Rotterdam. There are now so many summer tourists, and such numerous guide books, that it would indeed be a work of supererogation. Twenty lines on the subject may however be endured. Rotterdam is wholly and solely a commercial city. It is not so flourishing a place as Amsterdam; but still, after that great emporium of colonial commerce, it is the most extensive port

in Holland. It is situated two leagues and a half from Delft, four from the Hague, five from Leyden and Dordrecht, and twelve from Amsterdam. It is advantageously placed for commerce; vast and deep canals intersect the town, which is watered by the river Meuse. The quays, which are numerous, are planted with linden trees. In summer they have a pretty effect; it is curious to see the streamers and rigging of vessels intermingled with the pretty foliage of the acacia and linden. The "*trottoirs*" at Rotterdam are made of a very small brick, which is always dry, and for the most part warm to the feet. In some of the back streets of Brighton you meet with a pavement very similar. It is true that it wears out very nearly as many shoes as the pointed pavement of Pau, or the still more execrable stones of Stafford, but the burgesses of this latter town have an excuse which is wanting to the burghers of Rotterdam; for at Stafford the majority of the population are shoemakers by trade, and have thus a direct selfish interest in patronizing the worst possible pavement. There are some fine houses on the quay of Rotterdam. The upper stories are in general the dwelling places of the merchants of the city; while the low part, or *Rez de Chaussée*, is occupied by shops. Vessels of almost all sizes come up to the town. They may daily be seen in full sail from the Admiralty, which is situated on the quay. There is nothing remarkable in the

"*Hôtel de Ville*" of Rotterdam; but the Exchange surpasses in architecture the Bourse of Amsterdam.

The passion of the Dutch for flowers is well known; and it is here manifest in the labour and money they have expended on Botanic gardens. If I am rightly informed, it is no uncommon thing for a Dutch flower-fancier to give several hundred pounds for a tulip!

It was in the city of Rotterdam that Erasmus was born, and I should think he was the only pleasant, good-tempered, witty, playful fellow, they ever produced. Over his house is the following inscription:

"Hæc est parva domus magnus quà natus Erasmus."

The Dutch have the reputation of being good linguists, and I was at first disposed to think it was not an usurped reputation, from what I observed passing at my hotel. There was a waiter in the coffee-room, who severally asked an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, and an Italian, whether they would dine that day at the table d'hote. "This," thought I, "must be an excellent linguist;" but when I entered into close quarters with him, I found that the only words of English and French which he spoke were those relating to breakfast, dinner, and supper. Is it unfair to assume that he knew as little of German and Italian?

As individuals, I do not particularly like the

Dutch; though as a people they are imbued with a very patriotic spirit. They are too slow, selfish, and methodical for me. Besides, the "*rem quocunque modo rem*" is to them the Law and the Prophets; so fond were they of money, and the spirit of traffic so extinguished in them every other sentiment, that they sold to Louis XIV. the very gunpowder with which he blew up their towns. What they were then, they are I believe now. I do not go so far as either Pitcairn or Smollett, (which of them was it wrote the lines?) in the vehement aspiration conveyed in the well-known verses beginning,

> "Amphibious wretches, sudden be your fall,
> May man undam you, and God d——n you all!"

nor do I join in the witty sneers of Voltaire; but nevertheless I do not think the Dutch a loveable people. Like every other stranger, I visited the "*Speelhauzen*" at Rotterdam; and was very much disgusted at what I saw there. Physically speaking Holland is a wretched country. Butler very appropriately calls it the "ort and muddy refuse of the sea."

On leaving Rotterdam I started for Leyden, which is a fine and ancient town. The streets are broad, clean, and well laid out. A few miles from this town the celebrated Boerhaave was born, and his remains repose in the church of St. Peter within the town itself; but to me the most interesting sight were the remains of the stuffed

pigeons, by the agency of which, during the siege of the town, the correspondence between the Prince of Orange and the Governor of Leyden was carried on. Their wings are spread out in a flying position; and there is still attached to their claws the feathers under which the letters were concealed. Here I attended for several days the lectures at the University; and heard much solemn and sounding declamation uttered, I dare say in very magnificent Latin. I mixed a good deal with the students. They shewed me their very rare library, consisting of 50,000 volumes; but were more eloquent in the praises of their flannel and their beer, which latter they alleged, and perhaps truly, was relished by the sweetest of poets, Goldsmith.

From Leyden, I proceeded to Haarlem through a fertile and agreeable country. Haarlem is a rich, populous, and pretty town, surrounded by ancient walls and an immense wet ditch. The most remarkable edifice in the place is the church of St. Bavon, in which you see several bells formed of metal brought from the siege of Damietta. This church also contains the famous organ, which has no less than 8000 tubes or pipes.

The *Hôtel de Ville* at Haarlem was formerly the residence of the Counts of Holland. Here they preserve in a small silver case the first book printed by Laurence Koster. Haarlem is renowned for its manufacture of linen, and its bleaching grounds.

It is scarcely less celebrated for its fine flowers. Here the poorest man has his collection of camelias, *ranunculuses*, and tulips.

From Haarlem I arrived at Amsterdam, the largest, the most populous, the most commercial, and the richest town in Holland. I confess the city did not at all please me. The ground on which it stands is so marshy, that most of the houses are built on piles; the canals are shallow, muddy, and stagnant; and during the spring and summer, exhale an odour which is perfectly pestiferous. Amsterdam is moreover ill-supplied with springs, which obliges the inhabitants to have recourse to rain water for the commonest culinary and other purposes.

The public buildings of Amsterdam are striking, and the Dutch are justly proud of them. They call the *Hôtel de Ville*, at present the palace of the king, the eighth wonder of the world. It is a square building completely isolated, and built on 13,659 piles. The city abounds with churches and places of religious worship of all denominations. The Jews alone have thirteen synagogues; twelve of these are for the German Jews, and one for the Portuguese.

Amsterdam also contains many charitable establishments. Here are numerous hospitals for old men, old women, and orphans. There are three theatres; the native or Dutch, the French, and the German. I was pleased with much, indeed I

may say with nearly all, that I saw in the town; but there was one thing that puzzled me extremely: I never could find out why the hackney-coaches are without wheels.

The human mind loves variety, and I am convinced one would tire of an Eden in the end. In a fit of mobility, or the blue devils, or restlessness, or Heaven knows what, I determined to start for Hanover. The weather was dreadful, and the roads by all accounts still more deplorable. I proceeded as far as Naarden by the schuyts. The ancient town of Naarden was submerged in the twelfth century. The new town is a strong place, fortified by the celebrated Cohorn. I did not remain long there, but journeyed on in a cart to Deventer. The shaking in the post waggon from Deventer to Bontheim Hill could only be exceeded by the shaking going down on the road to Osnaburgh.

Osnaburgh is a fortified town, the capital of the province of Osnabruck, in the circle of Westphalia, and the kingdom of Hanover. It is the see of a bishop, and his late Royal Highness the Duke of York filled the see till the day of his death. Catholics and Protestants here live on the best terms, and on a footing of social and civil equality. Yet the Royal and Ducal Bishop of Osnaburg called God to witness, that, so far as he was concerned, they should never enjoy in his native land the same rights which they enjoyed in

his own diocese. The Duke was an honest, a frank, and a manly soldier. He was never known to break his word to an officer: but in politics he was mistaken, or I should rather say imposed on, by a party, who often made him an instrument to subserve their own factious purposes. I got into great disgrace at the *table d'hôte* at Osnabruck. It was here I asked for *pantoflen*, slippers, instead of *kartoflen*, potatoes.

I took post with a gentleman whom I met at the inn, from Osnaburgh to Nienburgh. We met with a very strange and disagreeable accident on the road. The night was intensely cold, and we had ordered plenty of dry straw in the carriage. The postilion, who sat in front of us, and who, like all German postilions, was an inveterate smoker, had taken the same precaution. The whole party fell asleep, and we were at length awakened by the straw burning at our feet. The carriage had already taken fire, and the wood being duly seasoned was consumed quickly. This was all owing to a spark from the *schwager's* long pipe. Here is an argument against smoking, more conclusive than any of the treatises it has been my good fortune to meet with. I arrived at Hanover in the beginning of February, but my remarks on that place must be reserved for the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

Uninteresting journey to Hanover—Hanover an aristocratic country—Description of the town—Of the Electoral Palace—Of the palace of the Duke of Cambridge—Hanoverian uniforms—*Te Deum* sung for the preservation of the Prince Regent—The Duke of Cambridge—His excellent character—Is very musical—Author dines with his Royal Highness at Montbrilliant—Palace garden and approach to *Herrenhausen*—General Alten—High honours paid him—English at Hanover—Lord Frederick Fitzclarence—Dinner given by the Duke of Cambridge on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo—Three tubs of saur kraut—The *Freischiessen*—Author appointed to 90th regiment—Resolves to enter the Military College of Brunswick—Previously makes a tour to the Hartz mountains and country—His tour and description of the scenery.

THE journey to Hanover is most uninteresting. You travel over a wide dreary sandy plain, which may be well termed "the abomination of desolation." The kingdom to which the house of Hanover gives the name, is composed of several provinces, each of which formerly enjoyed a separate independent existence. The Duke of Cambridge was then, as indeed he is now, the President of the Cabinet Ministry, and Chief of the Government, with the title of Governor General. Hanover is a truly aristocratic country; the

power of the Prince and the nobles is still great; far greater than with us, for much of the wealth and territory which belonged to the clergy previous to the Reformation, has fallen into the hands of the nobles. Hanover is an irregular ugly town, built of red brick. The Electoral Palace is a large unadorned building, and the palace of the Duke of Cambridge is very like some of the large old-fashioned brick houses about East Sheen and Richmond. The uniform of the guards and soldiers, is precisely similar to that of our army. The arms on all the public offices are English, and our language is greatly cultivated by the natives; but none of the public offices are filled by our countrymen.

I arrived at Hanover in the beginning of February, and was present at the *Te Deum* sung for the preservation of the Prince Regent in the attack made on him in going to Parliament. The Hanoverians at this time thought a revolution had begun in England, and the old German legion officers were beginning to calculate when and where they would embark. At first I found the town disagreeable; but, through the kindness of some friends, I became a member of the mess of the Hanoverian Grenadier Guards, and my time then passed pleasantly enough.

Hanover was very gay during my sojourn. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was the promoter of every thing agreeable and lively.

Never was there a greater favourite, nor one who more deserved to be so. His Royal Highness entered into society without the least *hauteur* or "pretension." He is very musical, and contrived to get upwards of three hundred performers into the Cathedral to perform some famous pieces. I had the honour of being introduced to his Royal Highness, and dined at his country palace of *Montbrilliant*, where the musquitoes abound in great numbers.

I afterwards repaired to Herrenhausen, another royal residence. The long and broad alley which runs from the city to the gardens of Herrenhausen is very magnificent; but the gardens themselves are too straight-lined, regular, and old-fashioned to please my taste. The palace of Herrenhausen is an old lumbering red-brick edifice, built in execrable taste.

At this time, the famous General Alten arrived, and was welcomed by the military in a very gratifying manner. The whole of the regiments in town, with their bands playing, went to his house at night, carrying torches in order to welcome him. There were many young English officers at this time at Hanover, for the purpose of studying German. Among others, the King's son, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence.

On the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, a grand dinner was given by the Duke of Cam-

bridge to all the soldiers of the legion who had been present on that glorious occasion. I remember to have seen three or four immense tubs of a very unsavoury stuff preparing for the dinner. I could not make out what it was; but at length learned it was *saur kraut*, a favourite dish of the Germans. About the end of June, an odd amusement takes place in Hanover, and, I believe, in most of the other towns of Germany. It is called the *Freischiessen*, and is a sort of Saturnalia, which lasts for a week. On the occasion of which I speak, it took place in the gardens of Herrenhausen. All the male inhabitants, with their rifles, fire at a mark. The best marksman is free from taxes for the succeeding year. While the men fire, the women dance; and it is wonderful with what decency, propriety, and sobriety all this is conducted. It was at this *fête* that I danced the gallopade for the first time.

By the exertions of my friends, I found myself, about this time, appointed to the 90th regiment; and, as military views thus again opened on me, I resolved to take advantage of all I could learn in Germany in the way of my profession. I therefore determined to enter one of the Military Colleges of Brunswick; but, before doing so, proposed to myself to make a tour over the Hartz country and mountains.

As the roads in that part of Germany are quite impassable for carriages, and almost so for horses,

in order to enjoy the scenery it is necessary to go on foot; and the fatigue is so great, and the accommodation in general so bad, at least for an Englishman, that one must be prepared for enduring the labours of a light campaign. Having found a friend very much of my own taste, we resolved to equip ourselves like two Gottingen students; that is to say, to dress ourselves very ridiculously in the old German habit, with a soldier's pack or hunting bag, (generally made of a fox or badger's skin, retaining the shape of the living animal as much as possible,) slung across our backs, a military bonnet cocked over one ear, and a large clumsy stick. Indeed, we were told the more uncultivated and noisy our manners, the better would be our disguise.

In the middle of July, during the most delightful weather, we passed through Hanover and took the road to Gottingen. The flatness of the country makes it very uninteresting; but, in coming to a beautiful range of mountains, named the Deister, the contrast makes you enjoy this scenery so much the more. The hills here are all conical, and covered to the very top with the finest wood. The road now becomes extremely romantic, especially on approaching the small town of Einbech, the environs of which abound with the most delicious wild strawberries. A great proportion of the poor people make a trade of gathering them for sale in the town. In the neighbourhood of

Nordheim, which is very rich, I was astonished to see some fine wheat fields having the appearance of broad roads cut through them; and, upon inquiry, I found they had been "*gehagelt*," that is to say, had been visited by a hail storm, which had absolutely battered the wheat to atoms. You could follow the direction of the cloud by the destruction it had made, for more than two miles. It served to give an idea of what a hail storm might be. We remained at Nordheim for the purpose of hiring a guide, which is necessary. After quitting the high road, in passing through a lovely valley, (our guide every now and then showing us a field of battle, with tombs of giants,) we arrived at Osterode, the first town in the Hartz. It is situated between two lofty mountains, the trees of which, hanging over, almost prevent the sun from being seen. The town is built of the blackest stone, which, together with its situation, gives it a very gloomy appearance. Here all traces of a road vanish, and you now enter into dark forests, certain of losing yourself, if you allow the guide to escape from your sight. We continued walking on the top of a hill, through a very thick forest, for four hours, when, on a sudden, the view opened upon a valley of most beautiful green, with the castle of Herzberg at the furthest extremity. This was the castle in which George the First was born. A black rock, like Ailsa, rises out of the valley, crowned with a beautifully turreted castle: at the bottom of

this rock is a very fine manufactory of fire arms, principally noted for its rifles, which are celebrated all over Germany. Leaving this, we entered the valley of Sievers, where the sun can hardly ever penetrate, owing to the height of the hills on either side. The hills at the top are seldom more than a few hundred yards from each other; but in many places the trees meet. The wood is all natural, which, at first, I could scarcely believe; as, although the hills were only separated by a small stream, the south side was covered with fine pines, while the other had the most magnificent oaks and beeches. We had been now six hours walking in this valley without seeing a human being, and we could not help feeling our hearts fail a little on coming to an almost perpendicular hill, which seemed to put an end to our progress in this direction. However, after much labour, and with the assistance of the branches, we contrived to reach the top. From this point we saw our whole day's labour, which by no means gratified us. We were much fatigued. We had been winding through a sort of labyrinth all the day; and, as the bird flies, we were not six English miles from the castle of Herzberg, which we left in the morning. Continuing our journey, I was astonished at the appearance of a town in the distance covered with snow. Upon approaching nearer, I discovered my mistake; the town was built of wood, slightly charred, which, after being

some time exposed to the air, acquires an icy or snowy appearance. This was Andreasberg, well known for its silver mines. The mines here being very steep and dirty, we resolved to defer our descent until we came to Clausthal, where the whole process of mining is to be seen, from the time the metal is taken out, until it is shown to you as a coin.

The next day, being Sunday, we were astonished to hear hallooing and firing upon both sides. We found it arose from the inhabitants being assembled at the chase. The poor creatures are under a very strict discipline; and are obliged to work ten hours daily, for which they get about three shillings a week, with the right of hunting over a certain track of land during sundays. As the country abounds with wild boars, foxes, stags, and hares, a sunday's labour on the hills is often more than a month's labour under ground. When all Germany took up arms against the French, in 1812 and 1813, one of the best regiments of riflemen was selected from the miners, as they kill all their game with the rifle.

We this day passed through a very romantic country, skirting along the high edge of a valley called the Raeberg Graben, Grave of the Mountain Stags. At the head of the valley is a large piece of water, two or three miles long, and in some places very deep. This reservoir was raised for the purpose of supplying the mines of Andreasberg

with pure water. It is in general about fifty-four feet deep, being contained between two hills and a dyke of a hundred feet thick, of large blocks of granite, fastened together by means of iron bolts. In the dyke there is a sluice, which is opened for the amusement of strangers, to show with what force the water rushes out. We here refreshed ourselves, before beginning the ascent of the celebrated Brochen. In the course of two hours we crossed over parts of the kingdoms of Hanover, Brunswick, Stolberg, and Wermgerode, to the latter of which the Brochen belongs. At the house where we refreshed ourselves, we got in change the coin of those four mighty kingdoms.

The ascent to the Brochen by this direction is certainly the easiest, although in all places it is very difficult. While resting ourselves upon some of the stones, the guide repeatedly called our attention to them, and told us to wet our handkerchiefs, and then rub it on the stone, which we did, and were not a little astonished at the rich violet smell it produced; it is called the violet stone. It is in general of a grey free-stone appearance, with large veins of a brownish powder that produced the smell. From every inquiry I have made, the stone appears to be little known. There were now few or no trees to be seen at this height. The wind began to be very keen; and when we arrived at the top in our light clothing, it was quite pierc-

ing. We were astonished to find on the summit of the mountain a very tolerable inn, which is built for the accommodation of the crowds who come to see the wonders of nature. From this spot the Brochen is, I believe, about 3,000 feet above the sea, and perhaps this inn is the highest inhabited place in this part of the world. Advantage has been taken of an immense number of large stones to make a circular wall, under shelter of which the house is built. The walls are of great thickness, and very low, except a tower which rises out of the centre. In the tower there is a good telescope affording a still more extensive view. There were here thirty double-bedded rooms, each about ten feet long by eight, and a sort of coffee-room; there were in the *Salon* about sixty or seventy people of all ranks and sexes; and, as in Germany there are excellent musicians to be found every where, we contrived even in this high region to have a merry dancing party. This inn was built by Count Wermgerode, and produces a considerable sum yearly. It is incredible what crowds of people flock here to see the setting and rising of the sun. We were fortunate in the weather; and I am only sorry to say, that I have not words to express the magnificence of the sublime views presented to us from the Brochen. The day was very sultry when we ascended, and we saw symptoms of an approaching thunder storm. The Brochen rises out of a sandy plain on one side, which gives it an

appearance of great height, and it was in this direction that the clouds approached. We had several claps of thunder, and a good deal of lightning below us; and the large black rugged clouds sweeping past and sailing under us, made the scene horribly splendid; it seemed as if a number of prodigious black rocks were sailing through the air, and by concussion causing fire and explosion. While the surrounding country was deluged with rain and hail, the sun was shining clearly upon us, standing as we were, wrapt up in blankets, trembling with cold at the horror of the scene. I enjoy it more in recollection than whilst present, for the sensations which such scenes produce are overpowering at the moment; but how refreshing and glorious was the view of the setting sun! What a magnificent sight! The whole western horizon appeared on fire; some light clouds which were flying over us, were tinged with the most beautiful purple and gold. Every thing around appeared of a deep pink colour, which, as we looked towards the east, got paler, and at last disappeared in grey shadows. Mountains, towns, villages, rivers, and lakes were tinged with the most varied and extraordinary colours. At last the moment came when the sun set, and every thing became of a dark grey, except the tower of the inn, upon which the rays continued to play; but, until a late hour, the horizon was so much enlightened, that we could still trace the progress of the departing orb.

After the labours of the day, we felt inclined for our beds, but we had only slept a short time when the landlord called us, to enjoy a scene still more imposing than that of the preceding evening—this was the sunrise. Upon first coming out of the house we felt as if standing upon the edge of a vast silvery sea, into which we looked down. The trees upon the tops of the highest mountains appeared like ships in the distance; at last the sea appeared as if opening, and we beheld a large globe of fire burning in it, which, by degrees, showed a fairy land, veiled in the richest hues. Then this thin mist was dispersed, and the most romantic country lay as a splendid panorama before us. The view, as may be supposed, is very extensive, taking a range of nearly seventy-five miles on all sides, in which are to be seen Erfurt, Weimar, Gotha, Halle, Magdeburgh, Brunswick, and Hanover.

There are many extraordinary stories concerning the Brochen. It is believed to be the rendezvous of all the witches on Midsummer Eve, and that they ride on brooms on that night. On the top of the hill is a spring called the Witches' Well, the water of which is a preservative against old age. At the side of it are two large stones about ten feet high. One is called the Pulpit of the Devil, from which he gives advice and orders to the witches; and the other the Witches' Altar, where a sacrifice is performed once a year. A

little above this spot is a large flat piece of clean black rock, named the Witches' Ball Room, where old Satan and his Angels dance after the sacrifice.

Before quitting the inn you are requested to write your name, country, profession, and remarks, in a large book. The landlord allowed us to look over the books of names for the two former years. The names of people from all quarters of the globe, were to be seen, and some of the remarks were very amusing. Three large thick volumes were completely filled. On leaving the hill, some very beautiful wild mountain flowers were presented to us; but they withered the moment they were brought into the warmer regions below. Our descent was steep and romantic, but excessively fatiguing. We walked along the banks of a pretty rivulet till we came to the village of Rubeland. Here we doffed our clothes, and, putting on a miner's dress, entered the cave of Bielshöle. We descended the cave five hundred feet, and viewed its extraordinary cells and chambers, with a description of which I will not trouble the reader. On ascending, we were received with a hearty "*Gluck-auf*," a happy return, and again donning our clothes we returned to Hanover, on our way to Brunswick.

CHAPTER X.

Author leaves Hanover for Brunswick—Wretched state of the Roads—Brunswick—The late Duke—His Grave—His Character—General Olfermann—Presents the Author to the Reigning Duke—Society at Brunswick—Baron Munchausen—Festival in commemoration of the Restoration—Play in which Luther is the principal character—Its blasphemous character—Author enters the Military College—Colonel Schoenhut—His excellent manner of instruction and of fortifying houses and villages—Uses of fencing and voltigeering — Famous club at Brunswick —Young English in Germany — Skaiting — Author teaches the young Princes "Outsides"—Mrs. Graham's balloon Companion, bold on his skaits—Author leaves Brunswick—Magdeburgh—Brandenburgh—Author dines at a Table d'Hôte—Insolence of a regiment of Prussian Cuirassier Guards to all Civilians—Potzdam—Sans Souci—Library and writing materials—The Great Frederick.

I LEFT Hanover in the beginning of September, for Brunswick. The roads are wretched; but, as the soil is a deep arid sand, road materials excessively dear, and the people poor, much cannot be expected in the way of travelling. *Chaussée geld* is, nevertheless, heavy; but, as the song says,

> "'Tis but in vain
> For soldiers to complain,"

and I will cease troubling my readers on such a subject.

Brunswick is more prettily situated than Hanover, and wears altogether a gayer face; but the interior of the town is still and silent; there wants the bustle and activity which seem necessary incidents of an Englishman's existence. In the Gothic Cathedral lie the remains of the late Duke of Brunswick, who fell at *Quatre Bras*. His grave is still fondly loitered over, by people of all ranks, ages, and conditions: and his memory cherished with affectionate respect. The undoubted bravery of this prince: his warlike spirit; his chivalric and romantic character; his interesting life, and most glorious death, all contribute to cast a charm over his memory, which time has only served to brighten and increase.

As I purposed remaining some time in Brunswick, I took up my abode with a clergyman, paying five louis d'or per month. General Olfermann, who commanded the Brunswick army, finding that I was in the 90th regiment, soon waited on me, and paid me many flattering attentions. I was presented by the General to Duke Augustus, with whom I had the honour of dining, and thus at once obtained an *entrée* to all the principal families. I found the society at Brunswick much more liberal, and, indeed, in all respects superior to that of Hanover. I was here introduced to the family of Baron Munchausen, a name with which I had been familiar from my youth, but I never fancied it belonged to a living

German nobleman, whose ancestor had been minister to George I. During my stay at Brunswick, there was a grand festival in commemoration of the Reformation; and a play performed in which Luther acts the principal part. Many scenes of the play appeared to me to be blasphemous; especially the part which represents the Crucifixion, with the Virgin Mary in the distance. In one scene, Luther is discovered sitting, translating the Bible, when a friar disguised as the Devil makes his appearance at the door of the room. Luther stares for a moment in wild astonishment; then seizing the ink bottle, bangs it at the Devil's head, with a "*Gottes Donnerwetter und Million Sapperments.*"

Finding myself by this time tolerably master of the German language, I entered as a student in the Military Department of the Carolinum College. I principally attended the lectures and instructions of Colonel Schoenhut, from whose knowledge I derived great benefit. The Colonel had an excellent mode of teaching how to take advantage of the position of the ground, and an admirable method of fortifying houses and villages. He instilled into the minds of his pupils, the idea that any man could defend a position, but an *officer* only could do so with great loss to the enemy, and little or none to his own men. We were here taught fencing and voltigeering, both necessary accomplishments for an outpost officer. The first ac-

complishment gives the man attacked an innate confidence in himself; and the second, an activity which it is necessary to show the soldiers on every occasion. For an irregular or outpost service, it is indispensable that one should be a good fencer and leaper; and if, in addition, the officer partakes of the fatigues of the soldiers, and treats them in a kind and just manner, he will do more service with one hundred men, than a drawing-room officer with five hundred.

There is a famous club at Brunswick, composed of the first men in the kingdom. It is called the "Grossen Club." I was elected a member in the most complimentary manner, there being only two black-balls against me out of seventy votes.

Numbers of my countrymen began daily to arrive at Brunswick about this time. They were for the most part very young; and were sent by their friends to learn the language. Why will parents send young men out at the ticklish age of from fifteen to eighteen, to be their own masters, or rather not to be their own masters, for in nine cases out of ten, they are driven into the lowest scenes of dissipation, becoming greater adepts in the wickedness of the world at eighteen than others at twenty-five? When some of these young men first arrived, they would not frequent the theatres on Sundays, but this barrier being once broken down, they plunged into every vice. The winter of 1818 being uncommonly se-

vere, we had much amusement in skaiting. Graceful skaiting or figure-cutting was not then known at Brunswick. Being a member of the Edinburgh Skaiting Club, I amused myself and astonished the natives in making all sorts of figures and evolutions. The two young Princes had just before arrived in Brunswick, and were most anxious to be taught outsides, which they soon learned. I never saw any one bolder on his skaits than the elder brother; he of balloon notoriety with Mrs. Graham.

Wishing to see Berlin and the Prussian troops "at home," I left Brunswick on the 14th of January, 1818, and proceeded by Halberstadt to Magdeburgh.

Magdeburgh is the first Prussian town. Ramparts, drawbridges, cannon, and all the "munitions of war," here bristle up in fearful array. The town is washed by the Elbe, and has an air of business and bustle which was pleasing to me. Magdeburgh is the grand entrepôt for all merchandize which comes or departs by the Elbe. The citadel is, I should think, impregnable. The country in the vicinage is the most fruitful of corn of any in Germany; but this fertility soon departs as the Elbe recedes from your view. The road to Brandenburgh is much travelled over, yet it is more of a sandy desert than of a chaussée. Passing through one or two wretched villages, you at length arrive at the dirty town of Brandenburgh.

The approach to the town appears pretty; not from its intrinsic beauty, but in comparison with the desert through which you have passed. After a waste of wildernesses, the smallest speck of cultivation is grateful and pleasing to the wearied eye, which has so long dwelt on utter barrenness. On arriving within the town of Brandenburgh, I set myself down at a table d'hôte to dinner. The officers of a regiment of Cuirassier Guards were seated at table. Their bearing and demeanour were extremely disagreeable to all whom they did not consider as military. It was a marvel to me how the Prussian civilians put up with this rudeness; as it was THE PEOPLE, in other words —the civilians, who gave freedom to Prussia by rising *en masse* in 1812 and 1813, and not the military or regular army.

On leaving Brandenburgh, the traveller enters on a sort of chaussée, on either side of which he sees copsewood, with small villages dotted here and there in the distance. The river Havel here turns to meet the Elbe, and diverging to the westward you come to the splendid but deserted town of Potzdam. The town has been so often described, that it is scarcely necessary I should here dwell on it. It is a splendid wilderness with magnificent houses lying waste and untenanted, Here is no human being to be seen but fierce looking soldiers, lounging along in all the pride and pomp of idleness and fine feathers.

If Frederick were to rise from the grave, he would see to what "base uses" some of his florid architecture has been turned. One of his finest piles of buildings has been turned into an inn; and grocers and huxters, pipe-sellers and tobacco-dealers, vend their wares amidst Ionic pillars and Corinthian capitals. "Sans Souci" derived its chief interest, in my mind, from the character of the original architect and owner. Here is his library, his bell, his inkstand, his writing desk and table! Here, too, the chair in which he died. In his bed-room is the portrait of the "Lion of the North," Gustavus Adolphus. Frederick must have been a most copious and relentless writer. In every room there are materials for putting one's thoughts on paper. Judging from the condition of the old soldier's library table, I should say his movements on paper were like some of those forced marches in which he upset all that came in his way. The green baize on his table desk, has ten thousand stains of ink, wax, &c. &c.

The grounds of "Sans Souci" are always visited. Here lie, honoured by separate tombstones, five dogs of the monarch; and the horse which he rode in the Seven Years' War. The Picture Gallery is splendid, but it has been described by so many abler pens that I will not dwell on it. I should, however, remark that the Vertumnus of Da Vinci is now removed to Berlin; and also that no critic makes mention of a portrait of Titian and

his Mistress painted by himself. I cannot conclude this chapter without remarking on the exacting spirit with which the lacquies at "Sans Souci" appeared to demand as a fee, that which was intended to be given merely as a gratuity.

CHAPTER XI.

Arrival in Berlin—Brandenburgh Gate—Figure of Victory—Aspect of the Capital—Royal Residence—Schloss—Unter den Linden—Thier Garten—Wilhems Platz—Prussian Drills—Wager between a Prussian General Officer and Sir Lowry Cole—Masquerade—An English M.P.—Mr. Rose, English Envoy—Death of his Father—Author travels on Foot with a Knapsack, through Truenburg to Wittemberg—Description of the Town—Luther and his Flaggon of Rhenish—Leipsic—Description of the Battle Field—General Impression of the Town—Field of Lützen—Gustavus Adolphus.

I ARRIVED in Berlin by the Brandenburgh Gate, the most simple and majestic entrance which it has been my fortune to pass. The figure of Victory on the top was brought to Paris, but reclaimed in 1815. The country about the capital is flat and sandy; and it is environed by forests and swamps. Though the site of the town be execrable, yet the splendour of it is great. It is perhaps the most regular capital in Europe, and contains more fine buildings collected on a given spot, than any other metropolis. It is the youngest sister but one (St. Petersburgh being the youngest) of all the great cities, and still the most fresh and

unworn. The seal of beauty is still on the brow of Berlin, for the "tooth of time" has not eaten into it.

The house in which the king lives is not showy; but it wears the most habitable look of any royal residence that I have ever seen. The "*schloss*" or castle, which is the great palace of the monarch, is built in the Italian style; it is kept for state, and wisely so, for it is on too grand a scale for ease or comfort.

The kings of Prussia have been the greatest dabblers in stone and mortar among the family of European sovereigns; and so much is this the fact, that Berlin appears to have risen up not for a population ready made, but as yet unborn. The best street in Berlin is that called, Unter den Linden. Here I put up at the Hotel de Rome. This fashionable promenade is planted with trees, and is wider than the Boulevards of Paris. The king often walks in it. It extends from the arsenal to the Brandenburgh Gate; outside the latter is the Thier Garten, a park containing shady walks, where the dance and the song go merrily on, Sundays and holidays. In winter, people drive to the Thier Garten in sledges with horses decorated with bells and feathers.

The *Wilhelms Platz* at Berlin sufficiently indicates the military turn of the Prussian monarchs. It is adorned with the statues of some of Frederick's most famous generals.

While in this *par excellence* military city, I attended the drills of the different regiments, and was much pleased with the manner of teaching their light troops. While the allied army were at Paris, a Prussian general officer, and I think Sir Lowry Cole, had a bet as to the merits of the drill of a British or Prussian light regiment, each being allowed three days' practice. The 52d were chosen for the trial. The first day we went to drill in the Champ de Mars, where a great many Prussian officers were spectators. The men were informed of the object; and an immense number of manœuvres were performed in a most perfect manner. At the conclusion we were told there was no further necessity for drilling the regiment for this purpose. The Prussian light regiment never made its appearance, as the Prussian general must have been convinced that he had lost his bet. I observed that, at all the Prussian drills, the commanding officer directed almost his whole attention to the officers.

I attended a very magnificent court masquerade, to which an M. P. then staying at Berlin could not gain admittance till he declared his military rank. Military rank he had none; but being a captain of local militia, he was admitted.

On the day of the masquerade I dined with the English ambassador, Mr. Rose. A courier arrived at the embassy while we were at dinner. We thought it was some public news of importance,

but the courier brought the melancholy intelligence of the death of Mr. Rose's father. This circumstance threw a damp over our party.

Having seen almost every thing that was to be seen at Berlin, I determined to send my heavy luggage to England by Hamburgh, and to commence wandering as many Germans do, with a knapsack at their backs. I was alone, it is true; but this made no difference to me, as I could on all occasions amuse myself by endeavouring to practice the lessons I had learned at Brunswick, as to making imaginary attacks and defences of different places.

In pursuance of this plan, I left Berlin on the 25th of January. For some days, I found the knapsack so heavy, that I could not resist taking advantage of a passing *gelegenheit*, that is a sort of private public carriage for which there is no stipulated fare, but which with management is both a cheap and pleasant method of travelling. I journeyed, however, on foot to Treuenberg. I found myself much fatigued on my arrival, and still more disappointed at finding no bed vacant, except in the kitchen. Here, however, I laid down my weary head. While asleep, I dreamed I was in England conversing with my friends. Starting up on hearing rather a loud noise, I discovered an English party sitting round the fire drinking, and rather merry. My exclamations astonished

them not a little; so much so that they continued their route that night, much to my joy.

From Treuenberg, I proceeded to Wittemberg to visit the birth-place of Luther; it is a considerable, yet a dull town. An iron statue of the monk appears in one of the best streets. You see the cell in which he studied, and the desk and table at which he wrote; a part of the wall of his cell is deeply stained with ink. In the town house they shew you several orders of the reformer for some flaggons of the best Rhenish.

Luther was a man of a hearty cordial nature, of strong passions, an indomitable will, with a good deal of weakness; and these feelings, instead of being impediments to him, were subsidiary to his success.

On leaving Wittemberg I crossed the Elbe by a large wooden bridge strongly defended; and entering a large forest, took up my quarters in a most cut-throat-like 'bier haus.' The night was cold, the feather beds most filthy; but necessity, the mother of invention, made me independent. Taking my four silk handkerchiefs, and with pins fixing two on each feather bed, I had all clean which approached my face. I have often practised this plan since; and it will be found that bugs are not fond of venturing on silk, more especially if a little lavender water has been sprinkled upon it. After a very weary journey I arrived at Leipsic. I was now in Saxony. Every house, as well as

every bit of land, gave tokens of art and industry; and, speaking in reference to the other towns of Germany, of commercial activity.

The country about Leipsic is fertile and highly cultivated, but wanting in the picturesque; it is, however, beyond measure rich in historical recollections.

The market-place of Leipsic is a type and figure of the old German cities; it is at once venerable and grotesque. The university has degenerated from its pristine fame; it is now like the London University, only famous for its medical and surgical lectures.

Though Leipsic has no very great facilities of intercommunication with the other towns of Germany, though there be no great river flowing beneath its walls, yet there are four great fairs held annually. Neither is the place celebrated for its literature, though it be the great mart of the book trade. The fact is, that Leipsic is a central spot as regards all Germany; and this caused it to be selected for the honour of holding more fairs, than larger and more considerable cities. Leipsic, however, is not so prosperous as formerly; the mercantile and shop-keeping habits of the place do not improve the manners of the inhabitants; they are busy, bustling, and brusque, and want the urbanity of the people of Vienna, Munich, and Dresden. There is a theatre at Leipsic; but I cannot say much for the performers; they are, however,

good enough for the audience, which is noisy and unintellectual.

The hotels at Leipsic are very tolerable; but at the tables-d'hôte there is far too much talk of the shop to be pleasing to the uninitiated.

The first thing I did on my arrival in the town was to get a good plan of the battle; I then went over this celebrated field. The ground is almost completely flat, with a very few gentle elevations; so that it is an easy matter to follow the plan. The Grimmischen Gate, through which the French retreated into the town, still retained the marks of how fiercely it had been attacked and defended. The streets, through which they fled towards the opposite Ramstadter Gate, are not above eighteen feet wide, and the gate itself not more than ten, so that some idea may be formed of the confusion and havoc which must have taken place. Out of the gate on the side on which the bridge was blown up, is a small garden, in which I saw a monument erected by the inhabitants to the celebrated Poniatowski, on the very spot on which he fell. The reality astonishes those who remember the descriptions of the river and the blowing up of the bridge in the French bulletin; the river is not more than twenty feet wide, but on examining it more closely the banks are high and muddy. These are the worst sort of impediments for retreating troops; for they appear easy to surmount, whereas

they are in truth insurmountable. Here the French rushed; and fell *pêle mêle* on the top of each other. The ground in the neighbourhood had still a whitish appearance from the numerous bones of men and horses.

From Leipsic I proceeded to Lutzen, the field in which Gustavus and Wallenstein for the first and last time contended. Here between three poplar trees is a plain monument to Gustavus, with two letters cut on it, G. A. 1632. It appeared strange to me to see the marks of musketry still distinct in the trees. Passing along the banks of the Saale, I saw Wessenfels and Nuremberg. The scenery in this part of the country is interesting, and contributed not a little to beguile my journey to Weimar, at which place I arrived soon after.

CHAPTER XII.

Weimar—Description of the town—Fortunes of its inhabitants—Theatre—Grand Duke—His character—Kotzebue—German Students—Erfurth—Luther's Cell—Ursuline Convent—Society and Manners at Erfurth—Eisenach—Translation of the Bible, by Luther, finished there—Fulda—Hessian soldiers—Hanau—Frankfort—Short of Money—Traveller's expedient—Civility of Frankfort banker—Mayence—Liege—Character of the Liegois for bravery—Good Burgundy—Brussels, Lille, Dunkirk, and Calais—Author arrives at Plymouth on the 10th of March.

WEIMAR can be scarcely called a city. It is but a considerable village. The population, I believe, very little exceeds 2,000. It is altogether a crooked dwarfish place. There are no long straight streets; no considerable buildings. When I was there the palace of the Grand Duke was unfinished: whether it be yet completed, I have no means of knowing. The Ilm flows lazily by the town, and along its banks spades and pickaxes have endeavoured to hew the soil into the grand and picturesque; but in vain.

Weimar is not the place for the man of the world or the man of pleasure; but I can conceive it to have been the chosen abode of poets, histo

rians, and philosophers. There are no boisterous pleasures, no sensual enjoyments. The fortunes of the inhabitants are small and meagre; their lives laborious and frugal. The theatre begins at six, and ends at nine. It is but a pill-box, when compared with the *Scala*, the *San Carlos*, the King's Theatre, or even Covent-Garden or Drury-Lane.

The Grand Duke was highly popular at this time. Justice and frugality were among the foremost of his virtues: and it will not now be considered to his dishonour, that he was among the first of the German sovereigns who crowned the happiness of his people, by the introduction of a representative government into his dominions, and who promoted their intellectual regeneration by the patronage bestowed upon men of letters.

The ladies of Weimar are models of all the domestic virtues. If they have a fault at all, it is they are a little too *savante*, and shew the "blue stocking" rather too potently and proudly. I saw but one carriage all the time I was at Weimar; but in winter time the inhabitants indulge themselves with sledges, which are not so costly. Having heard much of the celebrated Kotzebue, I made a point of seeing the author of so many voluminous plays; a man who had moreover acquired an unenviable renown as a spy of Russia. His countenance was very peculiar, and did not at all please me. I was not much surprised afterwards at hearing of his assassination by the student

Sandt; for, in the excited state in which Germany then was, Kotzebue was denounced as the betrayer of German liberty; and it was no uncommon thing to hear debated at the drinking parties of students, the question of whether it was or was not justifiable to put him to death.

Shortly after this, I left Weimar for Erfurth, which is only important as a fortress. A congress of Royal Heads was held here in 1807. It was here, too, in the Augustine Monastery, that Luther, a greater and more remarkable man than any among the crowned heads, first put on the cowl. Here his cell is religiously preserved, and the place in which he used to play the flute fondly pointed out. Over the cell is a Latin inscription, too long for me to copy. The cell itself is small and damp. His mundane spirit was surely ill at ease within it. So much the better for the Christian world! Here, too, is Luther's Bible.

There is an Ursuline convent in the town. I can conceive Luther to have looked heartily into the eyes of the nuns of his day.

I did not tarry long at Gotha. It is a more bustling town than Weimar, but the society is neither so elegant nor so refined. Here is published the famous Diplomatic Almanac.

I next arrived at Eisenach, over which the ruins of Wartburgh hang in majestic beauty. Here Luther and his followers obtained shelter, if not protection; and here he beguiled himself, and be-

nefited the world by finishing his translation of the Bible. If the legend speak truly, it was at Eisenach, that Luther, losing his temper with his satanic majesty, flung the inkstand at his head and horns; but the Devil ducked downwards, and the wall received the missive which was intended for that eldest of gentlemen, the prince of darkness.

At Fulda, I was much amused with the appearance of the Hessian soldiers, dressed in the stiff and ancient military garb. Passing along the banks of the Weser, I was startled at Gillhausen, by the crooked steeple which hangs across the street.

At Hanau, I went over the field where Napoleon, in 1813, defeated the Bavarians in his retreat after the battle of Leipsic, and marked well the bridge so boldly attacked and carried.

Arriving soon after at Frankfort, rather short of money, I proceeded to the banker's, to obtain cash for a bill on my agents; but they, doubtless perceiving that I was a pedestrian, and that my clothes were none of the best, made the excuse that they had given up doing business with England. At first, I felt in despair, for nothing is so embarrassing as to be thus circumstanced in a strange place, and without a friend to apply to.

Although I brought with me several letters of introduction to certain individuals moving in the first society, still it was a very delicate matter to explain to strangers the very awkward dilemma in which I was placed; it was true I had numerous

friends in Brussels, and I could readily transmit the amount of any loan with which I might be accommodated, on arriving there. Before quitting Frankfort, I had, moreover, several arrangements to make connected with my journey which could not be effected without the cash. What was to be done? Such were my reflections as I proceeded onwards to the gate of Frankfort, where I found a gentleman waiting for me with the money.

The bankers had, it appeared, made inquiries at the police office, where my passport was, and, discovering that "all was right," sent after me a clerk, with the sum I first asked of them. This was civil and considerate, and very contrary to the practice of that upstart and impudent set of gentry, which I will call the Bankocracy of England.

The Gothic towers and belfries of Mayence, now soon rose before me in gloomy state. Here a military reign had supplanted that of the church militant. Drawbridges, ditches, bastions, sentinels, were all now spread out before my unwondering eye.

Mayence is large, rambling, and irregular, and wears an air of faded consequence. Austrian and Prussian soldiers impart, however, a smoking, smirking, swaggering bustle, out of character with the historical recollections of the place.

The inhabitants of Mayence are chiefly Catholics; but, though subject to a Protestant prince, they have nothing to complain of on the score of

religion: The town was the cradle of printing; they show you, in the town, Guttenberg the first printer's house.

Here I got on board the passage-boat, and, on a beautiful Sunday, we drifted down the Rhine, hearing music on both sides of the river. From Cologne, I struck across the country to Aix-la-Chapelle. Thence I proceeded to Liege, a city which threatened to rival the smoky glories of Wolverhampton. Since then, Liege is no longer under the dominion of the King of Holland; and the Liegois were among the foremost in the insurrection. They are brave fellows, being descended, in nine cases out of ten, from mad-cap Frenchmen, who, finding their own country too hot for them, sought a refuge under the shadow of the sovereign prince, Bishop of Liege. Here I had the satisfaction of tasting a prime glass of Burgundy, a pleasure I had not enjoyed since I entered Germany. While at Liege, I observed that the carts passing down hill made an insufferable noise. At first, I could not understand this, but I at length discovered it arose from the clumsy method of fixing a bar on the cart, so placed as to strike each spoke of the wheel, and thus impede its progress.

Leaving Liege, I proceeded, by way of Tirlemont, to the city of Brussels; where I felt much gratified by the kind welcome I received from my old friends of 1814. Brussels had, since then,

become a sort of English colony, several thousand families, of moderate income, having resorted to it for the purpose of educating their children. They appeared to live on the friendliest terms, and I regretted that my stay among them could not be prolonged. In a few days, I started in the Diligence, and passing by way of the bustling manufacturing city of Lille, and the clean, commercial, and well-paved town of Dunkirk, arrived safely at Calais.

The morning after my arrival, I crossed to Dover, and joined the 90th regiment at Plymouth, on the 10th March, 1818.

CHAPTER XIII.

The 90th Regiment.—Difference between that and the 52nd —Effects of being on a West India Island in a regiment— Custom of the officer on Dock Guard in Plymouth—Effects of marriage on Officers and their Corps—Domestic felicity in a Marching Regiment — March from Plymouth to Chatham — From Chatham to Winchester — Inspected at Winchester by the Prince of Hesse Homburgh —New Bayonet Exercise—Lieutenant Faden—Major Torrens—The Duke of York and Lord Lynedoch — *Dejeuner à la Fourchette* given to His Royal Highness—Light Infantry Drill—Colonel Cross of the 68th—Sir John Moore —General Mc Kenzie — Sir H. Torrens — Sections of Threes—Lieutenant-Colonel Snodgrass—Author again put on half pay—Returns to Scotland—Attends Lectures at Edinburgh—Vague Notions of the Author as to Politics— State of Society in Scotland at this period—Patronage and Jobbing—Partizan Magistrates—Public Balls in those days—Resistance to the Dominion of the old feudal system—Author becomes a Partner in a Wine Concern— Drills of the Leith Sharpshooters—Dinner given by the Corps to the Author—Piece of Plate presented to him.

On joining the 90th regiment, I could not help being struck with the difference of the discipline from that of the 52nd (although the 90th was a very good regiment); but I may here remark that any regiment which has been on a West India island for many years, gets a loose and idle manner of doing duty, which unfits it, in a great measure, for ac-

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tive military service. Officers who are accustomed to the routine of garrison duty, either in England or abroad, get their minds so contracted, that they take a very confined view of what should be the ambition of a soldier. They have their regiments inspected twice a year; they take care that their clothes fit; that the officers and men are dressed uniformly; that the accounts of the men are kept correctly: but they forget that the time is to come when, on service, the bugles are not to sound at a regular hour for dinner; that in a campaign, where every one is to shift for himself, there are no shoemakers' shops; that blacking and pipe-clay are nowhere to be found; in short, that difficulties and unexpected reverses are to occur. Officers are thus led, instead of exerting themselves, to take the old and idle excuse of making themselves believe that these difficulties are the fault of their superiors, where a little exertion of their own would keep all right. The officer who is clever at an excuse, is in general bad at every thing else.

The 90th regiment was, as I before stated, at Plymouth, where the Dock Guard is one of great responsibility; and here I found the custom in this garrison was, for the officer to leave his guard to go to dinner, thus risking his character as an officer for the gratification of his stomach, and inducing young subalterns to consider their own comforts of at least as much consequence as their duty. The greater proportion of the junior offi-

cers were married, with families. I have often wished that young ladies, who had comfortable homes, might have seen the interior economy of a Sub's quarter, with four lovely children in a small barrack-room a few feet square, and then they would have formed a true idea of domestic happiness in a barrack. Where there are many married officers in a corps, the domestic felicity of that corps is at an end. I do not say the ladies are to blame: I only state a fact.

From Plymouth we marched for Chatham; and at Winchester had the honour of being inspected by the Prince of Hesse Homburgh, on his way to visit Portsmouth. As I at this time spoke German fluently, I had much conversation with His Royal Highness, and I was struck with the very business-like questions he asked with regard to the soldiers' equipment.

On our arrival at Chatham, the regiment was ordered to be taught a new bayonet exercise, said to be invented by a Lieutenant Faden, of the Royal Marines, although the ostensible teacher was Major Torrens, brother of Sir Henry Torrens. After some time, His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Lord Lynedoch (who was then Colonel of the 90th) came to inspect the regiment; and at the same time to decide, whether this exercise was to become the drill of the British army. As with many other improvements, the inventor, by his indiscreet zeal in proclaiming it as the first in the

world, caused this most useful exercise to be thrown aside. He had all the old prejudices to master; he had all the Peninsular officers against it, because they had never seen it in that glorious war; but who is the man in this age of wonder, will dare to say that a thing is useless because he himself has not seen its utility?

This bayonet exercise is really most admirable; as one man drilled properly to it is a match for any two undrilled, and more than a match for any single horseman. To light troops I consider it indispensable, as it gives a confidence to the soldier which nothing else can give. Fortified by this drill, the soldier, in skirmishing, knowing his advantage, advances steadily, and never allows himself to be impeded by an opponent; in short, a spirit, a desire to come to personal combat is instilled into him, and thus he becomes brave and confident.

After the review, Lord Lynedoch gave a splendid *dejeuner à la fourchette* to His Royal Highness, the staff, and the officers of the regiment. The weather was hot, the champagne heady, and *par consequence* the tongues of all in motion. It had often been said that, many years ago, His Royal Highness and Lord Lynedoch had had some dispute, and that the 90th had been sent out to the West Indies on that account; certainly no British regiment had ever been kept there so long. There were some delicate allusions to this in the speeches.

Be this as it may, after that morning the greatest friendship existed between these two celebrated men. The 90th regiment was then being taught the light infantry drill, according to the system of the 52nd. This drill is now almost the regulation drill of the army; and I have often thought it ungenerous that, although Captain Cross of the 52nd (now Lieutenant-Colonel Cross, commanding the 68th regiment,) was the person who gave all the instructions of Sir John Moore and General Mackenzie to Sir Henry Torrens, yet that, when published, no complimentary allusion was ever made to Lieutenant-Colonel Cross. I was amused to see one distinct change in movements, by a new formation of "threes," a plan by which comrades are separated from each other at the greatest possible mathematical distance, thus destroying in action the greatest bond of union among soldiers; that of comradeship. Now, however, the old and proper system of "sections of threes" is returned to, brought about principally, if report speak truly, by my old brother subaltern Lieutenant-Colonel Snodgrass, now in the Quarter-Master-General's department in New Brunswick.

Reductions now taking place, I was again put on half-pay; and, all prospect of rising in the army having vanished, I returned to Scotland to my old amusements of fishing and shooting. But to be idle is to be miserable, so I resolved to try to improve my mind, as my body was in want of nothing. With this

view, I attended the lectures of the most celebrated Professors in the University of Edinburgh, and thus got habits of thought and self-examination, which proved very useful to me. While associating with the German students of Brunswick, and of Gottingen, I had imbibed the most extravagant notions of liberty, and a thorough hatred of tyranny and oppression. I recollected the unperformed promises made by German Princes to their subjects, when calling on them to drive the French away, but little dreamed that in Scotland such notions were considered treason. I thought I must be wrong, and therefore in some degree tried to stifle my opinions.

Society in Scotland was, at this time, in a most extraordinary state. Many *militaires* had, with their families, returned to settle in their native country. They had come from countries in which they had been the aristocrats. On their return to Edinburgh, they found the leaders of society composed of men who, from their contracted habits of thought and want of foreign travel, did not inspire them with that respect, which the native townsmen had so readily yielded. The new comers, therefore, entered into opposition. This is not to be wondered at. Patronage and jobbing, not merit and talent, were then the order of the day. Two families rode rough-shod over the country. To be connected with, or patronised by either of these, was to obtain any thing; to be unknown

to, or unbefriended by them, was tantamount to an exclusion from all the good things laid out on the table of Scotland. To such an extent was this carried, that a promise from one of them was jocularly said, not to be a hope but a certainty. From such a system, the country necessarily suffered. The magistrates were all partizans. To administer what was called justice, was merely to advance private interest and family clanship.

I used to be amused at this time in attending the public balls and meetings in Edinburgh. A public ball was in those days a rich treat. Even dances were arranged according to party spirit. In a corner of the room, you saw the parties adjusting themselves, with as much nicety as Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals arrange themselves together in the House of Commons. Should a stranger to the gang present himself, or presume to seek a partner amidst this exclusive and narrow-minded clique, the old dancing faction of "vested interests" and "ancient abuses," would bridle themselves up with superlative disdain, and shrink away, as if these bold intruders would infect them with cholera. The next quadrille would be composed of the "hangers on," quite as rude in their conduct as "their betters;" in short, there was a regular gradation of insolence, according to the old feudal system. This was most disagreeable to the ladies of the military men, who would not

tolerate such rudeness; they instilled courage into their husbands and brothers, who now began at public meetings to speak out their opinions. Some clever public-spirited men of Edinburgh, of independent feelings, since the attack had commenced, came up as a reserve, and an outpost affair began with much noise and little effect.

This picture of Edinburgh was the type of every city and petty town in Scotland. Every burgh was under the protection (that is dominion) of some nobleman or laird, who could very easily ruin any native opponent; but "citizens of the world" would not permit this, and towns became inhabited by a class of people who had no idea of returning again to the feudal system. Every shop in Scotland had now in it the seeds of opposition to the old feudality. Clever and spirited newspapers were published, and greedily read by the opposition, which soon acquired numbers, union, and strength.

Such was the state of public feeling in Scotland, at a period when I saw there was no prospect of following out the military profession. A very advantageous offer was now made to me, to become the chief partner in one of the oldest established wine-houses in Leith. I thought I was not adapted for this; but I was out-reasoned, and, yielding to the suggestions of my friends, found myself at once settled in Edinburgh as a respectable civilian. I

soon found I was in a mess, as we say in the army; my ideas of liberty not being suited to this state of society, nor to the business into which I was thrown. I had not been long in the wine trade, when meetings took place in all the manufacturing districts of Scotland, for a just equalization of political rights, to which the people were entitled, but said to be, by their political opponents, for the plunder of men of property. Here it was necessary to make a stand, so as not to allow the grand principle of reform to be ruined by a few infatuated individuals, who actually took up arms.

All respectable people united in armed associations, under many different designations. I first entered as a private in the Edinburgh Volunteers, but, at the request of the gentlemen of Leith, I took the command and drill of a corps, called the Leith sharp-shooters. This corps was composed of all the respectable young men in Leith, and many of the first mercantile men were numbered in its ranks. There was not in it a single individual who had ever been in any way military. There were none who knew the duty of officers, or non-commissioned officers. To have asked assistance, would have shown ignorance, and the circumstance of the formation of a square at Shorncliffe, which I have before related, was in my recollection.

Here the advantage of the system of drill adopted by the 52nd was shown. Knowing the

duty of non-commissioned officers, I could teach *them* as well as *the officers*. In order to keep the public mind quiet, all the *first* drills took place in a large ware-room; and, if any officer should try to keep a body of (say 120) men, making different movements at every moment in a small space, without bringing them to a halt at the wall, (before he has in his own mind thought of the order for the next change,) he will find it not only very difficult but most excellent practice for "handling men." The progress which the Leith sharp-shooters made in their exercise appeared astonishing; but every officer knows how much more easy it is to drill an educated recruit, than an ignorant country clown. "No teaching," says the proverb, "is better than bad teaching;" and I have often heard the Adjutant of the 52nd say, that the most difficult people to drill properly, were those who in their younger days had been badly instructed. At a review of these volunteer corps, Sir Thomas Bradford was pleased to express his astonishment at seeing a corps apparently so efficient. Luckily the country soon became quiet; and, as there was no further occasion for such a force, the corps was disembodied. At a public dinner given by the corps, I was presented with a magnificent piece of plate, with the following inscription:

Presented
by
The Members of the Late Corps of
Leith Sharp-shooters
to
Charles Shaw, Esquire,
their Captain,
In testimony of their Admiration of his Talents
and Exertions as an Officer,
And of their Respect and Esteem for Him
as a Gentleman.
Leith, 19th July 1822.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ludicrous scenes which took place among the Volunteers and Yeomanry—Pistols and Pounds of Butter—Edinburgh Magistrates and the Riot Act—Chief Judge of Scotland Commanding Officer of the Edinburgh Volunteers—Author attempts to form a Military Club in Edinburgh—Succeeds in Establishing the "Caledonian United Service Club;" Appointed Honorary Secretary thereto—Reform Meetings in Edinburgh—Election of a Member to represent two Counties—Number of Electors amount to three—This produces a deep impression on the Author—Royal Archers Club; its Constitution and Government—Unfair Gambling Transaction—Money returned and paid over to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, by the Author—Thanks of the Caledonian United Service Club voted to the Author. Action of Defamation commenced against him—Damages laid at £15,000—Verdict for the Author—Disposes of his Interest in the Wine Trade at Edinburgh—Prepares to depart for the Continent—Is presented with a splendid Gold Snuff-box by the Caledonian United Service Club.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is a good maxim, but *de mortuis nil nisi verum* is still better. The Volunteers and Sharp-shooters are now no more, and I will not say any thing very ill of them; but truth compels me to add, that the scenes which

sometimes took place in their ranks were occasionally very ludicrous. I recollect once going to an inspection of a yeomanry corps. An examination of pistols was ordered, and of course forthwith took place. One unfortunate yeoman, in taking out his arms, found attached to the barrel a pound of fresh butter! The poor man had been absent from home, and, while he was away, the "gude wife" had stuck the butter into the holsters, without once thinking of the drill day. Of course, there was a general laugh at the poor man's expense; but similar scenes were of too frequent occurrence to cause the unfortunate wight to be particularly pointed at.

One night, during a riot in Edinburgh, the captain of the Edinburgh Riflemen got himself inclosed in the Royal Exchange, while the people were busy pelting the gentlemen with stones. I happened to be there as an amateur, and got in among the riflemen. Such confusion, such talking I never heard. The captain himself was a magistrate, and a judge of the land; but, as he had arms in his hands, he could not read the Riot Act before firing. I really thought some mischief would have happened to the gentlemen; and, as the stones were flying thick, I advised him to find a magistrate, and get his arm in a friendly way, and never quit him; so that the magistrate when the stones were flying, would have quite as much sympathy for himself as for the men, and not delay reading the

Riot Act. I had just said, "Get him quick, and hold him fast," when the gentleman with whom the captain was in conversation, said, "I feel much obliged to you, Captain Shaw, for this friendly advice." This was the magistrate himself.

For some nights, the Edinburgh Volunteers were doing duty in the castle, the regulars having all marched for Glasgow. I was there one night, and never have I had such enjoyment as in witnessing the extraordinary zeal displayed against the supposed revolutionists, who, it was reported, were to attack the castle that very evening. There was a severe and intense frost, with snow on the ground; and the many tumbles suffered by aged and respectable fathers of families, while patroling among the rocks, encumbered with accoutrements and muskets, were not a little amusing. There are many detached turrets on the castle; and he was considered a bold serjeant, as men then ran, who advanced with his pike and poked it into the turret, to see if an enemy was there.

Many of the members of these different corps were Sheriffs Depute of counties (that is Judges); but, what is still more extraordinary, the Chief Judge of Scotland was the commanding officer of the Edinburgh Volunteers. He appeared in uniform, sabred and sashed: and, if report speak truly, actually ordered the volunteers to charge bayonets against a mob.

The most despotic governments pay attention

to decency, and keep the civil and military jurisdiction separate; yet it was said (but mostly by these very Judges, and their relatives and expectants,) that no reform was necessary in a country, where the civil and military functions were thus incongruously and improperly intermingled.

The excitement of the civil-military life being now passed away, I, along with two others, resolved to attempt to form a military club in Edinburgh. After encountering many difficulties, we succeeded in establishing the "Caledonian United Service Club," to which I acted as Honorary Secretary, until I left Edinburgh.

Reform meetings were now convened, and several discussions daily took place as to the necessity of a change of system. I was in doubt which side to take, till I went to see the election of a member of Parliament. I then had my eyes opened. The election was of a member to represent two counties. The person proposed was my own particular friend, a most excellent man, a most useful country gentleman, and, moreover, as I was informed, a most intelligent working member of Parliament. The electors for these two counties assembled. How many were there present? There were just three electors! My friend was proposed by one, the other seconded him, and the vote of the third carried the day. A speech was now made to return thanks, and thus ended the so-called election! This made a deep impression on me. It is quite

possible, nay even probable, that 3,000 electors may have chosen a worse man; but to call a member so elected the representative of the people of two counties, was so ridiculous, that it seemed to me a change must and ought to take place. I, however, personally took no part in politics. My time was for the most part spent in shooting, fishing, and in my favourite game of golf, in which I became such a proficient, that, whenever there was a great "match," I was sure to be one of the performers.

These pursuits were far more congenial to my taste, than the dull details of trade. I now began to hate a mercantile life, and neglected my business more and more. "What matters it," said I, "whether I attend or not? I have a hard working honourable partner, and my pocket will not suffer."

There was then, and is now, a club at Edinburgh called the Royal Archers. It was composed for the most part of gay young men, fond of dress and dinners, and some of whom had a taste for archery. This club was, and I believe is, governed by a committee who assumed the titles of general, brigadier-general, &c. &c. The patrons of the society were among some of the first people in Scotland, and it was therefore a society into which the young men of Edinburgh were anxious to enter.

I now approach a subject which I cannot avoid noticing, not only because it made a great noise in Scotland at the time, and became the subject

of a jury trial; but was in fact the affair which brought all my hidden feelings to light, and caused a very great change, not in my character, but in my style of action. How little do we know the mysterious workings of Providence! and how often are we for the moment ungrateful when we should be the contrary!

During the whole time I was in the army, I had never touched a card, and did not know the difference between brag and whist; but, gambling being carried on in Edinburgh to a great extent among the young men, more especially among the Archers and Yeomanry, I was insensibly, and by the force of evil example, for a short time led into it: losing, however, one night a large sum at brag, completely cured me of my folly. Months after the money was lost and paid, I found the person who had gained it (and who was both a Yeoman and Archer) was known among many card players to have "played foul," and that he gained my money unfairly. This I would not at first listen to, because I could not believe it; but at length such strong proofs were adduced, that I yielded a reluctant conviction. Once satisfied on the point, my measures were prompt and decisive. I called peremptorily on the winner to refund the sum unfairly won; stating, at the same time, that if he paid it over to any public charity, and produced a proper acknowledgment of such pay-

ment, I should be as well satisfied, as though he had refunded it to me personally. He preferred the latter alternative, sent the money back, and I afterwards paid it over as a donation to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh. The fact of the re-payment was proof positive of foul play, and fixed an indelible imputation on the individual who had been guilty of it. The affair now got wind, and the Caledonian United Service Club passed a complimentary resolution, significative of their approbation of my conduct. Out of these proceedings a good deal of correspondence arose of an angry nature, and the result of it was, that an action of defamation was commenced against me, in which the damages were laid at £15,000.

The case came regularly on for trial. The evidence had just closed, and the Judge had proceeded with his charge, when the foreman of the jury, who was a few paces from me, exclaimed, "Stop, my Lord, we unanimously find for the defendant, Charles Shaw."

The result, of course, was gratifying to my feelings, and doubly so as the repeated cheers of a crowded court and the congratulations of my numerous friends and many strangers, proved to me that I was looked upon as one who had rendered an important service to society in general, though I had thereby incurred the hatred of a certain *clique* in Edinburgh. The attempt to put me

down signally failed, and thus the machinations of a secret conclave, who had endeavoured to ruin my peace and reputation, were defeated to their eternal disgrace, by the verdict of fifteen honest and upright men.

I remained in Edinburgh for some time after the verdict given in my favour, but nothing could reconcile me to mercantile pursuits. An advantageous offer being shortly after made to me, to dispose of my business, I resolved to accept it, and to withdraw from commercial life, for which neither nature nor education had ever intended me. After winding up my affairs, I resolved to distract my mind by a second tour on the Continent. My *séjour* in Edinburgh had made me acquainted with the feelings and opinions of people who rode in carriages. I now wished to know the feelings of those who walk their "weary way" through human life. "Provided with a knapsack and walking stick, I will," I said, "try whether I can live independent of the luxuries of cities and the pleasures of society." Before leaving Edinburgh, I, however, gave in my resignation as Honorary Secretary to the "Caledonian United Service Club," and I was much gratified by the Club presenting to me on my departure a splendid gold snuff-box, with the following inscription:—

Presented
to
CHARLES SHAW, ESQUIRE,
In acknowledgment of
His Meritorious and Gratuitous Services
As Honorary Secretary
to the Caledonian United Service Club,
from its formation to this Date,
A Vote of Thanks
to this effect
having been carried by Acclamation
at their General Meeting,
On the 23d of July, 1830.

CHAPTER XV.

Author determines again to visit the Continent—Leaves London for Southampton—Thunder-storm—The Needles—The Cabin of a Steamer—Recipe for curing a bleeding nose—An Irish Militia Major—Guernsey—Town of St. Pierre—Bay of St. Helier—Cheating of proprietors of carts—House of the Governor—Mont Orgueil—French and English fishermen—Village of Grovelle and oyster fishing—Monument to Grenadiers—Definition of a clever man at Jersey—Charmontel pears—Examination at the Custom House—Female Custom House agent—St. Maloes—Mode of smuggling gloves—St. Servan—Town of Hede—Rennes—Costume—Butter at Rennes—Roc St. André—Pont Guillemet—Town of Vannes—Chapel of St. Anne d'Auray—Salmon trout—Marquis de Mont Aigu—Country between Landevan and Hennebon—Hennebon—L'Orient—Ship building at L'Orient—Theatre—Sir Hudson Lowe—Sir Walter Scott—Row in the Pit of L'Orient Theatre—Quiberon—Mausoleum for the Empress—Charles X.—Peasantry from Finisterre—Custom as to Marriages in this Country.

I WILL not trouble the reader with any description of the journey from Edinburgh to London. While "*en route,*" I made a resolution to which I religiously adhered; and that was to note down every feeling as it passed through my mind. Many of the wise ones of this world will think that this

was a foolish resolve, that it superinduced a great loss of time, &c. &c., but I take leave to differ from these sages. How many weary hours does one spend in hotels and taverns in journeying onward, and how can one more innocently (I will not say more usefully) employ one's time, than in noting down the events and the occurrences of the day as they have passed before one! Is it not better to be thus occupied than in discussing the merits of a bottle of old Port, or the defects of a glass of Champagne or Claret? I think it is Edmund Burke, who says, that no man will ever look forward who does not often look backward; and in the task of self-examination and retrospection, what is more interesting—what, I should perhaps say, more necessary, than to examine the state of one's mind at particular times and under varied circumstances?

About the middle of March 1831, I left England with no intention of remaining absent for any fixed period. Thinking it, however, the better part of wisdom to be master of my own motions, I filled my portmanteau as though I were about to undertake a long journey, and supplied myself with cash to meet any sudden emergency. I might have procured many good letters of introduction; but knowing how valueless they often are, and how generally cumbersome, I declined all such "missives," save and except two letters addressed to gentlemen nearly connected with the French

government. Even these I had no intention of delivering; but I thought it prudent to have them in my possession, lest in my wanderings through the disturbed districts of France, I might get into some difficulty, or into the hands of some rude gens-d'armes. In my former trips to the Continent, my society had either been military, or that of the higher classes; and I was now anxious to see what is called the People, which was fully in my power, as I was alone, and could follow my own inclinations in every respect.

I left London by the Southampton night mail, and of course calculated we should have no accident on the road, as an English mail is only another word for safety. The night was excessively cold; I was therefore not a little annoyed by being delayed some time, from the horses falling twice, and destroying the harness. Between Winchester and Southampton, we had very cold rain, which, in the dark, I imagined to be snow, from the white appearance of the roads. In this part of the country they are all repaired with limestone. The town of Southampton and its environs, with its beautiful and varied river views, pleased me much.

I embarked at six in the evening on board the Ariadne Steamer for St. Maloes, it being her first trip for the season. The night looked black and lowering. The lightning in the distance, and the sudden gusts of wind, prepared me for rough weather; and I regretted to perceive that the greater

proportion of our passengers were ladies and children. In my anticipations of severe weather, I was, however, disappointed; as, after a sharp thunder-storm and a heavy rain, the wind fell, and the sea became as smooth as glass. In passing the Needles, with our steam power and a strong tide in our favour, we went at the rate of twelve miles an hour. This strong tide, with the sharp rocks on the Needle side of the bay, and the dangerous shifting sands on the other, are the reasons which induced the Admiralty to give an order, that no man-of-war should attempt this passage. The real Needles consist of some sharp dangerous rocks, about a hundred yards distant from the rocky shore on which the light-house is built. To pass through this opening is to pass through the Needles, which has never yet been attempted by a ship; but I was told, that a man-of-war once passed the great opening, through which we were sailing, (likewise called the Needles): this exploit is mentioned as something wonderful among our sailors.

The cabin of a well-filled steam-boat is but an epitome of the world at large. Here may be heard the loud hoarse voice of the domestic tyrant, and the noisy clatter and gasconade of the coffee-house bully. Here may be seen the horrible gentility of West End milliners, and the apish airs of West End shopmen. If there be a half-pay officer on board, he is as sure to talk of how they manage things at his mess, as an Indian Colo-

nel is to "speak by the hour" of Bungalow, Tiffin, and Half Batta. The man of wealth is pursy and important; and the fine gentleman of Eton and Christ Church is so chary of his dignity, that he is surprised you take the liberty of speaking to him without being introduced. The saint slyly insinuates a tract into the hand of the man of the world; who quietly sits by, not letting himself out before such company, but keeping all the while an eye on the pretty girl opposite, who is by the way rather squeamish, and to whom he is determined to offer the support of his arm, the moment she wishes to withdraw into the ladies' cabin.

The party in the steamer in which I embarked was composed of a sprinkling of all classes, and we had of course the usual variety of incident on such occasions. It became my good fortune to render a slight service to one of the sex, which I shall relate for the benefit of other travellers, who may then follow the legal maxim, "like case, like rule."

A very nice-looking young girl was seized with a severe bleeding of the nose, which neither cold keys nor links of chain cable put down her back would stop. It became so alarming that the mother called out for a medical man, but not one was on board. However, I undertook to complete the cure, provided I was allowed to follow my own plan. The mother would not hear of it, because I was not a medical man; but the young lady said she

would allow me to do as I liked. On this, I took her to the back cabin, began to loosen the back part of her gown and her stays, which were tightly laced. I then called for sea water, and, having dipped a towel in it, put it quite wet round her neck. I then took another towel, and having also dipped it in the water, squeezed it, and allowed the water to trickle down her back, which soon made her creep together, and the bleeding stopped. The cure, though effectual, was not pleasant, as it left the poor girl's gown and clothes in a sad plight: but I got thanks, and a kind invitation from the young lady to visit them at Guernsey.

The party in the cabin now called for brandy and water, as it was getting late, which excitement of course opened the mouths of many. One fine-looking young man, who had been a Major in the Irish Militia, was the chief speaker. It was sad to see what continual drinking can effect. He was not above thirty, but he looked sixty, both body and mind being completely exhausted.

This Major mentioned, that he travelled with a party of English in France thirty miles to get a glass of Port wine. This appeared to me to be an archer's shot; but now I can well believe it, as I met with three French gentlemen who had travelled from Avignon to Apt, nearly forty miles, to eat what in Scotland is called *sweeties* or comfits.

As sleeping in a crowded cabin is always op-

pressive, I went on deck, where I had provided myself with a most comfortable berth. Here I had but little inclination to sleep and felt no weariness from the view I had before me. The stars were beautifully bright, the sea like a mirror,—not a cloud to be seen; but in the distant horizon the sea or heavens appeared to be opening, with vivid and large flashes of sheet lightning.

We reached Guernsey about eight in the morning, and landed a number of passengers. The island is bare, but is varied with a number of deep indented bays, and the eye rests on ships and villages. The situation of the town of St. Pierre, built in the form of an amphitheatre, gives a much grander appearance than it really deserves.

A number of passengers here came on board. A man born in Guernsey considers himself particularly favoured. He has not the smallest idea of his own imperfections, and in general considers he speaks the purest French and English, although, in reality, his language is a sort of nondescript: as, if one should ask a question in English, it is generally answered in what ought to be French; of which, however, many words are what an Irishman would call Bog Latin.

The sail from Guernsey to Jersey, three hours, was beautiful and smooth, and the numerous rocks beautifully picturesque. The first view of Jersey from this side is bare and sandy; but, in getting round to the other side of the isle, skirting the bay of St.

Aubin, you turn round a sort of rocky corner, and have the beautiful bay of St. Helier before you In the centre, you see a bold, black, rugged mountain, with an old fort on it; and from this juts out a perpendicular rock, on which are still to be seen the remains of a monastery. The shores of the bay to the left, are wooded, or, I should rather say, cultivated in gardens to the very sea; while, to the right, appears the town of St. Helier, with the high fort crowning it. The tide was very low, which made the landing disagreeable, as the carts which came to take us out of the boats sank so rapidly into the quicksand that there was no moving. It is amusing to see how much it is the nature of some men to cheat, or at least to deceive others. I asked the fare to town, and was quickly answered five shillings; but, on offering three, they were as quickly accepted, and with thanks. The streets of Jersey are narrow, and, though the houses are not good, they look clean and comfortable. The day being delightful, and the steamer not sailing till the next morning, I resolved to make an excursion through the island. The fields and trees were beautifully green, and richly perfumed with the smell of the apple and the pear blossoms. The roads are in general between high hedges, the roots of which are covered with ivy and primroses; but every turn of the drive gives you the view of some deep, rich valley, or of the sea. The house of the governor

is a delightful residence. After passing it, you see a high tower placed on the summit of a conical hill, from which there is a most extensive view. The inhabitants appear to be rich and comfortable; and there can be no scarcity of horses, as in one plough, and in grounds by no means heavy, I saw seven employed. The road, as we approached the other side of the island, became hilly, and in getting to one of the heights a splendid scene opened. The sea was calm, and spotted with a fleet of at least two hundred oyster smacks, with all their white sails set. To our left, was *Mont Orgueil.* This is a very high, pointed hill with a fort on the top of it, something in the style of Edinburgh castle as seen from the west end of Prince's Street, but so placed as though it would tumble into the sea, and smash the numerous boats below it. These boats were returning from the coast of France, which is to be seen in the distance. The boatmen are famous for their strength and bravery; but Government, in its kindness, always gives them a convoy of some revenue cruisers to protect them against the French fishermen. The fishermen are not obliged to Government for this protection, which was granted them some years since. A French officer in a boat well armed with twelve men, was sent to bring in one of these smacks for fishing on the French ground. There were only four men in the smack, who, however, so managed matters, that in

the course of a few hours, much to the perplexity of the Governor of Jersey, the sailors brought the officer and twelve men before him as regular prisoners. Both Governments kept the matter quiet, the one from policy, and the other from shame, but since then the boatmen have been favoured with *protection*.

The village of Groville, close to Mount Orgueil, is much celebrated for its oyster fishing; indeed, it supplies the greatest part of the coast of England with fish for making oyster beds. The boatmen, as soon as they come to shallow water, throw their cargo overboard, and, at low water, the wives and children are employed in parcelling out the oysters, according to their quality, when they are thus exposed for sale, previously to shipment to England.

Returning by the opposite side of the isle, we passed through some pretty villages, the churchyards of which are placed in sequestered spots. In one of the churchyards, I saw a neat monument erected to eight grenadiers who were killed on this spot, and buried in the same grave. On all sides, you see extensive orchards. A great deal of cyder and perry is manufactured in this island, the smallest proportion of which is made from apples and pears. The islanders carry on a great trade with Portugal, from whence they import most villainous Port, which is then sent in small quantities to England to adulterate the better qualities, and to France, to give body and fullness

to their poor, sour, sickly wines. The cleverest man in Jersey is the man who becomes rich in the shortest time. Their temptations to roguery are great, so their failings must be viewed gently. They pay great attention to flowers and fruits: the Jersey Charmontel pears are famous, being sometimes sold to the London fruit merchant at a most exorbitant price.

I re-embarked in the harbour, on board the steamer. The tide being at its height, the harbour and forts looked much cleaner, the muddy, dirty sand being now covered. We found a great increase to our passengers, principally in ladies and children, all in their best dresses. As the wind and tide were favourable, and the breeze fresh, we went at a rapid rate; but, as we got out to the open sea, the motion turned the countenances of some, and the stomachs of others. The swell of the sea on this coast is very heavy, owing to the numerous rocks and shoals with which it abounds. The approach to St. Maloes is very dangerous, being on all sides surrounded with rocks, both seen and unseen. There are two passages, both of which are strongly defended by forts. The town looks remarkably well from the sea. We were instantly boarded by the Custom House officers, each party having a female with them. Nothing could equal their civility, if you spoke to them in a quiet tone of voice; indeed, they seemed to take every means to prevent unnecessary annoyance.

Ladies are considered the greatest smugglers; so each lady was obliged to descend into the cabin, to be searched by a female Custom-House officer; it was, I understood, but a mere form. This is an inconvenient place for landing carriages; though at every custom-house in France the annoyance in passing a carriage is great. Every where, however, there are ways of managing. Having got a hint from the Captain of there being a pretty female Custom-House agent, I resolved to apply to her, feeling convinced she must possess great influence with the officials. I called on this lady, and found her a superior person to those in her station. I told her my wishes, and then went to the office with her. At first, they refused her request; but a sweet word to one, a sweet look to another, and a gentle whisper in the ear of a third, carried her point. She managed so cleverly, that each thought this kindness was to himself alone. I began to explain something, when a good-natured clerk gave me a pull by the coat, and whispered me to say nothing, as Mademoiselle could manage the whole set. She accomplished, in two hours, what generally takes a day and a half: but still the system is shameful. As to paying her, I found her talents were such, that, if payment was to be "what you please," it would be very expensive, so I begged her to send her account to the landlord of the hotel, who would settle it. I considered her charge of ten francs as very moderate.

St. Maloes was, during the war, noted for the number of its privateers, and for the boldness of the sailors. They were, and still are, smugglers. Their method of smuggling French gloves was clever. They wrote to their friends in England, giving them notice, on such a day, a boat would leave St. Maloes with a cargo of right-hand gloves, and would put herself in the way so as to be captured by one of the English cruisers. The boat sailed, was captured, and, to the astonishment of the captors, was found full of gloves only for the right hand. At this time, little was known of France, and the custom of the French wearing only one glove was quite like their niggardliness; so the gloves were exposed for sale at the Custom-House, and sold as waste stuff for a mere trifle to the English smuggler, who immediately, on making the purchase, sent intimation to France. His friends there instantly load a boat at Cherbourg with left-hand gloves, and despatch her with orders to be captured. This of course happens; she is carried into another English port, and the left-hand gloves are exposed for sale, and again bought in for a trifle, by the friend or partner of the smuggler who bought the right-hands. Thus the smugglers obtain a cargo of gloves, for almost nothing.

In taking a walk along the quay, I was forced to allow I had never seen such a handsome race as the wives and children of the fishermen.

The streets of the town are very narrow and gloomy, from the great height of the houses, which is almost always the case in towns so strongly fortified as that of St. Maloes: the principal object is to have lodging for a great number in a small space. The town is situated on a high rocky peninsula, being divided completely from the pretty little town of St. Servan at high water, but which is easily approached at low water.

Crossing the sands of St. Servan at low water, we passed through Chateau Neuf. The whole country is an orchard, with some rich fields. The country houses have a very grand appearance, until you come close to them, when they assume the look of splendid misery. The entrance to this village, or rather the road, is defended by a strong fort, or entrenched camp. My astonishment was great at seeing no signs of public-houses, although their existence was clear, from the number of drunken people; but the bush hanging over every second door explained the matter. Passing through St. Pierre, you find yourself in a rich pasture country, bounded by a high hill, with the town of Hede on the top of it. Leaving Hede, the style of the country alters entirely. You see, that in former days it has been parcelled off into small fields, and much attention paid to the fences. Some of these fields are dressed quite in the English manner. Indeed, until you arrive at Rennes, the country is quite English.

Rennes is a very magnificent town, the public buildings of which, vie with the best in France. On my arrival, the town was in the greatest state of excitement, the news of the victory of the Poles at Praga having just arrived. The town was splendidly illuminated, and the feeling of the public was plainly shown by the numerous bands of young gentlemen, with a few National Guards, in uniform, parading the streets in long lines, with locked arms, shouting "*Vivent les Polonais!*"—"*à bas les Russes!*" I joined the band, shouting with both heart and lungs, and was in consequence well received. At one time, there was danger of a row; so I prudently got out of the way, remarking that Frenchmen do not like foreigners to join in their quarrels. The hotel here was very extensive and comfortable, and the kitchen admirable. In it, I met with a very gentleman-like Spaniard, a Colonel of Mina's Lancers. He gave me an account of their campaign, or rather disaster, which he seemed to say was owing to the treachery of the French Government; but I am inclined to think it was owing to the bad conduct of Mina's troops.

After leaving Rennes, the road, for more than ten miles, was covered with peasantry, all dressed in the Breton costume, hurrying to market, the peasant women resembling Highland wives: the men follow the Highland fashion, of not washing their faces. The country is in the highest state of

cultivation: the greatest attention is paid to the grass. The butter of this district is famed all over France. Nothing amused me more, than the ridiculous diminutive size of the horses, cows, and sheep. It is asserted that all animals, except man, are here of a very small size, and every year getting smaller.

Passing Mordelles, Plelan, and Ploermel, the country is pretty, being varied with rivulets and lakes. In coming to Roc St. André, you cross a country as moorish as many parts of Scotland, but with this difference, that you every now and then come to a rich green spot, covered with fruit-trees, in full bloom. You gradually arrive at Pont Guillemet, a sweet sequestered village, on a small river, in which I saw a number of fine trout. Getting out of this valley, a splendid scene opens to the view. To the left, as far as the eye can reach, you have a country varied with wood, green fields, numerous towns, and extensive lakes. In front, you have the town of Vannes, with its fine church, lying at the bottom of the hill; and, in the distance, you see the Bay of Biscay, with the steeples of many towns between you and the horizon.

From Vannes, I went to visit the chapel of the celebrated St. Anne d'Auray. It was on Sunday, and the service of High Mass had just commenced. It is certainly a solemn ceremony to all; but the effect produced on the poor ignorant peasantry is

overwhelming. You see them trembling and weeping. The good lady of St. Anne is visited by all childless wives, and, as far as one could judge from appearances, their prayers did not seem to have been inefficacious. The Duchess de Berri came here from Paris "*pour prier le bon Dieu*," and the Duke of Bordeaux was her reward. The chapel was crowded, and I remarked that well-dressed people had the privilege of sitting. Behind, stood the peasantry, with their long uncut hair, hanging down to the middle of their backs, and, on their knees, were their wives and daughters, looking quite like nuns, from the long white flaps of their caps hanging down their backs over their dark dresses. The chapel is in a large square, the sides of which are full of shops, in which are exposed for sale numerous little figures of Christ and St. Anne, every variety of beads and medals. As soon as you purchase any of these things, however trifling, they are taken into the chapel to be blessed by the priest. I bought a few, in order to please, and make friends. There is here a large fountain of blessed water, adapted for the cure or prevention of disease, the steps of which you see crowded with numbers of lame wretched creatures, who hold up jugs of it; but the person who has nerve enough to drink such stuff out of such a jug, cannot require medicine. Leaving Guillemet, we came to the town of Aurey, on a small eminence, with a pretty river at the bottom. The

stream is full of salmon and trout, and the Marquess of Mont Aigu, who has a large estate here, and who was educated in England, often amuses himself with angling, a sport which the French neither practise nor comprehend.

From Landevan to Hennebon, the country is varied and hilly, but with a poor soil, and completely covered with *bocage*. It had been to me a subject of astonishment in the accounts of the Chouan war, how it was possible for the peasantry to make such a defence against the military; but a view of the country explained the circumstance. The ground is so covered with wood, that it would be quite possible for ten thousand peasantry, who knew the country, to rendezvous within a short distance of the military, without one of them being seen.

Hennebon is a fine town, and possesses a handsome cathedral, which was built by the English, when they were in possession of France. The city is now the residence of numbers of the old noblesse, who still keep themselves quite separate from other society. From hence, the country is interesting until you come to L'Orient, which is conspicuous at a distance, from its numerous towers.

L'Orient was laid out and built by the French East India Company, about one hundred years ago. The streets are regular and broad, but the houses are not so high as are generally found in fortified towns. It is strange how little attention is

here paid to the police of cleanliness, as after dark great care must be taken to walk in the middle of the street: the old friendly Edinburgh warning of "Gardez Loo" is never given. L'Orient is one of the great naval depots, and is worthy of being so. The magazines built by the East India Company are of the most splendid and magnificent description; they are now converted into Marine barracks. The manner in which they stow away the beds and baggage I think superior to ours, and, indeed, until I saw this, I had always looked upon a British barrack as perfect; but I see we might still take lessons. I do not mean to say that we are not in general very superior to other nations, but I remarked here, as in many other French customs, that what at first strikes us as ridiculous, upon examination generally turns out to be founded in good sense. They have here a special school for cabin boys, and a finer set of young, active, healthy fellows I never saw. The superiority of the manners of the lower orders in France over the same class in Britain is very remarkable. All their private soldiers have a quiet gentlemanlike respectable appearance, and seem anxious to act so that they may be fit society for officers. How different is the ambition of the British soldier! I went on board some of the ships of war building here, and I understand from British naval officers, that they plank their ships better than the English shipwrights. They have at L'Orient a large store of

naval ordnance. My attention was drawn to the neat manner in which some eighty-four pounders for the steam boats were finished.

Before leaving the town, I went to the theatre, and was much astonished at the change which had taken place in the manners of the people in public places since the year 1815. The play consisted of a selection of pieces of history, most flattering to the memory of Napoleon; scenes at St. Helena, and imaginary meetings with his son at Vienna. It is astonishing that no Frenchman, whatever his political opinions may be, can tolerate the name of Sir Hudson Lowe; and really, if he be a man at all resembling the person they bring on the stage to personate him, it is not surprising. Next to the abuse of Sir Hudson Lowe, the French indulge in attacks on Sir Walter Scott, whom they do not hesitate to designate, very unjustly, as being ready to sacrifice truth at the shrine of those who are in power.* They read his novels perhaps more than the English, and admire them as much. They know every particular of his private history, and blame him much for omitting the name of Sir John Moore, in his poem written for the benefit of the Spaniards. Sir John Moore is always spoken of in France as the best English general, and they say Sir Walter neglected him in order to please Lord Castlereagh. In a word, all parties shamefully agree in abuse of him for his Life of Napoleon.

* This was written before the death of the lamented Sir Walter.

At the theatre at L'Orient, during the play, the people and the private soldiers showed their feelings, as a free or despotic opinion was uttered; and it was ridiculous to observe the contrast between their behaviour, and the prudent faces and gloomy countenances of the officers and *employés* of the garrison. The pit appears to be the governing party in a French theatre. A gentleman, either intentionally or thoughtlessly, sat in one of the boxes with his back turned to the *parterre*, which drew upon him quite as much wit and sarcasm as could be expected in a Dublin theatre. He would not, however, move, and the police were sent into the pit to make them quiet. This, as in England, only made them worse, and they carried their point by having the gentleman turned out.

I ascended the signal tower, from whence there is a most extensive view. Below is the strong fort and town of Port Louis, completely protecting L'Orient from any hostile attack from the sea. To the right, is pointed out the famous fishing village for sprats, where the English army landed, and where their General was buried. Here the chances of war were conspicuously seen. The English army had carried on their attack with such vigour, that the French general sent his Aide-de-camp to assemble the drummers to beat the "surrender;" but he, whilst going round the ramparts, seeing a sort of dust from the *bocage*, through which the high road lay, hoped it might be some relief, and,

on the strength of this, ordered the drummers to beat the "*generale*," that is for the assembly to fight. The English general was so startled at this, that he began to retreat rapidly; of course, in confusion, and he himself was killed, and his troops with difficulty embarked. Another chance of war, somewhat similar, happened at Bergen-op-Zoom in 1814, where the French commandant sent two flags of truce, with offers of surrender; but the bearers of both being shot in the confusion by the English troops, the French became desperate, and the result is known.

From the signal tower at L'Orient, you likewise see the Isle of *Belleisle*, and the noted Bay of *Quiberon* is also pointed out to you. About two years before the *Glorious Days of July*, Charles the Tenth assembled about 20,000 troops here, and made them gather up the bones of all the *emigrés* who were killed on this spot. Their bones were deposited in a magnificent mausoleum erected for the purpose. This was done with the most splendid military ceremonies, many of the officers being the very men who had fought against these very *emigrés*, whose bones they were now forced to deposit in this Cemetery of the Martyrs. Being not yet quite finished, it is now to be pulled down, and the materials are to be sold. This was the first thing that excited the hatred of the old soldiers to the Bourbons. This part of the country has always had the character of being very royalist, and quite under the dominion

of the priests; but this I am inclined to doubt, as every where the royal arms have been destroyed, and the numerous stone crosses, on the road, broken to pieces.

The costume of the peasantry is very extraordinary, especially those who come from Finisterre. Their dress is exactly that of the peasantry of Corfu, only the skull-cap is not always of the same colour. The jackets of the other districts are generally of a dark colour, but much patched, as they pride themselves on the length of time that a jacket has been in the family; it is, therefore, not unusual to see the date sewed on.

Some villagers always come to market with their bagpiper. He places himself at their head, and they follow in a line with their baskets. It is the common Highland bagpipe, only not so large, nor so loud; consequently more pleasant.

I was much amused with a peasant's wedding which took place in the town. All the friends assemble before the bride's door with the piper. They then form a circle and begin to dance, and keep time wonderfully to the music. Every now and then there is a Highland skirl and a hop. In a short time, the married couple join them, and they proceed on their journey; but if they come to where four streets or roads join, they stop, get a table, and covering it plentifully with bread, cheese, and cyder, begin again to dance. Each passer-by must eat, and drink to the health of the young

couple, and thus they journey on, until they arrive at the bridegroom's house, where dancing and drinking continue all night. A Scotch general who kept a piper, resided here for some time. The piper was a fellow well provided with wind, and an immense pipe. The peasantry admired his performances, and gave his pipe the name of the Mother of Pipes. I am told that the Welsh and Highlanders understand the Breton language; the Bretons, however, do not like the Highlanders to call a dog a *Kuh*. A sportsman could spend his time very well in this country, as wolves, wild boars, stags, hares, partridges, and woodcocks abound. If one be fond of angling, there is capital trout and salmon fishing at Quimper, about fifteen miles from L'Orient.

As my passport had been returned from Paris, to which place I had been obliged to send it from St. Maloes, I now made arrangements for making a tour on foot, and prepared to leave the Hotel de France, where I had been staying for some time. The house was clean and comfortable, and the charges moderate.

If the reader be desirous of knowing what arrangements are *really* necessary in a pedestrian tour, he must follow me through the seventeenth chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

Directions for making a Pedestrian Tour—Hennebon—Breton Conscripts—Sermon at Vannes—Muzillac—La Roche Bernard—River Vilaine—Calvaire de Madeleine Pont Château—Mode of Riding adopted by the Female Peasantry—Nantes—Noyades—*Gens d'Armes*—Their duties and powers—La Meillerayé—Author taken for a Spanish Priest—Searched by the *Gens d'Armes*—Proceeds to the Convent of La Trappe.

If any one intends to make a long tour on foot, it is necessary to take some precautions. I need not say that English shoes are the best. I do not mean new shoes, but those of which the upper leathers are good and soft, and have been worn to fit the shape of the foot. To such a pair of shoes let an additional sole be put, with small nails at the toes and sides, care being taken that the heel be not either too high or heavy. Let them be laced a short way up the instep, and of a size to allow the foot to sit easy without being loose, when a woollen stocking is on. Of these strong shoes have two pairs, and a third pair, not of such strong material, to be worn when you come to the end of your day's journey.

As to the stockings, the very greatest care must be taken in the choice, as such as are generally sold in shops are sure to cause blisters both at heel and toe. If you examine the ordinary qualities of stockings in shops, you will find that the threads are drawn together to a point in the middle of the heel, and about the ball of the big toe. Avoid such stockings, as they are sure to cause misery. The stockings made by old women on wires are the best, and the finer the wool the better. Of these there should be four pairs, and, if a stocking is put over each shoe (the outside innermost), they will not take much room, and will at the same time prevent the shoes from soiling the other things in the knapsack. As to other requisites, the first to be provided is a good knapsack of the best oil-skin. It is to be had in all the military store shops in London. Care should be taken to have the straps of the best patent leather, and a degree broader than usual. The proper breadth for ease is the regulation strap for the Guards' knapsack. They should be so long that you can use them in the foreign manner if you choose. By this I mean, that in the foreign knapsack the fixture from which the shoulder-straps play, is placed in the centre of the knapsack, while the English fixtures are placed on the points of the shoulders, just in a line with the shoulder straps, so that the whole weight of the knapsack is on the upper part of the arms, instead of being divided over the back. In the

French manner, the knapsack sticks closer to the back, consequently you do not feel its weight so oppressive.

When provided with a knapsack, get a wide cloak (so wide as to go over the knapsack) of the very finest silk oil-skin, and long enough to reach to the middle of the thigh—likewise an oil-skin to the hat. Caps are recommended, but a hat is preferable, as you can carry things in the hollow of it. For a coat nothing is so good as a surtout made of the finest cloth; it should button up close to the neck. One waistcoat of dark silk is enough, as it is only meant to wear at the end of the journey. Always march without a waistcoat, and, if you halt for a short time, be careful to button your coat up to the neck, to avoid cold; the oil-skin cloak can be used either for sitting or laying on the ground. Have two pairs of trowsers of dark gambroon. As it is of consequence to walk cool, if possible, march without drawers, but be sure to put them on at the end of the journey; one pair is enough, they can be washed and dried while you are in bed.

As to shirts, have one in the knapsack, and a very long night-shirt made of the finest and lightest cotton, which will be found of the greatest benefit, when you are not sure of the cleanliness of the bed. If your trowsers are wide, you can even wear it at the end of a day's journey. Of course, a fresh flannel *under*-vest must always be in the knapsack.

The best gaiters to wear, are those used by the French when shooting. They are made of the strongest soft leather, with straps and buckles to tighten if necessary. They should be as high as the knee, and buckled over the trowsers, so that, however dirty the roads may be, on throwing them off, you find your trowsers quite clean and dry. The great difficulty in walking is to keep the feet in good order. This can be done if a little attention be paid at first. For some days before starting, dip your feet in hot water as often as possible for a few moments, and then rub them quite dry. Let this be done morning and evening, till you find the feet quite free of a damp feeling. Provide yourself with a good-sized tin box, full of the best yellow, or, as it is called in some places, soft soap. it has something the appearance of honey in the comb. Before starting in the morning, rub the soles of your feet, especially about the heels and toes, with the soap, until it has the appearance of a good lather for shaving, and then put your woollen stockings on. Let this be done every morning before starting, and you will find that even in the hottest or wettest weather you will be able to do a great deal of work, and at the end of the day find your feet cool and free from blisters. Instead of washing the feet at the end of the journey, rub them first with a damp cloth, and then dry them completely. In some places on the continent it is not possible to get this soap; but, in al-

most every apothecary's shop you can purchase stag fat, which does very well; and, if you cannot get stag fat, buy goose fat or hog's lard. With these fats, I first rubbed the feet with spirits, which is an improvement, but nothing can stand comparison with yellow soap. Have your stockings washed as often as possible, and, if they have not time to dry during the night, they can be easily buckled on the outside of the knapsack. By attending to these directions, and by instantly rubbing yourself dry, and putting on fresh flannels and linen at the end of your day's work, and eating as much animal food as possible, yet drinking no more than is necessary, both body and feet will get into the highest condition.

To prevent thirst in hot weather, nothing is better than to take a great quantity of fresh butter with your bread at breakfast. Avoid drinking water as you would poison; in short, drink as little as possible of any thing, and do not give way to the first sensation of thirst. I strongly recommend starting at day-break, having previously taken breakfast.

As the hour of dinner abroad is about twelve, endeavour to clear fifteen miles before ten o'clock, and rest quietly for two hours, so as to be cool on sitting down to dinner; between two and three again begin your journey, and then you can easily finish another fifteen miles, and be ready to sit down cool to supper at eight o'clock. Do not fear that taking

a good supper will do you any harm, even if you go to bed immediately after it, the exercise you have taken will make you invulnerable to all stomach complaints. If after your day's work you feel more inclination to drink than to eat, rest assured you are overfatigued, so save yourself the next day. If the feet should become blistered, take a needle with a woollen thread, put it into the blister and leave the thread there, shifting it so as to dry up the water in the blister, but on no account take off the skin. If it is not better in the morning, or has a feeling of hardness about it, rub the soap or fat well round its edges.

Thirty miles or more in a day are quite easy for a person in condition, but in a continuance of a month or six weeks' walking, to clear twenty-two miles a day on the average is very good work. So long as your appetite continues good, fear nothing. Should you be fatigued, the tightening and slackening of the knapsack straps, will always be found a great relief. A good, strong, but not heavy stick is of service at the end of the day, and makes you feel tolerably independent of the attacks of dogs, or other animals of a worse species. So much for preparation and good advice.

Leaving L'Orient on a very wet morning, I trudged along in the rain, until I got to Hennebon, which was in a state of great bustle from the conscripts who were assembling here, in order to move towards Vannes, the *rendezvous* for this department. The

Breton conscripts appear to be the most ignorant and savage of all France. Their hair was hanging down in clotted masses on their backs, and a great proportion of them wore the three-cornered cocked hat. Looking out for the best party, I joined it and found them tolerable society as far as Vannes. Although they were entitled to all the beds in the inns (they do not pay for them), they never interfered with my having a good bed; but four beds in a room are, I must say, rather too many.

I arrived at Vannes just as the garrison was going to church; so I entered. Prayers were read, all listening and behaving with the greatest decorum. There was then a short pithy discourse given by a smart-looking young priest. The soldiers made remarks on the sermon, even in a loud tone of voice, but there was no appearance of want of respect. Almost all the sermons I have heard in France are practical and moral, and the priest seems to speak of himself as liable to fail in his duty as well as his hearers. At this time, the Paris papers were full of the skirmishes of the garrison of Vannes with the Chouans in the neighbouring village, giving the number of killed on both sides; but the garrison knew nothing of it.

Leaving Vannes, the country assumes quite a different appearance; the *bocage* finishes here, and heathery moors (*landes*) begin. The first idea of the traveller is, that the soil and country are poor; but the finest verdure, and scattered spots

of the richest wheat attest the reverse. Towards Muzellac, the country is very rich; but you soon enter on a bare moor, in the neighbourhood of a stream or rivulet, occasionally studded with the finest fruit trees. In the distance, is the romantic looking town of La Roche Bernard, built on the rocks hanging over the river Vilaine. Here would be an excellent place to erect a suspension bridge, as the span from the rock on one side of the river to that of the town is not great; and I understand government is taking plans for its erection. At the moment I reached this spot, the great lumbering diligence made its appearance. It had to descend a long steep hill, but it was driven down fearlessly and lodged safely on board the ferry boat.

Every thing here is to the English eye full of clumsiness and discomfort; but, on the other hand, you are forced to admire the excellent manner in which the French get through their work, in spite of all apparent disadvantages. The river is very rapid, and, in proof of its depth, I may mention that an eighty-gun ship was launched here many years ago. Nothing can equal the muddiness and dirtiness of the Vilaine. No common sewer was ever more filthy; but still you see it abounding with fish, affording employment to many nets. No one would be bold enough to taste the fish if they saw the river from whence they are taken. The view from the highest part of the town is very

pretty. Each side of the river has perpendicular black rocks, whose tops are covered with whins in full bloom, and Scotch heather, but intermixed with small vineyards on either natural or artificial terraces.

The houses in La Roche Bernard are generally very good; but the streets so narrow, that it is hardly possible to escape with even the warning of "Gardez Loo." The people appear respectable, but I was rather shocked at the public manner in which they say their evening prayers. In one of the most public walks is a Mount Calvary, to the top of which you ascend by a broad flight of steps. Here I took my station, and saw many couples approach, quarrelling most vehemently, but down they dropped on their knees with long faces, going through all the exterior forms; however, the moment they finished they showed their earthly feelings in full force. I felt inclined to say "How shocking this French system is!" but, after a little consideration, I recollected that the same thing is to be seen under a different guise in every part of the world. I was gratified to see the apparent devotion at least of the young conscripts, and although it is said they are the people who have destroyed the numerous crosses and crucifixes on the roads, I do not believe it. The deed has been done by older sinners than they.

The town of La Roche was full of these conscripts and their relations. In taking leave of

their native town, they assemble in circles at the corners of the streets which they have inhabited. There the whole band sing their local and national songs, some of which are very pretty. It is altogether a sentimental, and indeed an affecting ceremony, and perhaps the only dry eyes in the town were of those of the conscripts themselves, who were too young and too ignorant to comprehend the difficulties and dangers they were about to encounter, in fighting their way through this world. They started at daylight, and I followed close in their rear. In this neighbourhood there are some extensive foundries, which for some years were worked by Englishmen who received very high wages, but who spent them in drink and every sort of dissipation. They were of course turned off by their employers, as soon as they had taught the Frenchmen the trade. It is not unusual to meet English beggars in this district, trying, as they say, to beg their way home. These foundries are plentifully supplied with wood from the forest of La Breteche, much celebrated for the quantity and variety of its game, especially wild boars, stags, and wolves. Here I saw numerous eagles. The forest is many miles in length, and at one end you perceive the ruins of a splendid *château* destroyed during the Revolution.

The country now becomes very dreary—as far as the eye can reach, a sandy, heathy flat, only varied by a sprinkling of a few whin-bushes, and by

the distant view of the celebrated *Calvaire de Madeleine* rising up as a tower in the midst of this plain.

On arriving at the small town of Pont Château, I perceived it was full of well-dressed and substantial-looking peasantry, attending the annual fair. Here, as in most places in France, you see no appearance of great poverty, the very poorest being warmly though coarsely clad. Until I came within eight miles of Nantes, the same horrid country continued. I felt it impossible to say whether my eyes or my legs felt the most fatigued. Beyond Pont Château, the country became rather marshy, and along-side this village was a filthy common sewer, on the edge of which there was a green rich looking vegetable. To see the *gout* with which the people ate it was disgusting. It was wild celery; but I believe no one except a Frenchman or an Italian could have eaten a vegetable picked and gathered from such a soil. The remainder of the walk to Nantes was most interesting. It was the day of the annual cattle fair, and the roads were crowded with the peasantry returning home, many of them in the highest spirits. They were mostly well mounted, and clothed in black with cocked hats. Their wives and daughters rode astride behind them, a position which is by no means becoming for a lady. When ladies ride alone in this part of the country, they likewise ride astride. Many appeared to manage their horses well. Much

attention is here paid to saddle horses: all the field work is done by oxen; although you sometimes see a small pony harnessed in front, it is more for the purpose of guiding than assisting them. The oxen in this district are celebrated for their beauty; and I am sure I did not pass less than ten thousand of these fine animals on the road. A pair of well-trained oxen in good condition cost from 28*l.* to 40*l.*

The country near to Nantes is in a high state of cultivation; on all sides, you see the remains of pillars and gates, marks of the dreadful destruction during the Revolution. The appearance of the town is lively; the houses are good, and the churches numerous. Some of the squares are large, and on all sides you have either a branch of the river or of the canal, which very much contributes to the cleanliness of the town. The quays along the banks of the Loire are well worthy of notice, both as promenades, and as presenting one of the busiest commercial scenes in France.

The markets are laid out, not only with convenience, but with good taste; and the great variety of fish to be seen alive in the large tubs is wonderful. Some of the streets have a strange appearance from their gloominess, which is caused by the lower part being taken up with splendid warehouses; while the tops of the houses nearly meet, and you see in many parts of the town, a sort of bridge from one side of the street to the other.

The scene of the *Noyades,* where so many people were thrown into the river in sacks during the Revolution, is here pointed out to you.

Finding, while at Nantes, that I was at no great distance from the chief monastery of the celebrated Order of La Trappe, I resolved to indulge my curiosity; but, although I asked several questions touching the establishment, I could get answers to none, as the subject was studiously avoided by all. This, at first, I could not comprehend, until a lady explained to me, that in the present revolutionary times, the Trappists, and all those who either made inquiries about them, or seemed to know any thing of their affairs, were alike suspected. This was disagreeable, as I saw I must feel my own way, and that I should be exposed to all the insolence and annoyances of the *Gens-d'Armes.* I made myself, therefore, acquainted with the legal powers of this force. They have a right to stop you, but you are not obliged to show your passport except before witnesses. They have no title to search you, nor to touch or read any papers in your possession, but in the presence of a magistrate, under a very severe punishment. A complaint as to their incivility is sure to be attended to by the authorities, so that in general you will meet with the greatest politeness. The men are chosen from among the most orderly and bravest of the old soldiers of the line; and, as their allowances are good, it is an object of am-

bition throughout the army. No where in the world are a finer or better equipped body of men to be seen than the French *Gens-d'Armes*. Having thus schooled myself in the laws of the *Gens-d'Armes*, I mounted my knapsack, and, walking to the river Erdre, got on board a small and neat steam-boat.

The banks of this river are beautifully rich, and literally covered with gentlemen's country seats, the gardens of which extend to the very edge of the river. The verdure both of fields and trees is of the deepest hue; and the vines, trained on the walls with the greatest neatness, add much to the picturesque beauty of the scene. An hour's sail brings you into the lake of the Erdre, where you see on all sides extensive marshes with the remains of destroyed *châteaux*. Again the river becomes narrow, and the banks are covered with fishermen and people killing wild ducks. You come at length to the miserable village of Nort, where the steam-boat stops. On our disembarkation, it began to rain, and I endeavoured to get a seat in the diligence; but, not succeeding, unfurled my oil-skin cloak. After a heavy wet walk of twelve miles, I reached La Meilleraye, and there took refuge in a pot-house. I had not been long seated when three gruff, cloaked, *mustachoed Gens-d'Armes* entered and requested me to go instantly to the mayor. This I begged to decline for the present, as the rain was so heavy, but I offered them

my passport. Hereupon I was conducted into another room, when one of the *Gens-d'Armes* was placed sentry at the door. I was now asked what reasons I had for visiting the Monastery? Upon my answering "*Curiosity;*" they said they knew better, as I was either an emissary from Madrid, or a Spanish priest. This last idea of *my* being a Spanish priest tickled my fancy so much, that I laughed heartily. This offended *Messieurs les Gens-d'Armes*, who straightway commenced searching the lining of my hat, the inside of my shoes, and the thick part of the neck of my coat. I said I had heard that, since the glorious "Days of July," the greatest liberty prevailed in France, the truth of which I experienced in the great liberties they were now taking with my person. This play on the word "liberty" seemed to puzzle them; but they still ordered me to show the papers which I had in my pockets. I refused to take out the contents of my pocket; but they instantly did so. On opening my pocket-book, they found some marks which showed them I had been in the army. Upon this the corporal said, "*Mais, Monsieur a servi?*" I answered I had, and that I knew my duty, and therefore requested them to go instantly with me before the Mayor, that I might complain of them for having opened my papers in the absence of a civil magistrate. Their surprise was great, and the change of manner instantaneous. They begged of me not to complain, as they were only doing

their duty, and they hoped one soldier would not get another into a scrape. I had no desire to get them punished; on the contrary, I called for some brandy, when we became great friends, and, at last, the corporal sent one of the men to act as my guide to the convent. The guide told me I was, and would continue to be, a suspected person from travelling on foot, which no French gentleman did. The road was hardly passable from the thickness of the forest and marshiness of the ground. The *Gen-d'Arme*, after putting me into a footpath, left me, lest, as he said, his uniform might cause a "*sensation*" at the Monastery. I proceeded on my way, and soon after arrived at the Convent. My reception and sojourn there will be found detailed in the next Chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

Description of the Monastery of La Trappe, with an Account of the Author's sojourn there—Arrival at Nantes—Table d'Hôte and Politics of the Town—Theatre at Nantes—Author ascends the Loire in a Steam Boat—Journey up the Loire—*Folie Sifet*—Angers—Pont du Cé—Tours—French *Gardes à Cheval*—French Soldiers and National Guard—*Esprit Militaire*—Author resolves to see the Rhone.

In a short time, I saw an extensive sheet of water, with a building on one side. A dog began to bark furiously, when a man, covered with a dark short brownish cloak, a large cowl of the same colour, stockings which had once been white, and wooden shoes, came forward, and made signs to me to enter the porter's lodge. I was then by signals handed over to another person similarly dressed, and by him conducted into the saloon of the monastery. There the questions, Are you a Catholic or Protestant? and How long do you intend to gratify them with your company? are immediately put. My cicerone then retired and left me alone. In a short time, one of the Trappists, dressed in a white flannel cloak and black cowl, with white stockings and wooden shoes, came to

do the honours of the house. Remarking that my shoes were wet and dirty, he begged me to change them, at the same time regretting that dinner was over. As, however, they supped early (at five o'clock) perhaps I would then like to take a glass of wine or beer to refresh myself. He was a nice gentleman-like old man, of about seventy, with most insinuating manners. We sat down and conversed, the monks having a dispensation to speak in particular parts of the house, whilst showing hospitality to strangers. While listening earnestly, I started up on a sudden, on perceiving one of those sturdy fellows in the brown cloak making threatening signs behind me, when it was explained to me, that those dressed in the brown cloaks were in general noviciates, and expressly commanded not to speak.

I requested to see the establishment, when I was first led into the study, where I found a number of stout-looking fellows, busy with books in their hands, but not speaking a word; with the exception of one young man, who seemed tired of the discipline, no one raised his eye to see who entered. From this I went to the chapel, which is a very simple building. Here not a word is allowed to be spoken. My guide remained a long time before the altar, apparently in prayer. We then ascended to the dormitory, which consists of a very long and narrow hall, with sleeping boxes on either side, each having a name on it, which

must be assumed from the Scriptures, or the History of the Crusades. There were beds here for 180 Trappists, of whom upwards of forty were English. The bedstead consists of the plainest deal wood, the mattress, a very narrow coarse blanket, a straw pillow, very low, and over all a slight canvass coverlet. I should suspect they sleep in their clothes. We are led to suppose that Trappists have once been gentlemen, but from the absolute dirt which they allow to be around them, I think they never can have been accustomed to cleanliness. The beds in the hospital are supplied with mattresses, but it has long been a matter of wonder how seldom a Trappist is sick. The dining-room is a handsome hall, with many printed remarks on the walls, satisfactorily proving that an empty stomach is better than a full one, that water is preferable to wine, and a great deal of such nonsense. In this hall there were three long narrow tables, without table-cloths. To each monk was placed a brown jug of water, a large plate of cold milk *brose*, a bit of dark brown bread, and a spoonful of treacle on a small-sized pewter plate. I admired the kitchen, which was neat and clean, and my appetite was excited at seeing a sturdy monk making what was in Scotland a favourite dish with boys, I mean a pot of rumbled potatoes. He looked as if he had been accustomed both to make and eat it. Breaking through the rules of silence, I plumply said, "I see you are from Ayr-

shire?" I believe I was right, although I confess I could not understand his signs.

From the kitchen, I went to the laboratory, where four monks were at work, under the direction of a very gentleman-like Englishman, who told me they prepared the greater part of the medicines for the neighbouring peasantry. This gentleman pretended not to care about what was going on in the world, or to be the least interested in politics, although he contrived to get a good deal out of me. I found he had been at Greenock when the United Kingdom steamer was launched; and had made the passage with her north about to Leith. He said he felt certain that the Trappists were pitied, and thought to be in a state of misery by the English, but that was quite a mistake, as "where the mind is quiet there is happiness." The brewery was in excellent order, and the beer good, which they sell to the neighbourhood. The smith's and wright's shop were well supplied with English tools, and most of the workmen English and Irish. The printing-office, the tannery, the bakery, all seemed well-managed. Not a word was to be heard in any of these establishments, but all signs. An English gentleman lately presented the monastery with a very valuable threshing machine. The dairy is in trim order, and no where have I seen a cow-house so well laid out. The cows are mostly from Normandy. The farm attached to the monastery consists of about one hundred and fifty

acres, and seems to be well managed. The soil is not of the best, being wet and clayey; but they have paid particular attention to the draining and manuring of the land. Some of the fields you see covered with large hillocks of earth. Old firewood and weeds compose the interior of these hillocks; they are then set fire to and allowed to burn slowly. In the course of a few days, the hillocks become quite black, and the deposit is scattered over the field. I was informed this is the best method of destroying weeds. They likewise allow the land to lie long fallow. The manure, which they use both for the garden and the fields, consists mostly of heather. After some weeks of dry weather, the heather is cut and brought to the farm, and there built up in ricks. With this they bed the cows for two nights, when it is scattered over the farm-yard, in which there are plenty of pigs and young cattle. A little of the straw, which has been used in the stable and which has begun to decay, is then sprinkled over the heather; the decomposition then commences, which is further increased, by a simple method of irrigation from all the sluices and outlets of the stables and cow-houses. This manure is found to produce very heavy crops, while it costs little or nothing. The proof of its being beneficial to the ground may be gleaned from the fact, that all the neighbouring farmers, who laughed at it at first, now use it. There are very large gardens and orchards

attached to the monastery: the gardens being managed by two Jersey men, who likewise superintend the orchards and the manufacture and sale of cider.

After having seen everything, I sat down at five o'clock to supper, consisting of excellent onion soup, a very good omelette, and nicely-baked small rice puddings, apples, pears, bread, butter, and as good cheese as I ever tasted. We had good cider and excellent beer, but the white wine was execrable; the kindness and apparent hearty welcome made all taste well. There were five other intruders, like myself supping gratis. At seven o'clock, we rose from the table to be conducted to our bed-rooms. I was conducted to the chamber which, I understood, was generally reserved for the bishop when he visited the monastery. The walls were covered with religious prints; the furniture was comfortable and good. I had two wax candles, a blazing fire, and an excellent bed. I slept soundly till awakened by the tolling of the bells for prayers, at two in the morning. The singing sounded to my ears solemn and sweet. At five o'clock, one of the noviciates entered, to light the fire and brush my clothes and shoes. At seven o'clock, I found the same party assembled in the saloon, when we sat down to an excellent breakfast of tea, coffee, milk prepared in different ways, bread, newly-churned butter, and fresh eggs. This is given as a "make believe" gratis; but it has been so long the custom

that it is now expected that you leave something for the monks to give away in charity. I suspect, from the bows and thanks I got, that I was considered liberal in giving five francs; as a French *emigré* baron, who had been in the English service at a guinea per day, (although he had been living in the monastery for a week,) only gave three francs. Although I felt pity or rather contempt for so many men, entering voluntarily into such a life of idleness and niggardly misery, still their solemn countenances, their music, and the absolute stillness (with the exception of the clattering of the wooden shoes in the long passage) produced a deep feeling of thoughtfulness on my mind, which no exertion could throw off. I quickly desired to quit this house of misery, where each countenance expressed sorrow for crimes committed, or losses sustained. I took a different path through the forest; and, after having been obliged to halt in order to show my passport seven times in twelve miles, I got to *Nort* on board the steam-boat, and reached Nantes late that evening. The *tables d'hôte* were at this time more like political debating clubs than places for dinner. Politics ran very high, and the quiet of the table was generally disturbed by some blustering self-sufficient youngster, who, from his manner, plainly showed he thought himself of great consequence. An incident occurred which amused me. A young man who was very overbearing, was stopped in his career

by a quiet unassuming old gentleman; when the youth, in a fury, said, "Sir, do you know who I am?" The answer was, "No." "Then, Sir, let me tell you that I am one of the glorious Paris heroes of July." "Indeed! well I did think you were one of those '*fanfarons*.'" The Paris heroes now often meet with such scenes in the towns in the departments; as now-a-days, if people assume dignity, they are sure to find many who endeavour to bring them down to their proper level.

French official characters, especially the judges, know the great moral effect produced on the public mind by not mixing themselves up with the politics of the day. All the French have a very high opinion of Scotland, of the administration of justice there, and of the retired character of the judges. They would not believe me when I told them, that, in the political disturbances of 1822, the Volunteers, *i. e.* the National Guard, were actually under the military command of the Chief Justice of Scotland, and that at one part of the day you saw him sitting in a large wig, clothed in scarlet and blue, with the sword of justice in his hand, administering the law of the land; and, in the evening, with a grenadier cap, a coat of scarlet and blue, and a regulation sword in his hand, you saw this same judge hunting blackguards through the streets, whom, if caught would be brought before his court to answer for their crimes. This caused many a "*Mon Dieu!*"

about English liberty, but, when I told them that this same judge took an active and open part in the management of the affairs of the church, this was too much for their belief, as they said no man could be respected as a judge, who mixed himself up with so many matters foreign to his duties. I explained to them, that it was nothing uncommon for a person before the courts to present a petition to prevent such and such a judge from sitting to give judgment, as from his being trustee to so many different estates, it was not in human nature that he could give a just judgment. I instanced to them many other trifles, which I was astonished to see they viewed so seriously. They always brought forward the Code Napoleon, and thanked God no such conduct was permitted in France; but, as I was no lawyer, I could not reason upon it, but only agreed with them in reprobating our system on the other side of the Tweed. The French view nothing British with a favourable eye. They say, law with them is cheaper and more quickly administered, as their judges are always chosen from among men celebrated for their knowledge of law, and that politics have nothing to do with the selection.

The theatre is here large, but not very neatly fitted up. I went to see the deeds of "*Le Petit Caporal*" (Napoleon), and a religious opera. The greatest freedom is used with the "Heavenly Powers," and I felt shocked at some things. At

first I began, in my own mind, to abuse the irreligious French; but, recollecting that at Brunswick, while Luther was acted, a representation of the Crucifixion of our Saviour, with the two thieves, was given on the stage, with some light-headed actress to enact the part of the Virgin Mary, I excused the French at the expense of the Germans. Having seen every thing of consequence in Nantes, I got on board the steam-boat, in order to ascend the Loire. For some miles, the sail is beautiful. The celebrated bridge across the Loire has a fine effect from the river; and, as you ascend, you have before you a beautiful country, houses, pleasure-gardens, and fleets of boats going to Nantes with their produce. On all sides are to be seen villages, each adorned with a church steeple, having the tri-color flag floating at its top. The fishermen on the Loire are every where busy, and always singing while at work. The banks now become more romantic and rocky; on their heights you can still observe the remains of the *châteaux* destroyed during the Revolution. Many are artificially terraced for vineyards; but on one of them appears an extraordinary non-descript building, of great extent, called "*Folie Sifet.*" It is only one story high, built to follow the shape of the rock, having different parts filled up with earth, and terraced, on which are planted fruit-trees and vines. Although at first I could not help pitying the folly of a man expending such a sum of money

in this way; yet, when I discovered that the proprietor had commenced this building many years ago, for the sole purpose of employing the poor, rather than give them alms without work, I could not help wishing that there was always as much method in Folly. How strange is often the judgment of the world with regard to the conduct of a man! They were still building at this "*Folie Sifet:*" so there is no saying to what extent it may be carried. At a short distance a little further up the river, you see an immense *château*, much increased in its apparent size, from its situation on a high square hill. The walls and outline of the building are still in high preservation, and the light seen through the numerous windows adds much to its beauty. The destruction of this *château* was carried on differently from that of others. It was destroyed, because it was a *château* belonging to a noble; but, as the owner had always behaved well to his tenants, they agreed that, as individuals, they would not benefit by his misfortune; so they placed sentries round the castle, and then set fire to it.

The country now becomes flat; the numerous villages and steeples again appear, and the banks literally swarm with the number of fishermen. Their nets are of immense extent, and there are never less than twelve men to one net. We now passed the vineyard of La P . . . . .; so celebrated for its white wine, very little, however, of which

comes into the market, it being laid aside for the court. A little further up is the still more celebrated vineyard of Château Serant. The vineyards consist of about three acres, thoroughly exposed to the sun, and completely sheltered from all the winds. The wine is so rich and luscious, that it tastes as if mixed with some artificial sweetening; but it is, nevertheless, light. It is an expensive beverage, the price at the vineyard never being less than six francs a bottle. It is generally bespoken by the acquaintances of the proprietor, and is not commonly to be found in the market. The river here becomes very broad, divides itself, and forms a number of productive little islands. A little above this, the river Maine falls into the Loire. We ascended the Maine, and, in a short time, got a fine view of the town of Angers; about two miles from which we sailed under a romantic convent, overhanging the river, which is here about 150 feet deep. The river now expands; and, until you reach the town, you see on all sides the tops of the meadows, which yield such a plentiful supply of grass during the dry summer months. The old citadel of Angers, fortified after the Turkish fashion, gives a grand appearance to the town, which is increased by the noble cathedral. Few cathedrals can stand a comparison with this as to the beauty of the sculpture on the outside; and none that I have seen have had the interior fitted up with so much splendour and good taste. There

are here three bridges, only one of which is passable; but the ruins of the one which seems formerly to have communicated with the citadel, are well worth seeing. The town itself has some excellent squares and splendid public buildings; but the streets are narrow, and so very steep that it must be a disagreeable residence. The quay, which is the great promenade, is very pretty. This town has been long celebrated for its anti-republican spirit, and the self-constituted heroes of July meet with anything but a warm reception in Angers. The conversation at the *table d'hôte* was a great deal too animated for a foreigner; and here, like every where else, every ear is open to stories, however improbable, provided something political can be attached to them.

Leaving Angers, we descended the Maine, and, after two hours' sail, turned into the Loire. The stream is now more rapid; consequently our progress was slow, and I had ample time to examine this garden, as it is called, of France. There was not a breath of wind; the river was as clear and smooth as glass, reflecting the trees in full bloom, and the houses on its banks, while the great road to Paris, which is raised about ten feet above the level of the river on the right bank, gave a degree of life and variety to this scene which it is impossible to describe. The attention had never time to flag. The approach to Pont du Cè is peculiar, passing through a number of islets, whose

rocks are of the purest white, and covered with trees of a bright green. We had great difficulty in sailing through the arch of this bridge, as they were busy repairing it from the damage it had sustained during the late war. While sailing along the banks, I was puzzled at seeing so much smoke appearing to come out of the ground; but, on closer examination, discovered the cause. The banks are of a white chalk, out of which houses of two or three stories high are cut. The neatness of the doors and windows pleased me much, as on their pure white walls were trained either vines, or some pretty creeping flower. I took the opportunity of a halt, to enter some of these houses, the cleanliness of which would have done honour even to an English cottage. I was astonished to find, that, though very much deprived of a free circulation of air, they are considered very healthy. Many families are buried each season, by the falling in of these habitations; but this never acts as a warning to others not to run the same risk.

The country is now an absolute paradise, and nothing can exceed the beautiful environs of Saumur, and its noble bridge. The town is built along the banks of the river, upon which is a handsome quay at the foot of a high hill, having its summit covered with a castle and extensive barracks, with numerous turreted churches. There was an annual fair; and the busy peasantry, with their various costumes, gave the town a lively ap-

pearance. The banks of the Loire are now a continued street of some miles of these houses, cut out of the chalky rock, the road swarming with inhabitants, until, on the right, you pass the river Vienne, and enter a flat rich country, resembling many parts of Holland. Here I was amused with the singular appearance of the fishermen and boatmen, all clad in a sort of dreadnought, if I may so call goat-skins. This is a most comfortable covering: it is made entirely of a goat-skin, the fore-legs for the arms; so that at a short distance you would be apt to mistake the man at the helm for a goat standing on his hind-legs. I was told of many laughable mistakes which this dress had occasioned.

The approach to Tours is fine; the magnificent bridge and the tower of the cathedral being of themselves sufficient to interest. I landed on the quay, which, with the bridge, is the fashionable promenade, and found myself in front of the "*Hôtel de Ville*," a very pretty building. I then entered the *Rue Royale*, of which most Frenchmen are as vain as of Paris, saying it is the finest street in Europe. It is undoubtedly a handsome one, but I did not think so much of it as the description had led me to expect. The Cathedral, especially its front, pleased me much. I arrived on the morning of the King's birth-day, when the whole town was on the alert. I first went to the

Cathedral to hear high mass performed. The music was superb. From this I went to the Review of the National Guards, whose equipments and appearance were nearly equal to the line. The foot artillery, who dragged their own guns, seemed to understand what they were about; and the *Voltigeurs* were a smart set of fellows, but encumbered with a heavy helmet of brass, which is by no means adapted for light troops. Their *Gardes à Cheval* (their Yeomanry) were well mounted, and really looked like soldiers. The style of the officers pleased me so much, that I inquired how they were appointed. We might gain greatly with our Yeomanry officers if we were to follow their plan. The French view the military profession as being the first in the world; and such an *esprit militaire* is among them, that no political power, no individual interest, no cringing to influential men, has the least effect in their choice of officers. An officer of the National Guard must be a man whose personal courage at least has never been called in question, and whose private character can stand the severest scrutiny. Even the very lowest of the National Guard, the moment he puts on his uniform, would not degrade himself by falling in to be commanded by a man whose character was suspected. I have met with many of the officers of the National Guard; I have found them vulgar in their manners, and by no

means gentlemanlike in their appearance; but I have always found them *men*. Indeed, I consider being an officer of the National Guard of France as a sufficient guarantee for true respectability of character. This was the day the *tri-color* colours were to be presented to the different regiments. The eagle is now changed for the Gallic cock, and a proud looking cock he is. The colours and the cock were paraded down the line, with the bands playing, the National Guards, halting at the centre of each regiment, where the officers were all assembled. There they took the oath of fidelity, and the grumble of *Vive le Roi* went down the line. It by no means resembled the three hearty cheers of an English regiment. A Frenchman does not understand what a real hurrah is. The scene, however, was interesting, not only as a military sight, but as it gave me an opportunity of seeing all the natives of different classes decked out in their best attire. In the afternoon, a grand promenade took place on the bridge. Whether it was the music, or the happy countenances of so many well-dressed people, I cannot say, but the beautiful sunset which changed the river for miles into an appearance of moving gold, produced in me a sort of excitement which I hardly ever before experienced. To please the mob, prizes were fixed at the top of greased poles. It is ridiculous to see the interest caused by the attempts of a dirty blackguard to get up this pole. One cannot

help pitying the poor wretch, when you see him gradually slipping down just as he is on the point of grasping the prize. In the evening, there was a grand illumination, but the bridge was the favourite resort. It was lighted up with great taste; and the opposite bank had poles of great height, covered with combustible matter, which, when ignited at the bottom, gradually assumed the appearance of an immense pillar of fire, which was reflected strongly in the river. The fireworks were good, some of which, being fired out of a mortar, were forced to a great height before they began to explode. I regretted not having a dress fit for the ball, which was given by the Prefect; but, being resolved to be at least a spectator, I forced my way to the door among the servants. It was to me a new situation; but the strangeness and shrewdness of the remarks of this class of people, if they did not amuse, at least made me aware that they are not blind to the weaknesses of their mistresses, and that they do not hesitate to make them the subject of conversation among their fellows. It is as difficult to deceive them as to humbug the world. To a person who knew the dancers, my situation must have been an enviable one, especially if he was one of those who take an interest in the affairs of other people.

Having now seen a good part of the Loire from which I had derived such pleasure, I became quite eager to see the Rhone. Looking at the map and

finding that, as the bird flew, Tours was in a straight line only about two hundred miles from Lyons, I resolved to follow that line as much as possible, although there was no public road; being certain that there must always be some sort of pathway from one village to another, and, as to food, if a villager could live I saw no reason why I should not be able to do the same. I was told of robbers, of the dangers of travelling alone in the present politically disturbed state of France, especially in these retired districts; but, as I have found that dangers almost always disappear if firmly faced, and that they are always exaggerated, I felt no more fear in that respect than I would to pass a tower because it had yesterday been struck with lightning. Experience has convinced me that the best and safest mode of conduct in difficult, or supposed difficult, situations is to follow the system of the game of golf,—I mean to play boldly and determinedly to get quickly to the hole, paying little attention to the hazards and *bunkers* on the green; and then, when near the point, to look sharply about you, and take care that your nerves do not fail you. Others play a prudent, and, as they say, a sure game. They play prudently to avoid the seen hazards, and often, in their prudence, find their ball drop into a small unseen *scrape*, even before they get half way to the hole, and thus become losers. I followed the bold system of play

at golf, and at one time held all the medals of the different clubs in Scotland; and the more I think of it, the more do I find life to be a picture of golf. Acting on this principle, I despatched my heavy baggage by the diligence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Departure from Tours—Abbey of *Marmoutiers*—*Amboise*—Ascent of a Balloon—Château of *Chanteloup*—Château Chinonceau—Château Chissy—Town of Selles—Ville Franche—Vierzon—Bourges—Cathedral—La Charité—A true shepherdess—Conscripts—Villequiers—Meriton—Excellent white Wine—Nevers—Châtillon en Baxois—Château of Comte la Ferthe—Château Chinon—Autun—Couches.

THE whole road from Tours is a street of houses hewn out of the rock, with the fronts generally ornamented, and the tops covered with brambles, vines, and small gardens; among the fruit trees you see smoke ascending, but from whence you know not. Here they point out to you the famous Abbey of *Marmoutiers*. The first look of *Amboise* leads you to expect something very fine; but, on arrival, you are disappointed in finding a dirty, narrow town, famous for nothing except a magnificent château, which has always belonged to the Dukes of Orleans. The view from its tower is fine and very extensive, having the windings of the Loire both above and below the town. I had

expected not to have understood the French here, at least to have found it spoken with a very bad accent, as I knew a very sensible family of whom not one could speak a word of French, who would not take up their residence in this part of France, for no other reason but that the pronunciation was bad. For myself, I thought if I could speak French as well as a native of *Blois*, I should have been content. The rejoicings for the King's birth-day were not finished, and, following a crowd, I found they were inflicting summary justice on a man who had promised to put up a fire-balloon, but who had not kept his word. It was quite dark; they took him down quietly to the river and there ducked him till he promised to do what they required. The balloon not being very well filled, could not ascend but skimmed along the river, producing a strange effect from the reflection. The mob were pleased,—the fellow said he did it on purpose, they believed him, and made a good subscription for him. The whole affair was gone through quietly and with good nature; no fighting, as would have been the case in England.

Leaving *Amboise* and the *Loire* after some miles walk, I saw an extraordinary looking pavilion of great height at a short distance from the road. This was the only remains of the once famous *Château of Chanteloup*, being called the gate into the garden of France. Turning to the left, you find yourself in a country with rich vineyards on one

hand, and, on the other, the river *Cher* with its extensive meadows. Below the vines, you still see many of these houses hewn out of the rock, but as the stone is more brittle the accidents of course are more numerous, but this does not prevent others from running the same risk. Passing the *Château Chinonceau* and entering a very rich plain, you see at a distance the magnificent *Château Chissy*, built upon a high rock, terraced with gardens, orchards, and surrounded with vineyards, of which the wine is of a high quality. From the foot of this *Château*, an avenue of very tall poplars conducts you to a small village on the river *Cher*, which, (judging from the number of boats), must carry on an extensive trade. The country again entirely alters its character, being now mostly pasturage, and the footpath lies between fine hedges of hawthorn, all in full bloom. It is a delicious walk to the *Château of St. Aignan*, giving a name to a town below it. I ascended to the top, and was fully rewarded for my fatigue. Below was the river, ornamented with a fine bridge, and, as far as the eye could reach, a country more varied in appearance than one can imagine. Descending into the town, you find yourself in a spot where nothing but tanneries and dirt are to be seen. The marriage of a rich tanner was celebrated while I remained in the town. They had a procession headed by two fantastically dressed men, playing on very sweet-toned bagpipes. I was here warned

that the country through which I was going to pass, swarmed with robbers; that for hundreds of years some families were known to have practised no other profession, but that they were never known to murder. Calculating that a traveller on foot would be considered but a sorry prize, I set out, and in crossing a small bridge it was extraordinary to see how completely the face of the country altered. I was now in a bare sandy soil, covered with some scraggy scattered vines, round which were flocks of miserably starved sheep trying to pick some stray blades of grass. At a little distance, appeared a large building, which is a manufactory for flints for the army. Ascending a gentle acclivity, I perceived at a distance the town of *Selles*, situated in the midst of a burnt-up plain besprinkled with trees, which appear very green from the contrast of the red sand.

The town of *Selles* is a dirty disagreeable place, and, from the rude manner in which the *Gens-d'Armes* behaved to me, I should think they were accustomed to see many *mauvais sujets*. I should here mention, that in all the small villages a patrole of *Gens-d'Armes* go through all the inns to examine the different travellers. In these retired districts, I saw they expected a *douceur*, but they never got a farthing from me. Sleeping badly, I started early the next morning. Even the footpath was so bad, that it was hardly possible to get on, so

I walked along the banks of the *Canal de Berri*, which brought me within about fourteen miles of the pretty but poor village of *Ville Franche*. I could not even get bread here, and, not yet having breakfasted, my condition was rather pitiable; but with eggs boiled up with milk and a sort of pease-meal, and a bottle of poor wine, I felt quite satisfied. I found the people in many places without salt, which is a great deprivation. The old castle of *Maintou* was pointed out to me by the country people, as famous for the residence of every sort of ghost and hobgoblin. The country is now very rich and remarkably well cultivated, but the roads even for foot passengers are execrable, and, after fifteen hours sharp walking, I felt happy on reaching *Vierzon*. I strongly advise those who have not confidence in their own strength not to attempt this road. Even though one follows the canal and walks along its banks, the long straight view of the space you must traverse is heart-breaking. I do not even consider this part of the country safe, from the many thousands of workmen employed on the canal. As I approached *Vierzon*, it began to get dark, and I found myself sharply followed by two men while I was on a long dyke, with the canal on one side, and deep water covered with reeds on the other. It was a spot well adapted for committing a bloody deed. I hurried on, but being tired they soon overtook me. I then went down the banks of the canal to

the edge pretending to drink, but fully resolved to shove the one who descended, into the canal, while I could try my chance with the other. They stopped and looked; but, whether it was my face red with the sun, and looking still redder from being covered with bushy red whiskers and mustachoes; or a good stick; or my fishing rod covered with oil-skin, having the appearance of a large pistol, I know not; but certain it is, they left me, doubtless thinking me an ugly customer. As they waited for me, I saw I must get on. I walked forward determinedly, holding my stick in my left hand, and my fishing rod in my right, as a pistol ready to be used. This kept them at arms length; but it was particularly disagreeable, as I thought it would be so miserable to be mauled in a place of this sort and never more to be heard of. I am every day more convinced that there is nothing like necessity for making a man determined; and that few know of what they are composed until driven like a stag at bay.

Vierzon is a very industrious place. Here are a great many cloth manufactories. I found the inn capital, the dinner good, the wine better still, and a bed so enticing that I slept for thirteen hours without opening an eye. Fatigue makes every thing appear excellent. In taking the road towards *Bourges*, I passed some very large foundries, all in full work, and arrived at the *Chateau Blossy*, a good deal after the English style, being sur-

rounded with a park and stone wall. You may here imagine yourself on Wiltshire Downs. You soon come to the miserable town of *Mehun*, with the ruins of the old Château in which Charles VII. starved himself to death. In a short time, the tower of the celebrated cathedral of *Bourges* makes its appearance. The country gradually becomes richer, until, on a nearer approach to Bourges, it is a continued garden. The fields are all laid out so that they can be irrigated at pleasure, and the richness of the vegetation is astonishing. The town has every appearance of being wealthy, and the cathedral, which is famed for being the grandest in France, if not in Europe, far excelled my expectations. The beauty of the workmanship is wonderful. You are amazed at the boldness and grandeur of the design. The interior is arched like York Minster. It, however, appeared to me more vast and grand; indeed, I never derived so much pleasure from looking at a building as I did at the cathedral of *Bourges*. The tower is of great height, and very fatiguing to ascend; but, if a bird's eye view be to your taste, there you will be satisfied, for as far as the eye can reach, you have the country laid out before you as in a panorama.

Bourges had been appointed by the French government as a residence for those Spaniards who had been lately employed under Mina. I had always figured to myself Mina's corps as a band of

noble fellows; but I was grievously disappointed in the reality, neither the officers nor the men coming near to that character, either in appearance or style of behaviour. They looked like shabby fellows, incapable of executing a noble or determined deed; on bad terms with each other, and evidently avoided by the respectable French inhabitants.

Leaving *Bourges*, I took the high road to *La Charité*, on my way to *Nevers*, although I saw by the map I was making a great *détour*. After six miles walk through a fine avenue of trees, I came to a country road leading to the right, which was in the direction of *Nevers*, and I at once resolved to follow it. For many miles the plain was covered with stones, without an appearance of vegetation, but still you saw flocks of sheep (more resembling starved swine) trying to pick up a wretched sustenance. Here the shepherdesses were seen in their true, not poetic, light: I mean covered with dirt, and only in a few points superior in intellect to the flocks they were tending. Nothing could be more wearisome than this picking your steps, not to hurt your feet on the stones; and in looking back, although you had been long on the road, the immense cathedral of *Bourges* still seemed close at hand, and you felt as if you had made no progress. I, at last, struck into a deep wood, and, in half an hour, came to a delightful little paradise. Here I found a charming farm-house, and a nice

garden, in which the cherry trees were all in full blossom, and in it a pond hewn out of the chalky soil, supplied by a strong bubbling stream of the purest water. It seemed to be the only water in this large plain, and it appeared as if all the numerous little birds had assembled here to sing, and hold a tuneful congress, quite delighted at having shut themselves out from the view of such a miserable, bare, sandy soil. They were so tame that I am convinced they are seldom honoured with the society of two-footed animals without feathers. After leaving this spot, the country in a short time becomes as dreary as ever. In despair, I made for an opening which I saw at a distance in a forest, knowing that if I kept a straight line I must reach the *Loire*. After wandering for many hours, I heard a dog bark, and, following the sound, I soon encountered a swineherdess, a dirty sulky savage, from whom it was impossible to get a syllable of information. I can hardly believe a poet ever saw a true shepherdess, as their descriptions are too high-flown even for a poetical imagination. Luckily I soon discovered a wood-cutter. He understood every word I said, but his *patois* was Hebrew to me. When he, however, found I had lost my road, he voluntarily left his work, and acted as my guide for more than two miles. The poor man seemed quite offended at my offer of remuneration. I believe he supposed I was a conscript who had lost his detachment, and was afraid to be

taken up as a deserter, for in a short time I joined a party of them, and, when I got to the village of *Beaugy*, I found the miserable inn full of them.

A great proportion of these conscripts were well dressed, well educated, pleasant young fellows; and, although the beds were full on my arrival, they arranged to let me have a bed to myself, as soon as they found that I was a foreigner. In these villages, there are generally six beds in a room, as they are seldom frequented except during a fair. All the conscripts were in the highest glee at the prospect of war. Their innate hatred to Charles X. was most unequivocally expressed. They did not hesitate to speak of the whole family of the Bourbons with dislike. I found that this detachment was composed of lads from many districts of France, and my attention was called to the shape of their walking sticks, some using them as we do in England, while others had them as the Dutch do, with the heavy end to the ground. When a boy, I recollect, on first landing in Holland, laughing heartily at seeing the Dutch using their sticks in such a *Dutch* manner, with the thick end to the ground, but, during my journey through France, I had often seen the same thing. This drew my attention to the subject, and I took the opportunity of so many different sticks being *assembled*, to question the owners as to the particular style of district from which they came; and I found, without exception, that those who carried the heavy point

downwards, came from a soft clayey soil, through which the thick point would not penetrate when pushing themselves on; and that those who wore the sharp point downwards, came from a country of a hard gravelly soil. I make this trifling remark to prove that, if travelling has no other effect, it ought to make one more humble in one's own opinion, because the more one sees and considers, the less will he be apt to ridicule the customs of others, founded, as they in general are, on good and substantial reasons. I recollect, as I have stated in a preceding part of this work, in the severe winter of 1813 and 1814, laughing at an Hussar officer, who had been with the Duke of York in 1794, for saying that, although they had plenty of bread, they could not use it as it was so thoroughly frozen, little expecting that the same thing should occur to myself in the course of a few weeks.

However, this respect for the opinions of others may be carried too far, as I once strongly saw in the case of one of the best general officers in the service, but who was known to have a high regard for every opinion of the lamented Sir John Moore. At a review an officer, by mistake, brought his rear rank in front. The General rode up and abused him sharply, but, when the officer quietly stated, "It is the drill of the regiment, it is Sir John Moore's system," the General was silent, and said, "I *beg* pardon, I *forgot*, it is *my* fault." I cannot help taking this opportunity of stating what a compli-

ment it is to the character of Sir John Moore, that the whole British army should be now drilled according to the system he practised in the light division thirty years ago. The bugles having sounded to rouse the conscripts, I likewise joined them, and continued the same route for some miles, when we separated after many tender *adieux*.

It soon began to rain heavily, but my oil-skin cloak was a complete defence, although the quantity of clay sticking to the shoes was most oppressive. I arrived at the miserable village of *Villequiers*, where not a bottle of wine was to be had. They told me they could give me nothing but coffee soup, which I readily accepted. It was on the table in less than ten minutes, and is a very good beverage for a hungry man, when he can get nothing else. They take a pan, fill it up with water, and, when luke-warm, put in the ground coffee. When this begins to boil, they keep skimming off what boils over at the top, and they then fill up the pot with milk, and boil them together for a few minutes, when it is poured out into a basin, into which you immediately put the sugar, to cause the grounds to fall to the bottom. You then sip it with a spoon, taking care not to disturb what is at the bottom, or it becomes a most disagreeable mess.

The rain still continuing, and the clay becoming heavier, I was a long time in reaching *Meriton*, a miserable village, but where I was re-

freshed with an excellent bottle of white wine, which only cost sixpence. In a short time, I passed some extensive foundries, where, as the workmen were singing English songs, I inferred they were English. Proceeding through Tortrons, I came to an immense forest. I was now much fatigued, and anxious to take a short cut. I followed a path which I hoped would lead me quickly to the *Loire*, which I knew it was necessary to cross. Game of all sorts was plentiful in this forest, especially deer and wolves; two of the latter crossed my path. My eye was so intent on the game, that I became confused among the many hunting paths, and lost my way. I wandered about for three hours, until I suddenly found myself before a miserable looking hut. Here I entered, and found a wretched looking old man, making coarse baskets. Being thirsty, I asked him for a drink. He was particularly civil; and, as I was warm, he would not give me water, but gave me something out of the wine cask, which, although it smelt strong, was very wholesome. He presented me with a jug of it, and it did smell most abominably, but (being afraid .to hurt the old man's feelings) I was forced to take a mouthful of it, which indeed put an end to thirst. No taste can be imagined so abominable. I found that this had been an old wine cask, in which the lees had been left, and into which common grapes, in a small quantity, had been thrown, and then the cask was filled up

with rain water. From the door of his cottage, he pointed out to me where the ferry was, then about six miles' distance, and I hurried on in great hopes of getting to bed in two hours. On arrival, my disappointment was great to find I could procure no bed; however, though hardly able to sit from fatigue, I found I could devour a good dinner with appetite, and drink a bottle of wine to boot. The weight of the knapsack on the shoulders, and the loads of clay at my feet, had so strained the muscles of the thighs and legs, that I felt sure if I rested for any time I should become stiff, and never reach *Nevers*, now about ten miles distance. I, therefore, lost no time in crossing the ferry. Here I found the *Loire* as deep and as large as ever; its banks rich and beautiful, and still crowded with boats. The ferry boat was very commodious. It was dark when I landed; and, as I was completely done up and knew I could not get a bed without exertion—(as to sympathy, it was out of the question, unless that sympathy which one soldier gives to another—"*Why did you list?*") I, therefore, trudged on for *Nevers*, where I arrived about twelve o'clock at night, regularly knocked up, having been for nearly eighteen hours in a continued sharp walk, through heavy roads. Having ordered hot water to bathe my feet, I drank several cups of very strong coffee while sitting in the bath, and then tumbled into bed. At about twelve the next day, I awoke quite refreshed, and ready for work.

Nevers is a very dirty ugly town. The inhabitants are worthy of the place. This was Sunday, and the whole town were assembled to see a bull and a donkey baited by a number of dogs. I never saw such cold-blooded cruelty; and, I am ashamed to say, two of the men employed were English. The only refreshing sight one saw, was the crowds of well-dressed peasantry flocking into the town, provided with long double switches with roses and flowers twisted round them. These they take to church to have blessed by the priest. They were then put into the middle of the fields, and are supposed to have the power of giving better crops, and of scaring away hail-storms. Those who cannot afford to pay the priest, erect a sort of cross, which they hope may have the same effect. Almost every field has something of the sort. The funerals in this town are conducted with a great deal of pomp, and I remarked that the priests were treated not only with civility but with respect, being the first instance of the kind I had seen.

In leaving Nevers, you for some miles find a miserable country, and many poor creatures living in wretched houses. This was the first appearance of real poverty I had seen in France, and I was told it was owing to *Nevers* being a manufacturing country. Upon ascending a woody hill, a beautiful view of the course of the river opens before you. In descending, you find the

fields neatly divided, and in high cultivation, with hawthorn hedges in the best order. Some farms were pointed out to me as having Englishmen for their possessors, which may account for the neatness of the hedges. The country becomes gradually richer, and, in a short time, you arrive at the beautifully clean village of *Châtillon en Baxois.*

Here I had a good dinner, dessert, and a bottle of excellent wine for two francs. I met on the road long droves of mules, laden with charcoal, for the *Nevers* foundries. The country is now very interesting, being mountainous and woody, with many romantic glens. At the top of a very high hill, you perceive a large house built after the English fashion. This is the château of Comte la Férthe.

The feelings of clanship are still very strong in this neighbourhood, and they say the power and influence which this Count still possesses among the people, are wonderful. They still retain their former regard for this family in spite of revolutions. I need not remark, that this influence has been kept up entirely by the exemplary conduct of the family. On looking back from the top of this hill, I was reminded of the view from Richmond Terrace. As I got to the southern side of the hill, I found it covered with cherry trees, all in full blossom, and having a pretty river in the valley. Crossing the stream, I perceived a high precipitous mountain before me, on the pinnacle of which the extraor-

dinary looking town of *Château Chinon* is placed. I arrived there, much fatigued, to supper, when a fine-looking trout was sent up. This, of course, roused all my fishing qualities, and I resolved to try my luck in the stream.

Rising at an early hour, I was astonished to find the whole town in a bustle, the lightning having, during a severe thunder-storm, done great damage. I had heard nothing of it in the night, as the walk had made me sleep too sound. After an hour's walk, I found myself at the river side, in as romantic a glen as could be found in the Highlands of Scotland. Although the rain had made the water in bad order, I fished for some hours, but only saw one small trout. The river was difficult to get at, owing to the quantities of fire wood already cut, and piled up ready to be carried away to the town of Clamecy, by the first overflowing of the river.

Clamecy is the great *entrepôt* for the wood which is sent to Paris. The moment the river is seen to increase much in size, an express is sent down to Clamecy, when all the river woodmen are kept on the alert, to prevent loss and pilfering. I recollect being in Hanover, at the time the wood was arriving in this manner by the river from the Hartz Mountains; and it was considered, that the loss from the time of its being thrown into the river was about 30 per cent., or nearly one-third. Tired of fishing, after a weary climb, I got back to *Château Chinon*, and, just as I had finished dinner, at twelve o'clock,

I saw the postboy, in his springless machine, pass the door of the inn. I jumped in to get a lift, but such a horse and such a little devil of a boy, I never before encountered. The farmers were returning from market, with long strings of carts drawn by oxen, to frighten whom seemed to be the great delight of this youth. We were going down a very ill-made road, cut out of the rock, on a sort of precipice, and of which the descent was very steep, but here we descended at full gallop, in company with six or seven waggons all running helter-skelter: I expected every moment the horse would trip, and that we should all be tossed into this abyss. Knowing that any appearance of fear or anxiety would only have made this scape-grace more devilish, I sat resigned, holding the cart firmly in order to lessen the jolting, but I was nevertheless shaken in my bones and nerves. After ten miles, I got out, making a private agreement with myself to trust in future more to my own legs, than to the legs of horses managed by others.

I stopped in a wild country, at the *Hotel de Bourgogne*, on the sign of which was a flattering description of all the different qualities of the Burgundy wines. This hotel was in appearance like a common Highland hovel; and, on entering into a smoky room, I found a motley crew of pedlars, gipsies, and thimble-riggers, all on their way to *Château Chinon* cattle fair. Here I was obliged to spend the night, getting a caution from the

landlord to use my knapsack as my pillow. This prevented me from sleeping for some time. I listened to a conversation which would have done honour to the best educated inhabitants of Newgate.

I was by no means sorry to see the sun rise, so that I might begin my journey, as I felt myself in a nest of wretches. The country now assumes quite a Highland appearance. Every moment brings you on a rich sweet spot, and every hill gives you an extensive view of the highly cultivated and varied province of Burgundy.

The situation of the town of *Autun* is beautiful, at the base of a gloomy mountain, on the dark ground of which the fine spire of the cathedral is seen to great advantage. This town is celebrated for its numerous remains of Roman antiquities, of which a road formed of immense blocks of granite, and a temple dedicated either to Apollo or Minerva, are the most remarkable. The promenades in the town are pretty, and no where have I seen so many tastefully dressed beautiful women, lounging about listening to the military music.

Leaving Autun, you wind round this gloomy mountain, and enter a deep valley, the banks of which are in general covered with low underwood, but some immense oaks show that the soil is not unfavourable to forest trees.

Getting out of this valley, for some miles

you traverse a most miserable and poor country, until you come to the village of *Couches,* where the change in the appearance of the country is wonderful. You are now in far-famed Burgundy.

CHAPTER XIX.

Châlons sur Saône—Dress of the Peasantry—Mâcon—Trevoux—Suburbs of Lyons—Lyons—Flint House—Flint Street—Hotel de Ville—Statue of Louis XIV.—Theatre—Author embarks for Marseilles—Junction of the Saône and Rhone—Vienne—Wine and Country of Côte Rotie—Tain—Tournon—The Farm of the Hermitage—Hermitage Wine—Valence—Castle of the Dukes of Croiseul—Montelmart—Château of Montfaucon—Saint Esprit—Arrival at Avignon.

We are now in the middle of the Burgundy wine district. Every hill is covered with vineyards, with a village or château at the top. White houses are sprinkled in every direction. As you approach Châlons sur Saône, the villages and châteaux increase, and you feel yourself in a country abounding with life. You pass the village of *Mercure*, so famous for its wine; and, on coming close to Châlons, I asked why the fields and crops were in such wretched order, and was told that a hail-storm had destroyed some square miles of vines and wheat. In England we have no idea of the damage crops can sustain by hail-stones; the young trees even seem cut to pieces. I recollect, many years ago, when taking a pedestrian journey in the neighbourhood of Magdeburg, in Prussia,

being able to trace through the immense plain of grain, the progress of a hail storm: it was cut as if with the sickle, but battered into the ground, thus giving the appearance, at some distance, of a high road through these plains.

On my arrival at *Châlons*, I was glad to find my portmanteau, which I had dispatched from Tours. The river Saône here adds much to the beauty of Châlons, which, in itself, has nothing to recommend it, except its quay and the bridge. Here there were a number of ornamented passage-boats, for Lyons, and three steamers, all fitted up in very good taste. Getting on board of one of them, I found a very respectable gentleman-like society. The river, for some time, flows through a rich green plain, literally covered with flocks of beautiful white cattle. During the war, these meadows were always well stocked by Napoleon, with cattle and horses for the army. Indeed, no town in France has suffered so much from the effects of peace as Châlons; and one may easily imagine that the memory of Napoleon is often referred to. In approaching the town of *Tournus*, to your right, there are numerous beautiful villages, and, at a little distance, a fine line of hills, covered with vineyards, looking very green, from the quantity of white houses sprinkled among them. To the left, is a rich plain, well wooded, among which you see the tops of the village steeples.

The dress of the peasantry is now very peculiar,

the men wearing coats of a light-blue colour, cut after the fashion of our ancient court dress, and having immense cocked hats. The women are particularly neat, especially in the ornamented part about their chest, all having pretty ancles and feet, with nice shoes and gay buckles. Their head-dress is peculiar, consisting of a smart-looking cap, on the top of which they have a natty-looking hat sewed on. They are generally good-looking, and quite free from the usual air of clownishness; indeed, they are the only peasantry who have in reality that neat clean look, which is given in foreign costumes.

The approach to the town of *Mâcon* is pretty, and the town itself is ornamented with a handsome quay, on which you have a fine promenade, under shady trees. The hills are now close to the river, which is narrow hereabouts, but all at once it opens out, and forms numerous little isles, rivalling in richness those on the Loire. Just before arriving at the old-fashioned town of *Trevoux*, the river becomes narrow and rapid. This town is built in the form of an amphitheatre, on the side of a hill, round which the river makes a beautiful sweep. The roofs of the houses are mostly flat, and, as this was the day of the great fête of the Ascension, all the windows were crowded with well-dressed people, which produced a very good effect. You now turn round a point, and the river seems closed by a magnificent hill, covered

with the most beautiful and vari-coloured trees, with fancy summer-houses peeping from among them. On the opposite bank you have wild rocks, topped with the remains of *châteaux* and old forts; but, wherever a few feet of earth are to be seen, there trees or vines are sprouting forth. On entering the suburbs of Lyons, a large fort is seen domineering over all within its reach; you then pass numbers of pleasure-gardens, sail under eight or ten bridges, and at length find yourself in the centre of the celebrated town of Lyons.

I had long desired to see *Lyons*, and consequently had formed such ideas of it, that I feared the reality would disappoint me; but it was not so. As there have been so many descriptions of this celebrated town, I shall add but a very short one. The houses in general are very magnificent; but, in order to admire them, they require to be examined. They are generally high, and of immense size. There is one house which the old Lyonnese call the Flint House. The origin of the name was this. Before the revolution, a shopkeeper pretended to be a great saint; went regularly to prayers and confession, and at last became the confidential agent of the priests. Some of the monasteries in this neighbourhood were very wealthy, and in the height of the revolution the priests turned all their property into gold; but the difficulty was, how to get this gold out of France. They, therefore, bribed a man connected with the

commissariat department to send it to the Army of the North in flint barrels, having a layer of flint on the top, the interior being gold. These barrels were sent to the charge of the saint, who by chance opened one, and discovered its contents. He emptied them of their gold, and filled them with flints, and forwarded them to the army. In this manner, the commissary, from being a party concerned, could take no public steps against the saint, who became incredibly rich, and built a whole street of splendid houses, which retain the name of the Flint Street.

The promenade along the Rhone, under fine trees, is every evening crowded with well-dressed people, with military bands of music, and immense numbers of foreigners, who seem to retain their own particular costumes. The bridges across the Rhone are not only handsome, but light in appearance. From the depth and rapidity of the river, you would conceive they required to be most substantial. The public buildings are numerous; but the one which struck my fancy most was the Hotel de Ville, of which the dome is formed after the celebrated Town House at Amsterdam. The Place Bellecour is as fine a square as any in Europe. In its centre is a splendid equestrian statue, I think of Louis XIV. They have just finished a theatre which will rival any on the Continent.

Lyons, like London, has its city, where the po-

pulation is more dense than the most frequented streets in London. I have not much pleasure in seeing the interior of a large town, as there is little variety, one large town generally resembling another. I always look out for the spot where you can see the general style, and no where can that taste be better gratified than at Lyons.

I advise no visitor of Lyons to neglect getting to the top of the chapel situated on the hill of Tourvière, about two miles from the town. He will not only have a panorama of the town, with the windings of the Saône and Rhone, and their junction, but he will see a country surpassed by none for its variety and beauty.

As to the inhabitants, from the little I saw, and from their conversation, I should suspect them to be very demoralized; indeed, they themselves do not deny the imputation. In the streets, they seem to have no shame in violating what are considered by us the most common rules of decency.

Finding that a steam-boat sailed from Lyons for Marseilles, I did not hesitate to go on board, not allowing myself to think of the long distance it would be necessary to walk back. I found the boat dirty in the extreme, and no appearance of regularity, which I do not hesitate to say was caused by having neither an English sailor nor engineer on board. Leaving Lyons on the left, you have an extensive plain; but, on the right, there are hills, ornamented with gardens, country

houses, and vineyards. In a short time, you come to the point where the Saône falls into the Rhone; but there is nothing remarkable in the meeting of these two great bodies of water, except the length of time each river keeps its peculiar line of flowing. This can be easily seen, by the complete difference of colour of the two rivers. Here you have fine landscapes, which owe most of their beauty to the extraordinary fertility of the soil. The scene soon changes; every variety of view opens to you; you become excited, and fear to go below, lest you should miss something. In your anxiety to admire what is every moment opening, you forget to look back, and thus deprive yourself of many fine recollections. In a few hours, the scene again changes; you find yourself, I may say, in another world; the scenery is in every respect magnificent; mountains covered to their summits with trees and vineyards, varied by neatly ornamented summer-houses. Each summit of a hill is now surmounted with the ruins of some old château, or the remains of some Roman antiquity. This continues until you approach the town of Vienne, beautifully situated on the banks of the river, at the foot of many hills, each hill being ornamented with the ruins of chapels and towers.

Vienne was, in ancient days, the capital of France. The cathedral here is of immense extent; and, although its exterior is gradually mouldering to ruin, still it is visited by connoisseurs, who pre-

tend to say that the sculpture and finishing of the tower of the cathedral are quite different from those of any building now extant. Leaving Vienne, the river becomes rather narrower, and much more rapid. The mountains on each side approach closer together, and you find yourself in the country so famous for its wine. Here are those hills which are called Côte Rotie, of which that called Tupain produces the best wine. They are covered to the top with vineyards, but are of no great extent. The exposure of these hills to the sun, and their complete shelter from all blasts, fairly entitle them to the name they have received. The country, in colouring and appearance, now becomes exactly like what is seen in splendid theatrical scenery, and this continues until you come to the pretty little town of Tain.

Tain is said to contain the most pleasant society of France, and every luxury which is esteemed by an Englishman is here as easily got, and considered as amongst the common necessaries of life. There is here a light airy chain bridge thrown across the river to *Tournon*, celebrated for an extraordinary old castle, and for its seminary, or rather college. About six months ago, there were at least six hundred students here; but, thinking it necessary to be fashionable, they likewise had their revolution, which terminated in the expulsion of all but two hundred.

Close to Tain, and on the same side of the river,

is the celebrated hill of the Hermitage, so famous for its wine. It is greatly exposed to the sun, and can be easily distinguished from the others, from having the remains of a hermitage on its top. This Hermitage Hill, which pretends to give so much wine (at least under whose name so much wine is sold), is not much greater in extent than the side of the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, which faces Prince's Street. On the opposite side of the river, you have very high romantic-looking mountains; and, as you approach *Valence*, you see the Alps, showing their white heads in the distance. I cannot describe the feeling produced on me by the first view of the Alps. It was a sort of dream of school-boy days, where I had often heard the word "Alps" mentioned without attaching any reality to it. We stopped for some time at *Valence*. This town is full of many curious ancient buildings, the most extraordinary of which, is a high old tower, that was destroyed by lightning about five years since.* There is a great deal of commerce in this small place. It is the great depôt for wine, silk, and olive-oil. There is here a massive suspension bridge, the piers on which it rests being considered very handsome. On the *Valence* side, the country is remarkably rich, and covered, to the very brink of the river, with mulberry-trees, from which the peasantry, in their Sunday dresses, were plucking

* The Author, it will be remembered, writes in 1831.

the leaves for the silk-worms. Just opposite to the town, and at the distance of a few miles, you see an immense, bare, whitish-brown rock. From this rock a lofty, sharp, rugged column seems to have separated itself from the mass, having on its pinnacle an old fortified castle, in great preservation. This is the castle of the *Dukes of Choiseul*, who, in the times of the crusades, were powerful enough to force the Kings of France to pay tribute as they journeyed for embarkation to the Holy Land. This rock, and the immense mass from which it is split, has a most extraordinary appearance. The country has here a wild and savage look, although in reality it is very fertile. This romantic wildness is caused by a long line of bold mountains, through which are gaps and gorges, that afford a view of rich valleys. This is the country of St. Peray, much celebrated for the wine bearing its name.

After dropping further down the river, on the left is an extensive plain full of mulberry trees, bounded by a chain of hills, on the side of one of which is seen the town of *Montelemart*. In the distance, the whole white chain of the Alps is visible. On the right, and close to the banks, the view consists of the barest and wildest lava rocks, at the foot of which are numerous villages, all apparently commanded by the savage tower of *Rochemaure*, built (but how built is to me inconceivable!) on the summit of a rugged cone-shaped rock.

The scene now becomes extremely interesting. Each distant mountain is capped with the remains of a château, while, at each turn of the river, and close on the banks, are built modern châteaux, ornamented in the newest fashion. The *Château* of *Montfaucon* first draws your attention; then a line of perpendicular rocks, shaped like castles, each surmounted with an old Roman watch-tower. To pretend to describe the country is now impossible, there being so many Roman buildings, *châteaux*, chapels, hermitages, and rich country seats, all abounding in picturesque villages, scattered vineyards, and ornamented with deep green mulberry trees to the very edge of the river. In seeing the splendid scenery of the London theatres, I had often admired the fancy of the man who painted such rich glowing landscapes, little supposing that they were but poor copies from nature. Sailing rapidly, I felt myself as though viewing a natural diorama, much more highly finished and more richly coloured than the splendid and correct diorama of the Simplon, shown at Drury Lane Theatre. The interest kept up is intense; it never flags. In approaching the celebrated bridge of *Saint Esprit*, the country becomes flatter, and the river wider and smoother; there you meet with numerous boats working their weary way up the river, dragged by teams of horses up to their middle in water. The team often consists of thirty horses. The boats are, in general,

in parties of seven, having always an empty boat attached to them. As soon as the team of horses is relieved at certain stages, they are led into this boat, which drifts down in half an hour to the spot from which they had taken six hours to drag their boats.

As we approached the bridge of Saint Esprit, great preparation was made for passing under the arch. The passengers were arranged so as to trim the boat properly, and directed to sit quietly and be silent. In coming near, our velocity was tremendous: we saw the river as at the worst time for *shooting* London Bridge, and through we darted; many of the passengers giving a scream. If the boat had touched, she would in a moment have been dashed into a thousand pieces. I saw many people crossing themselves. I have often remarked, that those who usually have no religious feelings, show them most strongly (and perhaps only then) when in danger.

The bridge of *Pont Saint Esprit* they say is nearly two thousand five hundred feet in length, and sixteen feet in breadth. Carriages were formerly not allowed to pass over it; but it has been so strengthened that there is now no interruption given to the heaviest waggons. A little below this bridge they point out to you the spot where Hannibal crossed, and the different villages through which he passed. I no more doubted the truth of my information, than I did when the cedar was pointed

out to me on the road between Milan and Lago Maggiore, under which he and Scipio had a cold collation. On the near approach to Avignon, each side of the river is a continued garden. The evening was delightful, and the yellow-tinged, sunburnt appearance of the town, its numerous turrets and towers, and Turkish-looking forts, with many of the remains of arches of its once splendid bridge, made me feel as if I was in a dream. I have never seen any sight to be compared to the approach of Avignon by the river. We were only thirteen hours on our passage from Lyons; but so rapid is the current of the Rhone, that more than three days are spent in returning. I shall speak of Avignon in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

Avignon—Palace of the Pope—Hôtel des Invalides—Table d'Hôte at Avignon—Troops returned from Africa—Their opinion of the War at Algiers—Author leaves Avignon on foot for the Alps—L'Isle--Residence of Petrarch and Laura—Fountain of Vaucluse—Mulberry trees—Ophthalmia among rich Ladies—Abt—Valley of Selestre—Forcalquiers—The Durance—Sisteron—Adventure with the Landlady of the Hotel—Description of the scenery on the road to Gap—Funeral of a Colonel—Village of Corps—Exorbitant bill at the Inn.

AVIGNON was formerly the residence of the Popes, and then contained upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants, but it at one time lost two-thirds by the plague. The town has never recovered the loss caused by the plague, and the desertion of the Popes.

The Palace of the Pope is an immense pile of building, more resembling a fortress in the interior of the town, than the residence of a high priest. It is now converted into barracks. I ascended to its highest turret to obtain a view of the windings of the Rhone and the Durance. This

latter river, falls into the Rhone about six miles below Avignon, but you can trace it winding its way through a highly cultivated country enclosed with a wall of bare and rugged rocks. Some idea of the extent of view to be seen from this turret may be formed, by the guide pointing out to you seven different departments. The greatest part of the town is surrounded by a high wall finished with the most scrupulous care, and having very fine pieces of sculpture on some of the gates. On the outside are numerous lime and walnut trees, which, from their green colour, contrast well with the yellow wall. The streets of the town are in general narrow. It is difficult to get a good view of the many fine buildings and chapels, which are sometimes ornamented by vines trained to form pretty festoons at the top. Few of the people sit or work in their houses, but generally at their doors, being protected from the sun and the *air* by canvas cloths stretched across the streets from the tops of the houses on the opposite side. This sort of shade produces a strange yet mellow effect. The *Hôtel des Invalides* is a fine building, most comfortably fitted up, and well administered by the government. Its situation in the middle of a fine garden, close to the *promenades* on the banks of the Rhone, makes it a delightful spot wherein the old, wounded, knocked-up fellows may finish their days. I went over the establishment, and the keenness with which they

cling to their old favourite tri-colour is very remarkable.

Here the climate is particularly dry and warm; and, as there is little rain, the dress of the ladies is composed of the brightest colours. Although shaped in general to shelter them from the sun, for which both men and women have a ridiculous terror, their *mise* is, nevertheless, not without its charm. Owing to the extreme dryness of the air, the streets are very dusty, and the annoyance which both inhabitants and strangers experience from the *decrotteurs* or shoe-blacks, is intolerable. All classes of society seem to live well here; and at a moderate rate. The *table d'hôte* was covered not only with substantials but with every luxury. Most excellent wine, *à discretion*, was included for two francs and a half. Still, with all these luxuries, there are certain wants not to be supplied; which, by the way, are considered by the English as necessaries of life. In crossing the river by a very long wooden bridge, erected a little below the splendid ruins of the stone one, you arrive in half an hour at a strange-looking old town, or rather fort, called *Villeneuve des Avignons*. It has Turkish turrets all round it; but I regret to say I could find no person to give me even a plausible history of this place. Its situation is such that it appears to be a part of *Avignon*.

There were a great many troops in Avignon, composing part of the army which had returned

from Algiers. I had much conversation with some of the old officers as to the style of the war in Africa. They said it was mere child's play, fighting against the Algerines, in comparison with a conflict with Europeans; indeed, many of them were heartily ashamed of the great fuss made by the government on account of their success. I saw there was much jealousy on the part of many of the old campaigners, who had, as commanding officers, mere boys that had been promoted at court, and were still of course in some measure attached to Charles X. and the priests. One of these young men had forced the regiment to attend prayers more strictly than was usually the case; he was obliged, however, to give it up from the joking or rather ribaldry of the soldiers.

I had intended to have gone by the steam-boat to *Marseilles;* but, having seen from the top of the Pope's Tower, that in that direction the land was tame and flat, while towards the Alps it was wild and romantic, I resolved to gratify the desire I had to see the Alpine country, and determined to cut right across by the shortest path towards *Digne*, a distance of about eighty miles as the bird flew.

I left Avignon at daybreak, and walking along the banks of the Rhone, entered a fine avenue of trees, leaving the river in my rear. This avenue continued through a country rich with grain, fruit, almond and olive trees. Ascending a high hill, I sat down to take some refreshment. From

hence you behold a foreground composed of the most fertile gardens, with the two *Avignons* in the distance. About ten miles to the left, there is a lofty ridge of bare light-coloured rocks rent asunder at regular distances: in these spots you perceive the river *Durance* shining. To your right, you have a country dotted with the most fanciful rocks springing out of vineyards, with numerous villages. Following a clear stream through an avenue of fine trees, you arrive at the pretty village of *L'Isle*, where you enter the famous residence of Petrarch, now converted into the Hotel of Petrarch and Laura. I had hoped to have here some feeling of sentiment; but I experienced no more excitement than a friend of mine, a zealous soldier, expressed for painting, when he first entered the Gallery of the Louvre. His only exclamation was, "How well the regiment would look if drawn up in line here!" I was told it was absolutely necessary to go to the Fountain of *Vaucluse*, the real scene of the loves of Petrarch and his Laura, about fifteen miles from this. I *did go;* it was certainly pretty, but on such an infinitely little scale compared with the scenery around, that I viewed it as a sort of castle on a Twelfth Night, compared with Windsor Palace. It is considered necessary to *say* you have been at the Fountain of *Vaucluse*. I have often remarked that the place which you have *not seen*, is usually held up as the most wonderful. A gentleman who had, as he

thought, seen every thing possible at Rome, was questioned by a friend on all the different sights: his friend at length asked him, "And have you seen the Pope wash the beggars' feet?" "No." "Then if you have not seen *that*, you have seen nothing." The Fountain of *Vaucluse* resembles the "beggars' feet." If you have not seen that, in the opinion of the travelling race you have seen nothing.

I returned to *L'Isle*, and paid dearly for a bad dinner and poisonous wine at this poetical hotel. Leaving this, you enter a plain, and think from the appearance of the trees that they have had the plague among them; but, on inquiry, you find these are the mulberry trees which have been stript of their leaves for the silk-worms. During the summer the tree brings forth a second leaf, which is picked off in the autumn, and given to the cattle. Nothing is more extraordinary here than the variation of the climate. In the course of a day's walk, you find the mulberry leaves gathered in, with the almonds well formed; and at a short distance, the leaves of the same tree not ready for picking, and the almond trees not yet in blossom. This variation is supposed to be owing to the cold blasts which come over the Alps. The country here is very varied, arising from the number of fantastically shaped rocks. The road, scooped out of the solid rock, has an immense protecting wall to prevent your falling into the abyss below. Passing this part of the road, you come upon a very rich spot,

in the centre of which is placed *Nôtre Dame de Lumière*, almost as famous for the miracles it works with the ladies, as *St. Anne d'Auray*, in Britany. It is strange to find in every country the same stories and jokes concerning particular places; here I was told a case exactly similar to what I have heard, both in England and Scotland. Sometime since all the ladies in this neighbourhood were afflicted with a severe ophthalmia, which was the more unaccountable as it only affected ladies of the richest class. In the chapel a lamp is kept continually burning, and it was discovered that an old priest, who wished to make some money, had told them if they bribed the saint well, and besmeared their eyes with the oil which fed this lamp, they would be endowed with the power of seeing all hidden things and knowing futurity. It may well be supposed what an effect this oil would have on eyes, when it is considered that the jug in which it stood was filled with dirt and dead flies; the putrefaction of which caused this ophthalmia: but yet, in spite of this, the ladies would not rest without the chance of their curiosity being gratified. The authorities at length interfered, and banished the priest.

You here see the very wide channel of a river, but without a drop of water in it; over which there is a fine old Roman bridge, built by *Julius Cæsar*. The country along this river continues parched and bare. After some time you enter into a busy scene among

the mulberry trees. Each tree has a peasant girl in her Sunday dress, stripping the leaves. When stripped, the trees are pruned by another possé of fair labourers. Both girls and men are glad to have a chat with the passing traveller; and if you joke, or try to joke, or help them in their work, they overpower you with civility. I should remark here, that it is very rarely indeed that any person in the rank of a gentleman travels on foot in France (especially in the south), and their surprise is great to see a gentleman labouring on the road, covered with perspiration. The foot traveller is thus often exposed in hotels, not only to want of attention, but sometimes to incivility. I, however, contrived always to get on well by determining to keep my temper; and if there was a want of attention, to make a noise and find fault with what was really good, with a view to make them believe that I would not act so if I could not pay. After leaving this mulberry valley, I saw the extensive ruins of an old *château* on the top of a high rock, round which you keep winding, until you abruptly arrive at the extraordinary town of *Abt*.

This place was said to be a favourite residence of Julius Cæsar. It is situated in a hollow; the upper part of the hill being covered with gardens and terraced vineyards, having scattered among them the ruins of many Roman buildings. Not a breath of wind can enter the valley: the heat is suffocating, and I found it impossible to continue

awake after eating. The interior of the houses is kept dark to exclude the heat: the women sit at their doors working, almost all of them having large pet silk-worms crawling about their clothes. Abt is the most famous town in France for sweet-meats, and I really felt disgusted at the manner in which some of the travellers at the hotel gorged themselves with this stuff. I have often heard the French get great credit for not drinking so much as to be drunk; but surely there is something more disgusting, or more oppressive, in the idea of a man being *drunk* with food, than drunk with wine? Sleeping at Abt, (or rather not sleeping, from the noise of the mules and the quantity of vermin,) I started very early in the morning, and winding my way among hills covered with fine trees, I came upon a small river, the banks of which in some places are very romantic. The hills now become bare, and their tops appear covered with snow, but this you are told is a species of white marble. On leaving the river, the country becomes in shape and colouring like the environs of the English lakes, but totally destitute of water; and after ascending very rich hills, covered with fruit trees and vines, you descend into the valley of *Selestre*, differing quite from any view I had yet seen. This valley is shut out from the world by high mountains covered to the very summit with fine timber, a great proportion of which is oak; and the lower part is most luxuriant in fields of wheat and barley. The

people were busy at their hay harvest, which added life to the scene. From this valley, you descend into a wild glen by a path almost perpendicular. All the field work is here done by mules. Crossing a small bridge, you enter the department of the Lower Alps, and begin to ascend a high mountain by a road cut out of the rock, and supported by a massive wall. On looking into the glen below, you see the *débris* of the mountain, but nearly hid from your sight by magnificent oak trees. The summit of this mountain is very fertile. I perceived in the fields numbers of mole-shaped hills about three feet high, but with a hole in the centre, as if made by some animal. This puzzled me much, until a peasant informed me that manure is here very scarce, and that they set fire to these small hillocks by pushing wood into the holes, and that this burnt earth not only destroys all weeds, but has the same effect as the best manure.

I now entered a sandy-coloured country, with conical-shaped rocks like Ailsa rising out of it. I soon came to the strange-looking town of *Forcalquiers*, built upon one of these large, detached, conical rocks. To the very top are houses, with a chapel on the summit. The streets appear to be laid out after the fashion of the walls of Troy, which are given as a puzzle to boys in every school in Europe. Leaving this, I was told I ran great risk of being robbed, as the peasantry were of a savage character; but, on the contrary, I found their ci-

vility and kindness far beyond my expectations, although their appearance and dress is in the Bravo style.

On the other side of the river Durance, you see the town of *Maes*. It is difficult to be distinguished from the rocks among which it is built. This district is famous for its wine, which is strong, resembling old Port with a clarety flavour. I think it is a wine which would please the English taste, and there would be no difficulty in having it shipped at *Marseilles*. I drank a bottle of it, which I thought most excellent, and which cost me sixpence; the wine which is not corked, but taken from the jar, is cheaper, though of the same quality. Instead of crossing the *Durance* here, by the ferry, I bent my steps towards *Sisteron*, and for some time found the country remarkably fertile from the overflowing of the *Durance*. After ascending some clay hills of a soft and clammy nature, I found the country particularly wild and savage, from the tops of the hills approaching so near to each other, thereby giving a most gloomy light. After some miles' ascent, a most magnificent view opens. In front, you have rich green fields, out of which springs a high, rugged rock, on which is built the extraordinary village of *Château Neuf*. Again the banks of the *Durance* become rich and fertile, and, winding and twisting at the foot of mountains whose summits gradually approach, you turn a sharp point, and the town of *Sisteron*,

two miles' distance, stands before you. Its resemblance to Edinburgh Castle and the surrounding hills, was great, but it is on a much grander scale.

On arriving at *Sisteron*, I was excessively fatigued, having walked more than forty miles this day. Having asked for the best hotel, I was shown into the *salle-à-manger*, where the mess of a regiment on the march were at supper. I was perhaps a suspicious-looking character. I had neither waistcoat nor neckcloth, while my face and throat were covered with red bristly hair. I was, moreover, sun-burnt, and not particularly clean from perspiration and dust. My coat was tolerably decent, but the best part of it was hidden by the knapsack. My trowsers were of black shining camlet, with the lower part covered with a stout pair of gaiters up to the knees, of a deep yellow colour. On entering, I told the landlady I was very tired, and wished for a good bed. At first, she did not answer me, but began examining me from the feet upwards, and then said, "Why did you walk? Why not come by the Diligence?" I took off my hat, made her a bow, and begged to ask if she was married, and when she said "Yes," I made her a bow, and said, "Why did you take your husband?" She answered sharply, "Because it was my pleasure." I then said, "That is the reason why I walk." The officers burst out a laughing; she gave me a slap on the shoulder, and "O, you *bavard*, come, you shall not only have a good bed, but

you shall sup with my husband and me;" and she was so kind, that I resolved to refresh myself here for a day.

The view from the top of the citadel is very extensive. In looking towards the north, you have a large basin of a well-wooded cultivated country, with the *Durance* winding through its centre, and close to you the river Buech, of which the water is of a pale, light blue, while its banks are of red sand. In the distance, you have the Alps completely covered with snow; and in looking towards the South, the mountains round *Digne*, and the road by which Napoleon returned from Elba, is pointed out.

The town of *Sisteron* itself is dirty, much resembling the Cowgate of Edinburgh. Finding that next morning a regiment was to march from *Sisteron* by the same route as myself, I thought it best to get a-head of them, and took the *diligence* for fifteen miles through the fertile plain which I yesterday had seen from the citadel. The view of the country from the *diligence* was as interesting as could be expected. Sometimes you could see a tree or something very distant; but generally you were obliged to content yourself with the interesting view of your opposite and nodding fellow-traveller. It is to me wonderful how the generality of travellers can see so much in these diligences; I never could see anything, while my feelings are as though I were shut up in a prison. I left the *diligence* about fifteen miles from *Sis-*

teron, and found myself among mountains, the sides of which were bare rocks; but on the top were cottages with green fields, how approached, Heaven knows. Here the banks of the *Durance* are very productive, and continue so till you approach *la Saulce*, famous for the production of a light sort of Champagne. The situation of this town is delightful. From the tops of the highest hills to the very edge of the river are vineyards and orchards, in which the fruit trees are trained with a great deal of taste. A mile from *la Saulce* the Durance becomes very deep and rapid, and flows at the edge of the road, which is here cut out of the solid rock. An old soldier told me it was here the advance of Napoleon from Elba was attempted to be stopped by blowing the upper parts of the rock, so as to block up the road; but his good fortune made them fall into the river without injuring the *chaussée*.

The evening before my arrival at Gap, the colonel of the regiment quartered there had been killed by a fall from his horse, and the preparations for his funeral were going on. First, a dirty-looking set of fellows, clad in white, approached with the bier in which the coffin was to be laid. His regiment was drawn up in front of his house, and on the bier being brought out they fired a volley. The procession then began. The troops lined each side of the streets; the men who had brought out the coffin, clothed in white, took their

station in the rear of the regimental band, each carrying a crucifix; then followed the priest, chaunting. The body next appeared in a plain white chest (not shaped as a coffin), with the colonel's cap, sword, and epaulets on it, borne on the shoulders of the non-commissioned officers. Then followed the chief of the town and the officers of the regiment. They thus marched slowly to church to the sound of melancholy music and the singing of the priests. The body was deposited on the floor of the church; the priest passed to the altar, and chaunted some hymns,* when they all returned and formed a circle round the body, while the bishop read the funeral service. On arrival at the burial place, the regiment fired another volley. The coffin was now lowered into the grave, and the regiment marched past in Indian file, or one by one; each soldier, as he passed, discharging his musket into the grave. The whole ceremony was very solemn, and conducted with the greatest decorum, and I had hoped it would have terminated by leaving serious impressions on the mind; but (as in our service), I am sorry to say, the regiment returned to their quarters to the sound of a merry enlivening march.

Early in the morning, I ascended the high mountain overhanging the town of Gap, and, after passing a little snow, found myself near its summit in about two hours. Although it was very

* The Miserere and De Profundis.

early, the road was crowded with peasantry, owing to this being the market-day, all singing hymns and telling beads. The time was generally given by the best-dressed person of the party, whether man or woman: but their devotions were sorely interrupted by the caperings of the obstreperous calves, who did not enjoy being dragged down this steep precipice to the slaughter. There was a large crucifix at the top of the hill, where I found some hundreds of peasantry at their prayers. I was astonished to see so many cripples and gôitred women. On looking back on the country I had left, I found myself standing over *Gap*, so nearly that I felt I could pitch a stone into the town; while the magnificent, distant, snowy mountains near to *Grubiun* and *Briançon* appeared close at hand. I soon became enveloped in a dark, cold, damp mist, and congratulated myself on having had the prudence this morning to put on my waistcoat, which in general, when on the march, I had carried in my knapsack. I had been walking for an hour in the dark, when it suddenly became light, and I found myself surrounded by cultivated fields, with a romantic waterfall beneath me, and at a little distance the rapid river *Drac*, above the banks of which, for a short distance, you saw the finest hedged and wooded fields. The morning had been misty, and, although you saw flying clouds, still the view was circumscribed. Above I perceived something strange, as if in the

heavens. It became gradually clearer, and I discovered it to be the summit of a snowy mountain, which, with the mist round its dark base, gave it the appearance of floating in the air. In another quarter, an object, differing in shape and appearance, presented itself; whilst every moment the scene varied, and became grander as the clouds passed by. I was confused; the impression produced by the spectacle was such as I never can forget.

I spent some hours in going the three miles between the bridge over the Drac, and that across the *Severage*. The feelings produced on me this day will never be erased from my mind.

The road after this becomes a steep ascent cut out of the rock, and supported by a strong wall of the best masonry. The strata of the rock, out of which the road is cut, are quite different from any I had ever seen, being in the form of circles, but diminishing towards the centre.

I arrived late at the village of *Corps*, situated at the bottom of a mountain, but still having the view of a deep valley below it. Here I entered an inn where everything appeared most miserable, but still they had a *chef*. The dinner placed before me was a stew of chamois, and a dish of newly-fledged sparrows, which looked so disgusting that they destroyed my appetite. On wishing to pay my bill early the next morning I could not, as I found all the people of the house were gone to confession.

On their return, I asked the landlady for my bill, who, after some consideration, said thirteen francs. Knowing she had only charged two and a half francs to my fellow-traveller, I was very angry, and asked her if she was not ashamed to cheat so soon after confession, but I saw she was opening a new confession account with me; I therefore threatened to go to the mayor. This had the desired effect; she thanked me for three francs, and we parted.

CHAPTER XXII.

Scenery round Corps—Goats and Goatherds—Road to Souchons—La Mure—Author taken for a Spy—La Frey—Flocks from Arles—Valley of Vizelle—Manufactory of Casimir Perrier's brother—Grenoble—Voreppe—La Grande Chartreuse—Two drinking beggars—Author returns to Lyons—Hotel du Nord—Lake of Nantua—Town of Nantua—Châtillon—Bellegarde—The Gate of the Rhone—Fortress of Ecluse—Geneva—Ferney—Entrance to Savoy—Bonneville—Cluse—Sallenches—Grotto of Balme—Baths of St. Gervais—Valley of Chamouni—Glacier of Boisson—Ascent of Mont Blanc—Return to St. Servais—Lausanne—Iverdon—Basle—Strasburgh—Kehl—Rastadt—Baden Baden—Carlsruhe—Heidelberg—German Duels—Manheim—Ulm—Augsburgh—Wealth of Augsburgh—Farmers—Arrival at Munich.

THE country round Corps is of the most austere description, and the town itself and its inhabitants very dirty. I consider it one of the most miserable towns in France. Here the disease called the *Gôitre* is to be seen upon almost every woman, and in its most disgusting forms. They seem to live a great deal upon goat's milk, numerous flocks of which are fed upon the hill above the town. At sun-set it was quite a pleasure to see the flock returning, they appeared so clean and so light-hearted, com-

pared with their owners. They kept steadily together, following their herdsman, until he gave a sign with his horn, when off they started, each bleating and running to his own particular quarter. It is strange how easily they find out their places; but, on mentioning this, the herdsman informed me, that a goat will never forget the person who gives it salt, and for some time each owner lays a little salt in a corner of the house, whereupon the goat runs to lick it up. The herdsman here always goes out with his rifle, as there are numerous wolves. In winter they often have visits from bears.

The road to *Souchons* overhangs a rich valley, on the opposite side of which you have an immense mountain, with two rugged pillars of rock, between which you see a fine cultivated spot. The ascent from this to La Mure is almost perpendicular. By a mountain footpath you can ascend, in fifteen minutes, to the spot which would take two hours by the road in a carriage. It was Sunday forenoon when I entered the town, stared at by the crowds coming from church. The oil-skin knapsack looked English, but, being on foot, was suspicious. I saw something brewing, but walked forward, until I came to a good-looking coffee-room, into which I entered, and ordered coffee. The room was covered with prints of Napoleon's battles, and the glorious Three Days, some of which were so ridiculous that I could not restrain a smile. After coffee I fell asleep, and, on awaken-

ing, I found a crowd of people standing around me, who began to question me, which interrogations, from being sleepy, I answered in rather a sharp tone; and perhaps in better French than usual, as I often remarked, that, being a little excited, adds much to fluency of language. I then heard murmurs of *sacre*, of Charles X., so I thought it as well to call for my bill, and be ready for a start. An old gentleman asked me to take snuff, he whispered me I was supposed to be a spy, and advised me to be off. I took his hint; they followed me to the door, and there I went through the street, pursued by a crowd of boys and girls, gradually getting louder in their hootings. Before I got out of the town I had a complete mob at my heels; but no one liked to lay hold of me, as I believe I looked rather savage, at least felt so, and the fishing rod was a sort of instrument (from its short carabine appearance), of which they seemed in dread. At last, up came a *gen d'arme*, at full gallop, seeming determined to seize me. Before he approached to lay violent hands, I called out, "I am an English officer, and have a proper passport, so take care; and I beg you will drive these people back." He did this at once, and, having examined my passport, he said to me, "These people are a set of fools; but you must shake hands with me, to show them all is right, so that they disperse quietly."

Leaving *La Mure* with its over-zealous inhabi-

tants, I was glad to find myself at *La Frey*, after having passed along the banks of three very pretty Cumberland-looking lakes. The country is now very rich, surrounded on all sides by fine hills, covered with the richest pasture. These hills are mostly held on lease by rich graziers from the town of *Arles*, at the mouth of the Rhone. In the month of June they send here, from that country, about 100,000 sheep. These flocks are entitled to many privileges on their march; every carriage, waggon, and even the post, must halt, until this great flock passes, and the penalties attached to injuring any of them are very great. They remain on the hills until the month of October, when they are sent back in a fit state for killing. The road now looks down on the deep, dark, rich valley of *Vizelle*, with the town of that name in its centre, and a trout stream winding round it. Instead of keeping by the great road, which, from its steep descent, is formed by many turnings, I went right down upon the town by a slippery footpath, and overtook two peasants just returning from the mountains, each with a chamois on his back. There are here a great many chamois, but the hunting and shooting of them is neither so difficult nor so dangerous as travellers generally describe. If the huntsman falls in with a flock, and can contrive to drive them up some detached rocky hill, which is not difficult, he can very easily shoot two or three before they disperse. All the

hotels and eating-houses are well supplied with chamois, which proves that shooting them is not difficult. Although it was only the end of May, the people in the warm valley were busy with their barley harvest. Here the brother of *Casimir Perrier*, the late prime minister, has a large manufactory; but, although he has done an immense deal for the poor people, by employing so many, they were much excited against him for his peaceful politics. After a fatiguing pull to get out of this valley, I again found myself on the great road to *Grenoble*. Now every thing appears improved. The houses are better, the fields well cultivated, and attention paid to the hedges. Not a bit of ground lies waste, and the inhabitants appear industrious. They are a very handsome people, especially the women.

The first view of *Grenoble* is most splendid. No town could be more romantically placed. The town is placed on the *Isère*, with a high hill overhanging it, upon the top of which there is an immense citadel, commanding the town. In former days, this fort was called the *Bastile*, but now no one dare use such a word in France. The inhabitants of Grenoble have always been famous for their pugnacious qualities. As I entered, a great proportion of the population were repairing the old fortifications, and erecting new batteries. The town was in a bustle, and all actuated by the most active hatred to the Austrians. The hatred of the

French, of all parties, to their ex-Empress, *Marie Louise*, is great; indeed, if her name, or that of the Austrians, is mentioned at a *table d'hôte*, they cannot sit quiet, but all begin to gabble at once.

Grenoble is rich, and well built, with some handsome squares and very pleasant promenades on the banks of the *Isère*. About a mile from the town they have erected a handsome chain bridge. The walk to Voreppe is very interesting, through one of the richest and best cultivated districts in Europe. The fields are divided by lines of cherry-trees, so trained that they are bare towards the lower part, but bushy at the top, and covered with fruit. Between these cherry-trees are placed trellices fixed from tree to tree, and on these, vines are neatly trained, at the distance of three feet from the ground; thus you have, at the same time, a field producing wheat, wine, and fruit. The soil is so rich, they hardly require manure; but what they did use, appeared to me the burnt ashes of wood. This style of country continues as far as *Voreppe*. Having heard a great deal of the beauty of the scenery round the monastery of *La Grande Chartreuse*, I determined on making an excursion from this point. As usual, difficulties were thrown in my way, as to its being impossible to find the monastery without a guide, and that it was necessary to take horses. This gave me a hint as to the road being difficult; I therefore resolved to leave my knapsack behind me. After a

short walk I got into the mountains, and came to a village situated at the foot of some sharp-pointed rocks, which, at a distance, had the appearance of fortified towers. As you advance, the mountains become more grand, and they appear as if they would block up the way; but you at length discover a narrow pass, by which you enter. Then the road becomes gloomy, as the sun can seldom penetrate into this desert. It is entirely cut out of the rock. This variety of scenery, with gloom and silence, continues, until on a height you see an immense mass of building, and this is *La Grande Chartreuse*. As I had seen enough of monks at *La Trappe*, I did not enter it, but amused myself with examining the many scattered small chapels around it. The monastery was built for performing deeds of piety; but, from its situation, every deed of wickedness might easily be committed with little chance of discovery. In many parts I felt myself grasping my stick tightly, in order to be prepared for an attack; as the effect of seeing a building situated in this sequestered spot, without a human being showing himself, makes you suppose something is meditated against you. I understood there were about forty Trappists here, but I saw none. I was glad however to find myself among a party of merry fellows, in the inn at *Voreppe*. The next morning was misty; but, after walking about six miles, it cleared up, and I had a fine view of the romantic banks of the *Isère*. I had to ascend

a high hill before getting out of this valley, from the top of which one of the finest views in the world is to be seen. On looking back you have grand Alpine scenery, combined with the richest and most productive valleys, while, on the opposite side, there are extensively rich plains. I entered into one of the *cabarets* on the road side, and found two beggars sitting over their bottle of wine, discussing the politics of the day. They were two fine-looking old men; one forcibly reminded me of Edie Ochiltree. They had both been soldiers. Edie called on his friend to pay his share, who declared he had no money. On this, Edie told him he was a dishonourable beggar; but, after he had finished his wine, he would take the liberty of searching him. The friend went out, and I followed to watch him, when I saw the old fellow put his money into the outer leather of his shoe. On getting back, Edie and I became great friends. He told me the other had always been a coward when a soldier, but contrived, by his cunning, to get on better than his neighbours; then in a rage he burst out, "*Mais, mon Dieu, si je pourrais l'attrapper!*" This was too good an opportunity to be lost; so I told him where he had hid his money. Edie chuckled, and, as soon as his friend entered, he called for another bottle, to which they both sat down. I then gave them another, until they got well heated; when Edie, who could be prudent no longer, demanded the two crowns which he said

his friend had long owed him. The other promised, but regretted he had no money, when Edie offered to take his shoes as payment, in return for which he would give him his own, that were not so good. The bows and civil speeches amused me not a little, calling each other "*Monsieur, mon ami.*" At last, Edie said it was necessary they must settle this matter, as soldiers and men of honour, and he chose me to be judge. As the ground of the floor was waxed, I recommended them to fight with their sticks, but without their shoes. Edie at first, as he was a little tipsy, would not agree to it; but at last he set the example, and, the moment his antagonist had taken off his shoes, Edie darted on them, brandishing his stick round his head, picked out about twenty francs in silver, of which he reimbursed himself, and quietly paid the bill with the remainder. I never encountered two such old scoundrels; but with the language and manners that would not have disgraced the best educated gentlemen.

On coming to the village of *Bourgoin*, there is a little variety in the appearance of the country; but I would recommend no one to follow my example in walking across this plain, but place himself in one of the many diligences, and get over the country as quick as he can to *Lyons*. I arrived there fatigued; but a good bed and excellent living at the *Hôtel du Nord*, soon put me to rights. This is one of the cheapest ho-

tels in France, as you can have an excellent dinner, wine, and a good bed-room, and pay servants, for five francs per day. An excellent breakfast is to be had in all the coffee-rooms for a half franc. The road from Lyons to Geneva passes through a very rich and fertile plain, crowded with numerous villages. The country, however, is by no means interesting to the pedestrian. In the distance, you see the beginning of a vast ridge of mountains, and have a delightful walk along the banks of the *Dar*.

The country gradually increases in interest till you enter the romantic village of *Cerdon*, situated at the foot of a high pointed rocky mountain, one side of which is covered with vineyards, while the other has the richest pasturage, with a clear rivulet running at the base.

After a day's journey, you arrive at the lake of Nantua, at the head of which you find the town of the same name. The town itself was busy, and is said to be a great smuggling dépôt. I remarked many custom-house officers occupied in searching the waggons; but a knapsack here is beneath their notice. They look for higher game. There is a long ascent from Nantua, and then you find yourself in a most savage but grand country.

The road seems now crowded with custom-house officers, who search all those who are on their way to France, permitting those only who are leaving the country to pass quietly. I was glad to find my-

self in the pretty village of *Chatillon*, from which there is a beautiful view of the Alps.

In a short time, you come to *Bellegarde*, where, in the centre of the road, you see two *Gens d'Armes* stationed, who civilly request you to show your passport. I had long heard of the wonders of *La Porte du Rhone*, and hurried to see it. The Rhone is here not very wide, but very rapid, and the water of a grey common-sewer colour. Imagine to yourself an immense common sewer, which loses itself in one of the gratings of the street, and then you have *La Porte du Rhone*.

After journeying for several hours, I entered the gates of the strong and impregnable fort of Ecluse. This fort commands all further passage either way. Getting out of this, you have Savoy, rich and varied, spread out before you, with those beautiful hills bordering on the lake of Geneva, and *Mont Blanc* in the distance. The approach from this spot to Geneva, is grand beyond description. It was late when I got into the hotel at *Geneva*, and here I had an opportunity of confirming an opinion I had previously formed.

A party of young Englishmen entered, and then a scene of dissipation began. They supposed from my dress and appearance that I was a foreigner, and, as I did not speak English, they were quite at their ease. Englishmen, educated abroad, and not under the eye of their parents, are further advanced in wickedness at the age of eighteen, than most men at twenty-five. I

was glad to leave them, and go to bed. Waking early, I thought I heard the sound of rushing water. I opened the window, and saw a sight I never can forget. The morning was beautiful; the lake like silver, having the houses and its banks beautifully reflected, with *Mont Blanc* quite distinct, closing the landscape. Below the window, the Rhone was rushing out of the lake, with water so clear, that the pebbles were seen at the greatest depth. As I take more interest in the environs of a town than in the town itself, after having got a bird's-eye view from the summit of the cathedral, I went to visit the *Château Ferney*, formerly the country seat of Voltaire.

On entering the kingdom of Savoy or Sardinia (as it is called), you are much annoyed by the number of the *Gens-d'Armes*, and the very frequent showing of your passport. As you approach the mountains, Mont Blanc becomes more distinct, and the country more romantic; and, after passing through several small towns, you arrive at *Bonneville*, prettily situated on the river at the foot of this great range of mountains.

Passing the town of Cluse, you arrive at the romantic valley leading to *Sallenches*. After walking about four miles, you find a pretty woman, who drops a curtsey, and asks you if you will not take some refreshment, and then ascend to see the *Grotto of Balme*. She points out to you some wooden paling round a hole in the immense

mass of rock, about 1,000 feet above you. Her beauty tempts you, her sausages are good, her brandy bad, and you pay more than you would in the most expensive hotel in London. She supplies you with a mountain staff, and, in half an hour, you find yourself at the grotto. You enter, and, some yards within, find the stem of a healthy cherry tree, the branches of which have grown to the light, and overhang the rock, thickly covered with fruit. You are provided with lights, and follow her into the middle of the hill. There are many shining stalactics, but they are not to be compared with those in the *Biels Höhle* in the Hartz Mountains. After walking and creeping for half an hour, you come to a deep well, where we, of course, threw in stones, to listen to the echo as they fell. We went no further, as it was a journey of two hours to the other end. Last year an Englishman, I think of the name of *Auldjo*, went to the extremity, found a lake about 100 paces broad, and, having swam across it, found himself by the side of a waterfall, ten miles distant from the spot where he entered.

The expense for seeing this grotto, is extravagant, and you by no means feel grateful for what you see.

The village of Sallenches is dirty, but beautifully situated at the foot of a mountain, the top of which is covered with snow. In the middle are cottages, and at the base deep green fields. The finest view

of *Mont Blanc* which I have seen, is from the top of the hotel in this village. The valley now widens, and for some miles you walk through a marshy country, until you cross a bridge over a wild stream. Ascending this, you come to the romantic baths of *St. Gervais*.

Starting at daybreak on a beautiful morning, we crossed a wild country bridge, and began to ascend a hill. When at the top, the view put me in mind of the pass of Killiekrankie. In a short time, you enter the valley of *Chamouney*; and, in the distance, you see what appears to be an immense block of white marble, rough and pointed, but curiously tinged with a light blue. This, on approaching, you find to be the Glacier of *Boisson*, having forced its way almost into the middle of the valley. In the mountains above, you every now and then hear a shaking noise. It is not thunder, although nearly as loud. You look up, and try to discover the spot from whence the sound comes. A sort of mist appears, but if you look steadily you will perceive a snowy dust moving rapidly. This is an avalanche from Mont Blanc. It is singular, it is awful to see nature under this form, tearing away rocks like the smallest pebbles; yet, in defiance of her power, cottages are built in this line of destruction.

After I had eaten a capital breakfast, a guide appeared: and, supplying myself with a long staff tipped with iron, I began the ascent of Mont Blanc.

Crossing the river, and following the plain, you find yourself at the foot of the mountain, and then clamber up, twisting about until you come to a fountain, where the guide advises you to stop to take breath. This is considered half way to the *Mer de Glace*. We, however, on leaving this spot, shortened our way by creeping with hands and feet about 200 yards, and then found ourselves on the snow. This was most nervous and disagreeable work, as the snow was soft, and when you began to sink you felt doubtful how far you were to go. With this, there is a feeling of suffocation, and of a bursting of the head, and if you have been picking your steps carefully through the snow, its glare deprives you completely of sight. I would advise others to delay their trip here till the end of June, when the snow has disappeared. The guide called to me to shut my eyes, and he would lead me. In a few minutes he told me to look, and then I saw a sight, a full reward for all my trouble. The first feeling was that of awe, or rather the thorough conviction of how poor a creature is man in this world! Here, at the top of this mountain, enclosed in a mishapen square of rugged pointed rocks, you saw the famed *Mer de Glace*. Before I viewed it, I could form no idea in my mind of what it was, or what its appearance would be; and when I did see it, I felt almost equally at a loss, and conscious of my inability to describe it. Although the evidence of your senses

makes you suppose you have seen every thing, still the mind is not satisfied, and the more you gaze, the more is the imagination roused.

Following our guide, we descended to walk on the Sea of Ice. If one follows the footsteps of the guide implicitly, I believe there is no real danger in the attempt, but still an idea of danger haunts you. To ascend these small icy hills is not very difficult, because you can dig footsteps in the soft ice with the iron pike at the end of the pole; but, unless you have resolution and presence of mind, do not attempt the ascent, *because* you must *descend*, which *is* difficult. The guide shows you the method. He rests himself on his heels, throws his body well back, leaning the whole weight of his body heavily on the pole. He lets himself slide, and the pike, driven deeply into the ice by his weight, cuts it, and he descends slow and steadily, and easily guiding himself. At first I did not like the attempt; but the confidence with which the guide moved gave me courage, and I found it both safe and pleasant.

Leaving the Sea, we ascended as far as the hardness of the snow would permit us, but the hot weather had made it soft without melting it; and, on its becoming dangerous, we returned and refreshed ourselves with hot brandy and water, in a small house built above the Sea. The changes from hot to cold perspiration were most overpowering, and we gladly commenced our descent in a

tremendous rain and hail shower. On our arrival at the hotel, the preparation of clothes for a change of dress gave me a very strong idea that in general this trip of pleasure is expected to finish as ours did, by being thoroughly soaked. The quantity of clothes were sufficient to fill any old clothes shop. I was not at the summit of *Mont Blanc* nor even near it; but, from what I did see and what I heard from the guides, I am convinced that very few, if any, have pleasure from this trip. There is an anxiety and a danger and fatigue which are most unpleasant; and I believe the vanity of *being able to say*, "*I have been on Mont Blanc*," constitutes the only pleasure. Of course the *Mer de Glace* is an exception; but, indeed, the tops of very high mountains seldom repay one the trouble of ascent. A good dinner in this capital inn raised all our spirits; and, the afternoon becoming fine, we started, and after a day's severe work again arrived at *St. Servais*, about eleven at night, all knocked up.

Taking rather a different road, we again got back to Geneva. I, next morning, went on board the steam-boat for *Lausanne*. The lake of Geneva has been so well and so often described, that I shall only say I found the reality exceed the description, which is very seldom the case. We landed at a little village, about half an hour's walk from Lausanne. I was much disappointed with *Lausanne*; it appeared a dull and stupid place. Gladly I proceeded through the village of Echallens to Iverdon.

The first view of *Iverdon*, situated on Lake Neufchatel, is pretty, and the mountains on the other side of a grand bold character. About three miles from the town, I passed an extensive bath establishment, but apparently quite deserted. You enter the town through a singularly beautiful avenue, and remarkably clean. I here attended a review of troops, which was interesting from the various uniforms, each village being distinguished by some particular badge. The women are very ugly.

Nothing ever gave me greater pleasure than the walk of the last ten miles to Neufchatel; nature having done much, assisted also by the industry of man.

Very few English or foreigners reside in Neufchatel, the inhabitants of which are so wealthy that they do not let their houses, and the hotels are very expensive.

Having here lightened my knapsack by sending some things forward by the diligence to Strasburg, I again began my journey, and proceeded by Tavannes, Mallery, Montiers, to Lauffen.

From this, the country gradually loses its interest, and as soon as the towers of Basle show themselves, you find yourself in a well cultivated, wearisome flat, which continues until you enter the town. Basle is beautifully situated on the banks of the Rhine, and embellished by a fine cathedral and public buildings; but the stillness, and the sulkiness of its inhabitants, make it a most disagree-

able place. The citizens appear to be on a bad footing with each other; in short, I thought I saw here the germs of that discontent which has since caused so much bloodshed.

I tried to get a boat to descend the river, but no such thing was to be found. I resolved to follow the Rhine road instead of taking the beautiful one by *Colmar*. After passing through New *Brisac*, the flatness and sameness of the road was quite overpowering, without taking into consideration the annoyance from the French custom-house officers, and the necessity of showing your passport every half hour, at some military station.

The troops were all stationed as if expecting an attack, and the road defended by artillery, with picquets of cavalry, already saddled. I offered a peasant some francs to take me to Strasburg in his cart; but taking off his large cocked hat, he made me a bow and declined the money, but would consider himself honoured by my society. This worthy seemed to know the inhabitants of all the surrounding country. About two miles further on he pointed out to me a splendid chateau, and exclaimed, "Ah, Napoleon was a man of honour!" The chateau belonged to a person who had formerly been a schoolmaster, but afterwards became a spy of Napoleon. The information he picked up was always so valuable and correct, that Napoleon loaded him with riches; but not all the interest of the people round the Emperor, could prevail on

him to bestow upon him the mark of the Legion of Honour. His answer was, "As much money as you choose, but no honour." This man has, since the return of the Bourbons, been made a member of the Legion of Honour.

As I approached Strasburg, the fields and gardens were overflown, the Rhine having extended in its ravages as far as this.

Strasburg is not on the Rhine, but on the river L'Ill. It is one of the strongest and best fortified towns of France, but the fortifications are so extensive that it would require a large army to defend them: however, the garrison could lay the whole country for miles under water. The German language is spoken here as much as French, and the variety of the costume of the natives is very interesting. All the peasantry seem to be rich; indeed, there is an appearance of great wealth in the town.

There are some very handsome streets and squares, and pretty promenades: however, a Strasburger prides himself upon his cathedral, of which the workmanship is certainly extraordinary.

The inns in Strasburg vary very much as to comfort and expense. I was most comfortable in the *Hôtel de Paris*, which was very moderate.

Leaving Strasburg, you pass through extensive fortifications; then the road leads through its impregnable citadel, and you come to the Rhine. Here you see a splendid bridge of boats, by which you cross to Kehl, where you find different uni-

forms, different manners, and the houses built in a different fashion. You are now in Germany, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. This town looks miserable after Strasburg, so I gladly left it, taking the road to Rastadt. To an agricultural eye, this road must be interesting; but to the pedestrian looking for scenery, it is flat and stupid.

You are much struck with the numerous carriers or waggoners. The proprietors are generally dressed remarkably well, and in the old German costume. Their waggons are neatly painted, and their teams of horses beautiful, and ornamented with good, substantial, though gaudy harness. I found them in general well educated men, and remarkably well acquainted with local history. Here the peasantry are all rich and comfortable, and the interior of their houses are as clean and even better furnished than the English. The eye was a little relieved by the pretty hills of the Black Forest. At some distance from Rastadt I saw a board stuck up at a road leading in that direction, with "*Bis nach Baden.*

I followed it, and entered a beautiful valley, which led me to the pretty town and fashionable watering place or baths of *Baden-Baden.* At this time there were not many strangers, although in the season it is the most frequented bath of Germany. Its situation is delightful, the hotels comfortable, and its water cures, of course, every disease under the sun.

From Baden-Baden I proceeded to *Carlsruhe.* It was Sunday when I arrived. The whole town and its environs were in a bustle. Music and dancing parties in all directions. This was the annual fair; but Sunday, instead of being a day of rest, is their busiest day.

The public buildings and gardens, and even the streets, of Carlsruhe are magnificent; and, I am convinced, many people may consider it a remarkably handsome town, but to me its regularity was most disagreeable.

Leaving Carlsruhe, you pass a magnificent alley of poplars, full three miles long, and as straight as an arrow. I found this alley equal, if not superior, to the celebrated alley of *Herrenhausen* at Hanover. At the end of it, you find the town of *Durlach,* situated at the foot of pretty hills, covered with vineyards, through which are fine rides and walks, to which the fashionables of Carlsruhe resort in the summer evenings.

From Durlach, I proceeded through a rich wine country to Heidelberg.

The town is so situated, that you do not perceive it until you enter the gate. As this seemed a delightful spot, I resolved on spending some days here in order to refresh myself, and put my shoes and wardrobe in order. In walking through the streets, I perceived, from the curtains of a drawing-room being lined, that the house must be the residence of some English family. I was not mistaken. I found it to be the house of an old ac-

quaintance, which was a further inducement for a halt. I took up my quarters in the excellent *Hôtel de Bade.*

Owing to the disturbances at Brunswick and at Gottingen, there were many students from these countries at Heidelberg. The university here is celebrated. The students appear to be of a gentlemanlike class, although their four or five sabre duels every evening make one inclined to doubt this. They seldom hurt each other seriously; yet at this time there was a student in prison for having killed his antagonist. You see many of the young men with gashes in the cheek.

From Heidelberg I proceeded to Manheim, whence I determined to start for Munich.

From *Stutgard* to *Eslingin* and *Reichstadt* the country is pretty, having many farm-houses, with the fields in high order, especially the Royal English Farm. Along these hills are numerous vineyards.

At the end of your day's journey, you find yourself looking into the town of *Ulm*, on the very spot where Napoleon placed his artillery to blow the Austrian army under General Mack to pieces. At the foot of this hill flows the far-famed Danube. You descend a steep hill, and then enter the avenue which conducts you into the city of Ulm.

I saw nothing worth mentioning in Ulm, except its immense heavy cathedral. I here crossed the Danube, leaving the dominions of the King of

Wirtemberg, and entered Bavaria, a country described by a German in very few words. He says, "Bavaria is a country where the inhabitants eat pork, drink beer, and wear boots." The description is wonderfully true.

The sameness and stupidity of the road from Ulm until within a few miles of Augsburg, is most wearisome; but the numerous towers and turrets of this most celebrated town, caused me great interest, not a little increased by seeing the famous mountains of the Tyrol in the distance.

Augsburg is a very fine town, and the gardens in the environs laid out with great taste. The inhabitants are said to be the best educated in Germany, but this honour may arise from the high character which the "Augsburg Gazette" newspaper holds over all the continent. The cathedral, the armoury, the courts of justice, and many other public buildings are well worthy of being seen. There is not in Europe a finer street than the Maximilian Street. It is full of splendid houses, many of which have their fronts ornamented with fine fresco paintings. There are also four superb bronze fountains in the street, which are acknowledged by all connoisseurs to be the finest in Europe.

It was on the morning of a market-day when I left Augsburg. The road was covered for miles with numerous gigs and *carioles*, in which the farmers were driving their families to town. The

dress of these people perfectly surprised me. They wore large cocked hats, blue coats with silver buttons, velveteen breeches and long boots. Never had I seen in any part of Europe a race of farmers so fat, so apparently happy and contented, or at all so richly clad.

The country between Augsburg and Munich is a dead flat. I arrived late in the capital, a description of which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Munich—Glyptotheck—Ludwigs Strasse--Theatre--University—Schelling—Walters—Beer Women—Leave Munich for Tyrol—Kreut—Sangres--WallerzeeLake—Mittenwald—Botzen — Inspruck — Latsch — Ischengels — Trafui — Danger of quitting your Guide—Mont Cristallo—Italy—The Adda — Spondalunga — Bormeo — Como — Tirano—Domassa — Milanese Robbers — Milan antique towers — Circus—Cathedral—St. Charles Borromeo—The Mint—Public Gardens — Cholera — Sesto Calendi — Baveno — Douaniers—Duomo d'Ossola—Simplon—Brigg—Niederwald—Rhone Glacier—The Grimsel — Spital—Finsteraarchen Glacier — Handech—Gutamen—Meyringen—Regensbach—Rosenlaui — Grindenwald — Jungfrau — Staubach — Lauterbrun — Interlacken — Brientz—Unterseen—Belle—Bateliere—Berne — Liesthal — Basle—Return to England in 1831.

THERE is not perhaps in all Europe a more agreeable capital than that of Munich. The entrance by the *Ludwigs Strasse* is fine; in passing down this street, you at once perceive the improvements made during the reign of his present Majesty, who is a great patron of the fine arts, and more than a dabbler in brick and mortar. The architectural taste of king Louis is good. There needs no further proof of the fact, than the building called the *Glyptotheck*, an edifice begun and

finished under royal superintendence. Here you may suppose yourself in one of Aladdin's fancy palaces. The roof is embellished with Fresco paintings, while the floors of marble are richly interwoven with mosaic. There are four chambers or compartments in this edifice. The first is of blackish grey marble, beautifully polished; the second of white, the third of green, and the fourth of a dark brownish red. The rooms are filled with splendid pieces of Grecian sculpture, and some of the rarest productions of Italian and Flemish pencils. All this has been effected by a monarch, whose revenue is not perhaps greater than that of Yorkshire, and yet such are the resources of the man who has done these wonders for his capital and country. I am no admirer of the private or political character of Louis the Bavarian, but truth compels me to state these facts, which ought to bring the blush of shame into the face of our monarchs as well as our people.

The theatre at Munich is well supported. While I was there, *Mad. Schroeder* brought crowded houses. The Bavarian capital is also the seat of an University, but the professors, with the exception of *Schelling* and *Walters*, (the great oculist,) are not very renowned.

Munich is also celebrated for the excellence of its beer, and the beauty of its female population. Of late, a good number of English have taken up their residence here. The hotels, of which there are but two, are indifferent.

Early on the morning of the 2nd of August, I left Munich for the Tyrol. For many miles the country is dull. In the middle of my second day's journey I arrived at *Kreut*, close to which there are celebrated baths. Proceeding by *Sangres* across the *Isere*, I reached the valley of Jachenau, at the end of which I came upon the *Wallerzee* lake. Thence proceeding to *Krin*, I made my way to *Mittenwald*, the last Bavarian station. Here we * showed our passports, and were again stopped at Scharnitz, the first Austrian post.

At all times it is difficult to enter the Austrian territories. The gates were at this time shut, but we were allowed to enter by a door, so small, that we were obliged to take off our knapsacks. This is a most formidable and almost impregnable pass, but still that famous soldier, Marshal Ney, contrived to take it. By making a movement in front he drew off attention, while a peasant for a good bribe led a few men by a dangerous goat-path to the rear, and so entered. For six miles, the walk is through a beautiful valley, until ascending a hill, on which there are the fine ruins of a *Chateau*, a beautiful scene bursts on the view. It is a narrow valley shut in by a heavy headed mountain, on which the vapour was ascending. I was led to suppose all the valley on fire, but beyond this vapour you saw the village of *Seefeldt*, and

* The author had been joined by his brother from Vienna.

looking to the rear, the gloomy glen of *Scharnitz*. Leaving *Seefeldt*, we gladly pushed forward until the splendid valley of the Inn, full of fine villages and rich crops, opened before us. Thence we proceeded to *Inspruck*, and journeying on through *Mauls*, *Stezing*, &c. &c., arrived at length at a large sign post, having printed on it in sesquipedelian letters "*Nach Italien*,"—to Italy.

The next morning's march is such as cannot be described, having beauty, richness, wildness, all in extreme profusion. The road, at the side of a river between two immense mountains, is most rugged, but every spare flat spot with a good aspect is covered with vines. Here we met with two parties of English; one party of four, were all sound asleep in this paradise, and the other were in a close carriage from which they had no prospect.

Botzen is situated in an immense rugged rocky basin, where there are vineyards, waterfalls, cottages, and old *chateaux*. This town is the great thoroughfare from Italy; on leaving it, I took the road towards *Miran*, following the *Etch* river.

Miran is one of the most beautiful places in the Tyrol. It comes up to all the ideas one forms of the country before one enters it, and yet few people travel by this road. Crossing the river, eating *en route* an excellent supper, we slept at *Latsch*. Clearing the fields in the best manner we could, we arrived in four hours at *Ischeugels*, where we refreshed ourselves. From this spot, the ascent began

on a road as smooth as a table, with wild rocks o each side and a raging mountain stream. In hal an hour you see the village of *Stelf* on a height, as though plastered to the rocks. Here are people on hands and feet creeping up and collecting all the scanty grass they can cut. Every year, part of this village is carried into the stream by *avalanches*. The bridge here is very wild; the road becomes more steep, the knapsacks get heavier; you bend your back, and are glad to find in an hour, a house where a glass of water can be procured, not liking to descend to the stream, *because* you must come up again. Moving forward, the valley darkens, the foliage deepens in colour, and the scattered trees with scanty leaves disclose the coldness of the atmosphere. You now cross a very pretty bridge and leave the stream. The road gets very steep, and, hideously winding round and round, brings you at length to the foot of an immense glacier, which seems to tell you to halt. This is *Trafui*, in a deep valley, with a still deeper below it, where there is a village with the chapel almost touching the Glacier.

Trafui is the post-house, surrounded with the brightest green at the foot of this eternal snow. We had now done a sufficient day's work, but the fineness of the day made me resolve even to run the risk of over fatigue in order to see these wonders of nature. In a quarter of an hour from *Trafui* we came to nearly a perpendicular hill.

Looking up, we perceived it was about a quarter of a mile to the top. Being fresh from a copious dinner we took the bull by the horns, doing in about 300 paces the walking of nearly a mile. This emboldened us for farther attempts of the same sort. We now found ourselves above this first *Glacier*, and looking down, saw the formation of the river from under it. Above us for nearly a mile, the road was zigzagged with poles and railing. We did not take the road, but followed a peasant; who made us descend a little, then coolly conducted us along a precipice covered with loose stones, a single false step being certain death. From this, we saw the road and wished we were on it; but the ascent to it was impossible. We were now in for it and must continue. In order to refresh ourselves it was necessary to lie down at full length, and even then it was difficult to avoid slipping. We went on in this manner for nearly the distance of a mile; when, quite tired of this, I left the guide contrary to his advice, and seeing a part of the road about 100 yards above me, made for it. I soon, however, had cause to regret the attempt. We were now in so high a region that there was little or no grass to lay hold of; but when I came to the loose earth, thrown over in making the road, it was not only very disagreeable, but most dangerous. I was forced to lie down, holding on with stick and umbrella fixed in the earth, as well as with chin and toes. Still I felt slipping and breathless, either with fear

or the rarity of the atmosphere, or a mixture of both. Here I hung, expecting to descend into the abyss below. There was no one to help me, so I made a last effort, and catching hold of the railing rolled on to the road, where I lay panting with thirst and resolving in my own mind never again to act contrary to the advice of a guide.

On the opposite side was the mountain of *Otlerspitze*, 12,350 feet above the sea, close upon me were masses of snow many hundred feet deep, and behind all these, the extraordinary "glass shining" "*Mont Cristallo.*" Here was no vegetation, no appearance of a tree to be seen, every thing miserable in the extreme. The hill above you is nearly perpendicular, and of loose rock; the road, 16 feet wide, is supported by solid masonry covered in with a roof of wood half a foot thick, supported on immense wooden pillars dovetailed into each other. Each joist of roof is so placed above the other, that rocks or avalanches are carried down to the bottom of the hill by slipping over, without damaging the road. Last year, a house which was built for refuge, with all its inhabitants, was carried down and buried at the bottom. These covered galleries, which are as clean as the Royal Exchange of London, are nearly I should think two miles long. At last you come to the summit, 10,000 feet above the sea, amidst eternal snows. Here is a large pillar of granite, standing as it were on the edge of Italy. This was the afternoon of the 12th of August, and

my mind could not resist thinking of my numerous Scotch friends returning from the mountains laden with grouse. They were on high ground it is true, but here I could look on their mountains as mere hillocks. We dug our names like school boys, deep in the snow, in letters some yards long and several feet deep. The view from this was strange, and far superior to any thing that can be seen near *Mont Blanc*. On looking back, you see the rugged mountains of the Tyrol; but towards Italy the scene was tamer, if such a word may here be used. The evening was heavenly, the black rugged mountain tops tinged with the sun, and the snow of a yellowish golden colour. We now began to descend into Italy, a country which had caused me such trouble and so much punishment at school and college. The very word makes one *blue*. The first house in Italy is that of *St. Maria*, full of people who were come to see the sun rise the next morning. Being tired, I wished to sleep here, but there were no beds, so I pushed down the hill, passing the fountain from which the river *Adda* takes its rise. Shortly after, you come to a very wild spot. You find yourself looking down into an immense abyss with a fine waterfall. This is the Adda, much increased in size in this short distance by numerous streamlets coursing down this romantic spot. Here in this deep wild valley is the single house of *Spondalunga*. The house not being inhabited (at which I am not astonished) we moved forward, and entering a dark

gallery built of stone and partly hewn out of the solid rock, passed through three other galleries of equally large extent. The scenery is here most romantic. Passing the baths of *Bormeo*, we arrived and slept at the miserable town of that name, having this day marched full forty miles. The mind is however so interested, that the body becomes insensible to fatigue. The situation of this place is beautiful, in a rich valley through which the Adda flows. It is sometimes called the small paradise, the larger one being Italy. At all events, I think it the finest vale between Tyrol and Switzerland.

From *Bormeo* to lake *Como* it is like an amphitheatre, widening and narrowing. On one spot, you see gigantic mountains and gentle hills coming to the river, forming now pretty valleys and then large plains, and every point seems covered with churches, villages, huts, and palaces; there are too in every direction rich vineyards and thick chesnut groves. Every corner of rock is filled with vines, walnut, fig, and mulberry trees. The appearance of the white shining river among all this, is very beautiful. The plains are covered with wheat, barley, rice, corn, &c. and most excellent cheese is here made.

We next arrived at *Tirano*. The river, about two miles above this, had been once stopped up by the falling down of a hill into the valley. Having been dammed up for eleven days, it burst its way and overflowed the town. Our walk from here to

Londrio was over a burning gravelly sandy road, and so it continued to Colice; indeed, I may say till we got a view of the lake of *Como*. I saw that foot travelling in Italy would not do; the heat was too great, our countrymen too luxurious, and, moreover, the Italians do not like such independence. I crossed over to *Domassa* in the ferry boat, and here saw the steamboat coming up the lake, producing a fine effect. We returned by this steamer. My eye had been accustomed to the woollen clothing of the Germans and Tyrolese, and the appearance of the men with their short cotton jackets seemed like a whole host of dandy waiters. The town and country were alive, and the numerous boats sailing about on the lake, with their bands of music, and the sound reverberating through the hills, made it quite delightful. The quay was crowded with young priests and young ladies, and the square near this, full of *diligences* and carriages to take passengers to Milan. We took a carriage and started before the *diligence;* but as soon as it got a little dark, the coachman halted for fear of robbers, until the *diligences* which were protected by cavalry, arrived. A line of six approached, and we joined rapidly in the cavalcade. So anxious was our coachman for protection, and he kept so close, that on the *diligence* in front suddenly stopping he ran his pole against it and threw down one of his own horses. Here we were left in the lurch as well as in the dark, six miles from Milan. There

were six in this carriage, and there was either great danger or we were great cowards, as all left the carriage in the road, seeking refuge at full speed in a *cabaret*, which we had left about a quarter of a mile in our rear. They told us that 300 Milanese robbers had been lately sent off to Hungary. I thought this a reason why the road should have been safer. If a robber be caught in this liberal country, he is sentenced to three months imprisonment; if a person speaks in a liberal manner in public, he gets five years solitary confinement.

Starting next morning from the *cabaret* at daybreak, we found a line of sentries with piquets from this to Milan. Being stopt at the gate to show our passports, I saw an immense number of calves undergoing inspection, to see if they were in good health; if found so, a stamp is imprinted with a burning iron on each hip, making the poor animals low terribly.

It was yet early when we entered Milan. It is a great and splendid city, containing nearly 200,000 inhabitants. The antique towers erected by Francis Sforza to overawe the people, still present their ruins to the eye of the traveller. The triumphal arch, which meets the view at the termination of the Simplon road, has been so often described, that I need do no more than attest for the hundredth time its magnitude and beauty. Not far from the arch is the arena or circus, planned for the cele-

bration of national festivities. From thirty to forty thousand spectators can be with ease comprised within its area. The glory, however, of Milan is the cathedral. It is in the very centre of the city, and occupies a part of the great square. It is of gothic architecture, and built of pure white marble. From the preciousness of the materials, one might suppose that the church was of small extent, yet in height and breadth it surpasses St. Paul's. In the richness of its fret-work, carving, and statues, it exceeds all the churches in the world. In the inside, there is a subterranean chapel, in which the body of St. Charles Borromeo is deposited. The chapel in which the Saint lies glitters with gold and silver, and the Saint himself is arrayed in showy robes, which ill contrast with his toothless jaws and eyes with "no speculation in them." You pay for seeing this disgusting and unhealthy spectacle, and return into the open air with a painful and humiliated feeling. I never knew the sight of a dry withered corpse to have improved the nature or temper of the living; on the contrary, it gives one a sensation of loathing respecting our earthly nature. The mint here is well worthy of a visit. The machinery is worked by water, and the impression on the coin is exquisite.

The Corsos or great avenues of Milan are particularly striking. Beyond the Corso of the Eastern Gate are the Public Gardens. They are well laid out, being cut into irregular alleys diversified with

trees and grass-plats. While I was at Milan, the approach of the cholera was apprehended, and prayers and processions took place by way of antidote. This threw a general gloom over the city and its society, and it was especially apparent at "*La Scala,*" where the nobility in general receive strangers in the evening in their boxes. Previously to leaving Milan, it was necessary to have a bill of health for myself and wardrobe. As the latter consisted but of things which I could stow into my knapsack, there was not much difficulty.

I left Milan in a *diligence*, guarded by *gens d'armes* for *Sesto Calende.* Either side of the road presents the appearance of a garden, but the scenery in general is much too tame and flat to please. Crossing the Lake of Como, I landed at *Baveno*, where the Custom House officers were very troublesome. The object of these *douaniers* was, that I should pay them something for not examining me; but as I had only my knapsack I resolved to disappoint their rapacity, telling them they might examine, for I would not pay. I slept this night at *Duomo d'Ossola,* but this place and the islands have been so often described during the last fifteen years, in books of travels and journals, that I will spare my readers the pain and myself the trouble of a lengthened description. Nothing is after all more dull and unentertaining, than descriptions of

mere scenery, and I fear I have given too much of it already.

I slept at Simplon the next night, and started at daybreak, reaching *Brigg* by twelve o'clock. I took the short cut by the old road, which is dangerous and should not be attempted. We here crossed the Rhone and marched over an ugly country. Passing the Vætsch Glacier we came to *Niederwald*, and sleeping that night at *Munster*, (it being a very long march from the Simplon) the next morning following the Rhone, and winding through woods and bad roads, we came in sight of the Rhone Glacier, at the extremity of which is a very bad inn. It is wrong to say the Rhone takes its rise from the Glacier. About a quarter of a mile from the inn, is a small but very deep clear pool about ten yards square, this is the head of the Rhone. Here I clambered up the hill, and passing the dead sea found myself on the bare *Grimsel* with the *Spital* at the base. On descending, I came to an inn with numerous beds. Passing the *Finsterarchen* Glacier and crossing the *Aar*, I entered a wild rocky glen and arrived at Handeck. Five minutes from this, you see the waterfall, and arrive in time to sleep at *Gutamen*. Now following the Aar, which about this time overflowed its banks, I traversed a plain, and at length arrived at the top of a hill where there is a fine view of *Meyringen*, the *Valley* and Waterfall of *Regensbach*. Here we

passed a party of English on pleasure; one lady on horseback, and another carried by six men, and in a short time, reached the beautiful inn at *Rosenlaui*, situated close to the Glacier of that name. From this, I proceeded to the valley of *Grindenwald*. In the inn where we slept, looking out at daybreak the Glacier had a fine effect. From this, there is a steep ascent of about three hours. We were very lucky in seeing some splendid avalanches from the *Jungfrau*, much finer than those at Mont Blanc. During this day, we met about thirty travellers on foot and on donkeys, and of this number at least one half were ladies. I now got a view of *Staubach* waterfall, of which too much is said, and reached *Lauterbrun*.

Here I was much amused by seeing the manner the peasantry cut the grass on the steep hills. To prevent tumbling down they fix iron pins in the ground, on which they rest their feet. In this valley there had been great devastation lately, caused by the falling of part of the Glacier, which carried houses and animals all before it. In two hours, you come to the sweet valley of *Interlachen*. From this, I made an excursion to *Brientz*, where I encountered many English fashionables with large bustles and short petticoats. Returning, I reached *Unterseen*, and was pointed out, the far-famed Elizabeth, called the Belle Bateliere, by no means so good-looking, though in the style of the Newhaven fishwomen. In embarking on the lake

of Thun, the reverse aspect of the *Jungfrau* is very beautiful. We wished to descend to Berne by the river, but were told it was dangerous. The boatmen asked thirty-six francs for a two hours' sail; but we tempted a boy with five francs, and myself and friend got on board his little oat. It certainly was dangerous; but, as we knew we could swim ashore, all our risk was confined to our knapsacks. We, however, got to Berne in two hours, the greatest difficulty being to stop the boat, the river was so rapid.

Here my friend left me, intending to go by Vienna to Constantinople. While at Berne, reports were spread that it was most dangerous to go to Basle, as the town was attacked by peasants. No diligences had arrived for several days; but, as I have remarked that danger almost always flies and is always exaggerated, I did not let this interfere with my plans, keeping however to the high road. On arriving at *Liesthal*, I found the whole country in a hubbub, the military from *Basle* having attacked the peasantry. Five houses were burned; there were also numerous marks of round shot and musketry. I got into conversation with some of the peasantry. These fine fellows had beaten the regulars, causing a loss of thirty killed and many wounded. They would have entered Basle, had not the regulars been assisted by the Schwarzbuben (Black Villains) a class of peasantry who derive much benefit from Basle.

After remaining at Basle long enough to become tired of the disputes between *Basle Ville* and *Basle Campagne;* I turned my steps homeward, and arrived in England in September 1831.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Author's *séjour* at Richmond—Richmond Park—Society at Richmond—Letter of Sir John Doyle, G.C.B., inquiry about John Shipp—Author's first Visit to Sir John Doyle—His nephew, Sir John Milley, like a Spanish Priest—Nephew's calculations about Great Coats, and as to a Grant of Land—Author appointed Sir John Milley's Adjutant—Named by Sir John Milley, Lieut.-Col. Commandant of a Battalion, with a Gratuity of 12,000 Acres of Land—The Regency not at Home, or rather not at the House where Sir Milley knocked—First view of Mendizabal—Author's impressions of Sir John Doyle, G.C.B. and Sir John Milley, widely different—Captain (now Colonel) Hodges—Recruiting in George-yard, St. Giles's—Recruits mistaken for Burkers—Manner and Mode of Recruiting—Regulations for Settlers in the Brazils and elsewhere—Dialogues between Author and supposed Settlers—Ingenious Manner of gaining Two Shillings a Day—Mode of stopping this—Alarm of Police—Sir F. Adam—Conductors to the Place of Embarkation—Imposition practised upon an unfortunate Apothecary at the Sign of the Yellow Serpent, in Oxford-street—Welsh Tavern, Dartford—Author embarks in the ship Edward—Scenes on board—Pickpockets—Rows—Warned to be under weigh—Arrive off Flushing—Visit of a Dutch Naval Officer—Complaint of a Pole—Christmas-Day on-board—Calais—Belle Isle—Disputes about Rank—The Admiral's Harangue to the Men—Answer of an old Soldier—Fine Conduct of the Men in leaving 300*l.* out of their Pay, for their Wives and Fa-

milies in England—A Tailor returns to England, who really thought the Expedition was for the Brazils—Nantes —Padre Marcus—Capt. Crosbie—Don Pedro's Arrival at Nantes—Arrival in Belle Isle Roads.

On my return to England, I remained for some time quiet. My principal *séjour* was made at Richmond, a retreat which I always liked. The air is pure and serene; and the natural scenery presents a combination of wood, water, and shade. Some of the windings of the river present scenes of calm rich beauty, which *Claude Lorraine* would love to paint. My walks were generally taken in the Park, a feature of Richmond to whose beauties I was not insensible. My evenings passed cheerfully and pleasantly on; for there is at Richmond a varied society, composed of the military, naval, and commercial classes, in which one may always find amusement, and generally instruction. I was not, however, a stranger to London; nor were my visits, like those of angels, "few and far between." One day, I called on a friend of mine in the city; while I was with him, he received a letter from the late General Sir John Doyle, in which a very great anxiety was expressed to know what had become of the celebrated John Shipp, as he had something in view for a person of his enterprising disposition. I asked if this was the Shipp whose Memoirs had been published in 1828 or 1829, and whose life and adventures resembled more a romance than a

real history. It turned out that this was the Shipp concerning whose present abode and pursuits, Sir John wished to have information. My friend, in putting the General's letter into my hand, said, "I know that Shipp is at present quietly settled, and not inclined for any more roving."

"Well then," said I, "if that be the case, you may in your answer to Sir John, say you know a gentleman fully as adventurous as John Shipp, and the more 'lark' the better. In a word, state that he will cheerfully do that which was intended for Shipp."

I returned to Richmond, not thinking much about the matter, and received a few days afterwards, a letter from my City friend, saying Sir John Doyle wished to see me. I accordingly called at his house, in Somerset Street, Portman Square. I was shown into the drawing-room, where I found a venerable placid-looking gentlemanly person, with a dignified yet complacent air, who received me most cordially: this was General Sir John Doyle, G.C.B. Sitting near to him was a dark pursy looking man, very like a priest.

After the usual complimentary phrases, Sir John, addressing me, said, "Do you speak French?"

"Yes."

"German?"

"Yes."

"Portuguese?"

"No; but a little Spanish, a sort of '*Lingua Franca*.'"

On this, the general turned round to the foreign-looking bronzed-visaged man, saying, "Milley, this is your man!" Hereupon, I revolved in my own mind what all these mysterious questions could be about; but my reveries were soon interrupted by further questioning on the part of Sir John, pretty much to the following purport.

"You have been in the army, eh?"

"I have."

"In what regiment?"

"In the 52nd."

"Then you can drill a bit?"

"I think I can."

Hereupon, the old General turned round again to the Spanish priestified-looking character, and said, "Milley, this is your man." Then addressing me, said, "Allow me to introduce you to my nephew, Sir John Milley Doyle, who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of an Expedition to upset that vile vagabond Don Miguel in Portugal," and now I found for the first time, my "lark" was to be in Portugal. Sir John Milley then, in such glowing language, depicted the tyranny of Don Miguel, and his own dreadful sufferings while in a dungeon there, that before leaving the room it was impossible there could have been a more enthusiastic hater of tyranny, or a man more devoted to the cause of the suffering people of Portugal, than

myself. Sir John Milley and I then left the room to arrange preliminaries. I was anxious of course to know the strength of the force, and when there was a chance of sailing; but I found that as yet the only force gathered was a young man, a Mr. Walsh, whom Sir John Milley had appointed his aid-de-camp and private secretary. I thought this queer; but, as the whole adventure was somewhat odd, I was not very much astonished; yet I fancy I must have put some very home questions to Sir Milley, as he intimated his fears that his Carlow constituents would not permit him to leave the country, but that he would send Sir J. Scott Lillie as his "locum tenens" till the session was over, and then would come out with a reinforcement of 2,000 men.

For a few days, there were meetings and attempts to get some non-commissioned officers. I recollected an old sergeant of the 52nd, a book-keeper at one of the coach-offices, and away I went to him for assistance. He told me that he knew some weeks before this, of a number of men who used to assemble in a tavern in Windmill Street, Haymarket, but the police had got among them and dispersed them; although they were engaged as labourers for the Brazils, it was well known that it must be for fighting, as there were among them none but old soldiers. This hint caused me to refer to the Foreign Enlistment Bill, and seeing there all the penalties attached to such

proceedings, I resolved to be very cautious. After having found out the lowest price at which 3,000 men could be supplied with arms, accoutrements, and clothing, we found even this required so large a sum, that Sir John thought it was requisite to strike off great coats, as an unnecessary incumbrance. The point, however, was how to get the clothing and men to the Azores. Sir John was acquainted with a Captain Thornton, of the Jack O'Lantern schooner, and a certain Johnston, a famous smuggler, and they were employed to find out the lowest rate of freight to Terceira. The sum asked was in Sir John's opinion immense; and it was *wisely* resolved that, as the voyage would be short from Ireland, the Carlow boys (good-natured fellows) must be contented with their potatoes, and smooth and honeyed words. But how were the Carlow boys to be paid, supposing them not contented with potatoes and fair speeches. This Sir Milley quickly settled, as he would not move one step until pay was lodged in the Bank of England by the Portuguese Regency. I thought him a wonderfully wise man for this determination, and wrote to a friend in Scotland of the good prospects for the Irish, intimating at the same time that he had better make me an offer of about 1,000 Highlanders from Mull, &c. But this friend was somewhat too Scotch; for besides requiring security for the due fulfilment of the contract, he had the audacity to wish to know what were to be the rewards

after service, and whether the men were to have a free passage home? All this was easily granted, as the late King of Portugal had granted to Sir Milley a large tract of ground on the banks of the Tagus, where the Highlanders' knowledge of fishing would soon make them independent.

I was now Sir John's Adjutant, and a sort of factotum, and my superior qualities being discovered, Sir Milley, in the plenitude of his power, appointed me Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of a battalion, with a gratuity of 12,000 acres of land on the banks of the Tagus at the end of the war.

Having attained this rank, I thought it necessary to be introduced by Sir Milley to the Regency, of which the Marquess of Palmella was the then President. I went with Sir Milley; he knocked at the door, but the Marquess *was not there*. Whether he ever had been there, or whether it was in fact his house, I really am not able to say.

About this time, I heard there was another party in the field, under Sartorius, but I was quite convinced they were impostors, although I confess I began to think it strange that the Regency allowed Sir Milley to have his own way. As yet I had no suspicion of the real truth. One day, while Sir Milley, his secretary, and myself, were in deep calculation as to the expense of clothing our Liberators, a tall spare thin gentleman, with a very expressive countenance, was shown in. I did not

hear his name, but when Sir Milley introduced Lieutenant-Colonel Shaw and Captain Walsh to him, I thought I discovered a sardonic grin on the man's face. I therefore watched him most narrowly. Sir Milley addressed the stranger at great length, who said nothing, but listened. At the conclusion of his harangue, Sir Milley seemed inclined to hand over to the visitor the paper on which were all our calculations, but I hereupon interfered, and began reading the different prices. He was sharp enough to see that there were no great coats in the list, and then he began proving that soldiers could not do without great coats; in short, he sifted Sir Milley's brains and then retired. As soon as he left the room, I said, "Mark me, that's a knowing fellow, we must come to simple Yes or No with him." I asked his name, and then found it was Mr. Mendizabal, a name since so well known in Spain and Portugal.

Mendizabal managed, at this juncture, the pecuniary funds of the Portuguese Regency. This was about the end of October 1831. I then advised Sir Milley to make a distinct offer, requiring a direct answer in three days, and if no answer were received to give up the concern, and not allow himself to be further deceived. The letter was sent, and no answer being given, my Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and the 12,000 Portuguese acres, "evaporated into thin air," and I returned to

Richmond, offering myself as a simple volunteer to any expedition going out against Miguel.

I was now fully convinced, that the Regency was behaving shamefully to Sir Milley, and I knew that General Sir John Doyle was of the same opinion; but what was my astonishment to find, on subsequent inquiry, that all this expedition was a chimera, worked into Sir Milley's brains by the powerful means of his own imagination. I parted with him on the best terms, thinking him a kind-hearted though imprudent person; but the feelings which the conduct of that gallant and romantic soldier, General Sir John Doyle, impressed me with, were those of respect and admiration.

Portugal was now too deeply rooted in my mind to be hastily forgotten. On the 12th of November following, dining with my friend Lord * * * * * * * * *, I met there a Captain Hodges, when I stated how ill the Portuguese Regency had behaved to Sir Milley, expressing at the same time my opinion with regard to Sartorius. Hodges, in a very gentlemanlike manner, gave the conversation a turn; and finding that I was most anxious to go to Portugal, informed me that he was to command the Marines of the fleet, then actually fitting out by Sartorius, and that he had superintended the recruiting of the old soldiers in Windmill Street, until the whole affair was for a time blown up, by information being given to Government.

I went to town a short time after this, to have an interview with Captain Hodges. I was determined in my own mind to go, but felt rather squeamish as to being a Marine. I soon found that Hodges had quite as much love for salt water as myself. I therefore entered into terms with him, wishing to go as a volunteer, but finished by being appointed Captain of a Light Company of Marines. Hodges began to tell me the terms of service, but I only asked him if he was on half pay? He said he was—"Then," said I, "I am content; we are both in the same boat."

The commission and regency approving of my offer to serve, I went to town and wrote to John Shipp, and some officers whom I thought were well adapted for such an enterprise, but none would adopt my advice.

While these things were going on, on *terra firma*, the ships of Sartorius were seized at Deal, as being fitted out contrary to the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act. In London, we were constrained to be excessively cautious in our words and actions, because, wonderful to say, the cruel and bigoted Miguel had many staunch supporters in both Houses of Parliament! However, about the beginning of December, affairs began to take a brighter turn, and on Monday the 5th of December I commenced recruiting for the Liberating Army of Portugal. I called on Captain Hodges, where, for the first time I was introduced to

my brother Liberators. I was most agreeably surprised to find them gentlemanly young men. As they had had a few more days at recruiting than myself, I volunteered to go with one of them, to see how matters were conducted. I was most anxious to have gone with the most active, (Mr. Staunton, called Cook,) but he was forced on this occasion to conceal himself, having been entrapped into signing some paper which made him liable to the penalties of the Foreign Enlistment Act. I however went to Holles Street to look on, and a curious scene it was. Next morning, I was obliged to find out a new recruiting station for myself and two subalterns, but that was a difficult matter; as the first great requisite in my opinion was a back entrance to escape from if pounced upon by the police. I looked on the Seven Dials as a very fitting place; but at this time, all London was full of Burking stories, which added much to our difficulties. I confess the sneaking way we were obliged to hire the rooms looked suspicious, and when our scouts (not particularly well dressed) made their appearance with some gallant liberator, to get his name enrolled and receive his sixpence, the neighbours began to think there was something wrong, so we were obliged to decamp, with the complimentary title, "Off! you Burkers you!"

After many changes of habitation, on the 6th of December, I got settled in George Yard, St. Giles's, at the east end of Oxford Street, and the back of

Soho Square, with numerous ingresses and egresses. Having got a table placed, and pen, ink, and paper, with umbrella and hat, all ready for a start, with the door of the back room open, through which it was easy to descend by the window, and with a staunch old Marine as a look-out sentry at the door, in order to shut it at the approach of the police, I stuck up over my head the following placard:

Wanted,
by a Trading and Colonial Company,
some Active Intelligent Men
as Settlers,
for Brazil and elsewhere.

They must act in any capacity and in any place not unhealthy, according to circumstances, and the wishes of the Company. The Term of Agreement will be from one year to two, the Company having power to dispense with their services at the end of one year, and the Settlers having a right to their discharges if demanded at the end of two. The wages will be £2 sterling per month, from which a deduction will be made for food and some articles of clothing, to be provided by the Company at the easiest contract rate. Two months wages will be paid in advance, upon the embarkation of the Settlers in those vessels which are to carry them to their final destination, but they will have no claim on the Company for any thing but food while on board the intermediate passage boats. They must have three shirts, three pairs of stockings, one pair of trowsers, one pair of shoes, combs, brushes, and such things as are indispensable to cleanliness, or the Company will provide them with those articles, deducting the cost from their two months advance. A free passage will be provided for the Settlers on their return to England, and a bonus of six months pay over and

above the actual tenure of service, will be given to those Settlers whose conduct shall meet with the perfect approbation of their Inspectors and Governors.

Some Non-commissioned Officers of the Army, or Marines, or Soldiers, with good discharges, who have been accustomed to change of climate, will be appointed as Inspectors or Overseers, especially if versed in any useful Trade.

Apply to the Company's Agent at

Taylor, Printer, Rye.

Having a large sheet of paper, ruled and headed

"*Description of Settlers, under charge of Mr. Charles, George Yard.*"

No.	Names.	Age.	Regiment.	Length of Service.	Trade.	Country.	Remarks.

A few came into the room. The first was an Irishman, when the following colloquy took place.

"Your trade?"

"Any trade to please your honour."

"No, no; say?"

"O! I am a labourer."

"Your County?"

"Tipperary."

"Can you cut turf?"

"O! I was brot up to digging."

"I can only take people of good character. If you bring a written character from your last employer I may employ you, at least I shall give in your name to the managers; but here is a sixpence to take a glass, and let me see you to-morrow."

Off the first hero goes with his sixpence: another soon comes in, and stands at "Attention" before all the others, to show he has been a soldier; all knowing quite well it was intended to go to Portugal. The following dialogue thereupon ensues.

"What age are you?"

"Thirty-five."

"Are you healthy?"

"Can show my discharge from the Rifle Brigade."

"So you have been a soldier?"

"Yes, your honour; and anxious to be at it again."

"As you are a soldier I am sorry for it, but you won't do for me. You seem a fine fellow, but you may go." As he is going out, I call out: "Are you not of some trade?"

"Yes, your honour, I can cobble a bit."

"Well, I shall see what can be done for you. As you have been in the army for twelve years the chances are that you have been the last seven years well behaved; so we can make an exception to

you. Here is a sixpence, and you may see if there is any answer to-morrow."

Then comes in a dour-looking Scotchman. "What 's your trade?"

"G—d, Sir, it 's my opinion that treading is a humbug, so 'ail speak richt out:—I ken your gaan to Portingale. Am ower knowing for ye, am a canny chap. A 'll gang as a sodger; and that 's the plane matter of fac."

"You will please to walk yourself out of this instantly. I can have nothing to do with such foolish young men. Go away."

No sooner is that said than about half a dozen Scotch voices exclaim: "We 'll inform the police; it 's a shame to let dacent folk be so kidnapped;" but a question, put in a kind voice to the numerous Irish, all anxious to get into the room to have their sixpences, soon drove the prudent Scotch away, and we heard no more of them.

It was wonderful what a crop appeared the next morning, from the distribution of about fifty sixpences; but my memory convinced me that some of those to whom I had given sixpences had been seen by me at Holles Street, and I plainly perceived many made visits to the four recruiting stations, thus making two shillings per day. Each recruiting officer gave a bit of paper to his recruit to carry to the surgeon to be inspected by him, and on bringing this back he got his sixpence. I went to visit the surgeon. His inspecting quarter

was in a mews not far from Hyde Park. Round his door were about one hundred extraordinary looking fellow, strying who could first get in to be inspected, those close to the door half stripped, and those coming out half naked, not having time to dress themselves.

Looking on, I innocently asked the bystanders if dog and cock fights took place there regularly. The answer always was, "We have had no peace for the last two days, perpetual fighting." Having now got a view of a good many faces, I resolved to be even with the fellows. The next day, I provided myself with a pack of cards, coloured and marked peculiarly on the back. I cut the cards into bits, arranging them all according to the different trades of the Settlers; the spades signifying agriculturists, the clubs woodmen, and the diamonds and hearts, the miners. Each man on going away, carried his bit of card, and got his sixpence, which he was not to receive the next day without the production of a card; on the morrow, nevertheless, the number of cards produced was tremendous, but I had my little mark on the card, and on examination I at once perceived it; yet though the fellows could not do me out of the sixpence, they positively seemed pleased at being found out.

This day, the 12th of December, we got a sad alarm while in the midst of about one hundred, a young fellow bolted in, to say that the surgeon and

major were taken up by the police, (which was the case,) and that they were on their way to George Yard, led by two Scotchmen. I instantly pretended to have very pressing business, put all the bits of card into my pocket, calling aloud to the men to meet me at the same spot to-morrow at eleven. I went into the next room, leaped the window, proceeded to our solicitor, who I found had freed the Doctor and Major. I therefore moved away to my lodgings in Frith Street, Soho, near to the recruiting district. I saw one of my friends watching me. I walked down to the Seven Dials, outmanœuvred him as I thought nicely, but just as I was entering my lodgings, he saluted me with a touch of his hat. I saw this must be a smart knowing fellow; so there was no way to bind him but to make him confidential, which I did, and he finished by being the Adjutant of the regiment.

All the Liberators dined together this day in an hotel near to Leicester Square, the name of which I do not recollect, but I was much pleased with the gentlemanlike behaviour of all. It was expected we were to sail the next day, and I went to Richmond to bid adieu, perhaps for ever. At Richmond, I met my old kind friend Sir Frederick Adam, who, thinking our cause very desperate, offered to take me with him to the Ionian Islands, but my word was already pledged to the Liberators.

Finding we could not embark that night, the agent of the transport came to my lodgings

with Colonel Hodges, saying there was no hurry, as the men could not be assembled easily. To show him the contrary, I sent out for six pounds in sixpences, and my arrangements were so made that I assembled, paid, and dismissed 105 men within the hour. He, seeing there was no excuse, determined seriously on sailing by the 14th; so I made the necessary arrangements, going early next morning, telling them to meet me at four o'clock, with their bundles and their tools, for the purpose of embarking for the Brazils. I picked out a few steady old soldiers, who received the name of "Good Men and Conductors," furnishing them with a piece of white tape on their arms as a badge. I told them they should have guides as soon as it got dark, whom they were to follow without asking any questions, keeping on the outside of the pavement, giving the Settlers the instructions that they were to keep on the pavement and never lose sight of the conductors, who would lead them to a spot, where they were to receive an excellent supper before embarkation.

Although for some days there had been a daily talk of embarkation, these preparations looked serious, and now a terrible scene commenced. The wives and female relatives assembled; a better and more modest class of recruits now made their appearance, coming quietly up and asking if the embarkation really was to take place that night. When I answered certainly, and wished their

names, and that they should have the sixpence, they neither would give their names nor take the sixpence, but said they would be on board ship; and the greater part of these poor fellows kept their word.

It was now two o'clock, and by this time, the whole of George Yard and Crown Street were full of recruits, at least from 300 to 400; but how to get rid of them was the difficulty. Luckily I recollected the managers could take none without a surgeon's certificate. This I mentioned, but with one shout they said our surgeon had seen so many he could see no more. I was forced from necessity to tell them we should perhaps not embark that night. This made them furious; so I was obliged to prove to them it was impossible to leave such fine fellows behind: and a mischievous frolic came into my head, which has afforded me many a good laugh since, but how the sufferer bore it I know not. Our Surgeon having so much to do, I told them that I had been obliged to employ a medical man at the end of Oxford Street, who had an apothecary's shop, with a large serpent with a brown head above the door, and that he would be ready to-morrow morning from eight till two o'clock to inspect them; and that they must bring written certificates from him. Such an apothecary's shop did exist, and my manœuvre to quiet them succeeded; but what must have been the poor Medico's astonishment the next morn-

ing, at such a rush of stripping and half stripped visitors. The idea caused me afterwards many bursts of laughter.

It now being three o'clock, I gave over my "Conductors" to the ship guides, going myself when it got dark towards Westminster Bridge, where a rush was taking place from the different recruiting stations towards Vauxhall Bridge. There I lost sight of them, all the officers having got directions to be at the Bricklayers' Arms at nine o'clock, where carriages would be provided in order to carry them to a place where a capital supper would be provided, whence they would be taken, and have their luggage put on board without any trouble to them.

We met at the Bricklayers' Arms, and our guide hired a stage coach, and off we drove; but where we were going I knew not, till we halted at a lonely house, I think called the Welsh Tavern, beyond Dartford. After much parley we were admitted, and had a miserable supper. Here military rank began, I as Captain getting a bed. At daybreak, each man was awakened by a sharp slap on the chest. Having got all ready, and put some things into a cart, we were instructed to follow, at a good distance from each other, in order not to create suspicion. We met some people at this early hour, who I have no doubt supposed we were medical men, returning from robbing a churchyard, having our plunder in the cart. Entering a lane, we made for the river

side, reaching which we laid down to keep out of sight of the river police; but two boats coming to the spot we jumped in, and made for the bark Edward, which lay at some little distance. It was already full of men.

It was now about seven, on the morning of the 15th of December. Such a scene of confusion I never beheld. The men were all in groups, eagerly looking for their future officers, and audibly making very free remarks. There were many faces I had never seen, but on examining them, I found there was on board a batch of my Settlers,

35 Old Soldiers,	1 Lawyer,
7 Of the Police,	1 Portrait Painter,
5 Carpenters,	1 Miller,
10 Shoemakers,	3 Clerks,
2 Engravers,	3 Tailors,
3 Servants,	4 Grooms,
8 Labourers,	22 Nondescripts.
2 Medicals,	

In all about 105, of whom twenty-seven were Irish and the rest English. There were no Scotch of the number. I do not know of what the other parties consisted, but I was the only Scotchman on board. There was one Pole enlisted by me, who said he was a Von Wallenstein.

We mustered about 300 strong, all calling out "Hunger," and wishing their two months' advance of pay to be paid down. This was a puzzler; but it

was first necessary to satisfy hunger, which was done by bringing on deck three barrels of biscuit, a few cheeses, and a cask of beer. The scene which ensued baffles all description. At 11 o'clock, we weighed anchor, when one shout, now for the first time heard, but afterwards well known, of "Money, money," was sent through the trans port. After much trouble, silence was obtained, when it was explained that this was only a passage vessel, from which we were to be transferred to another. This satisfied the majority; but about forty ran to the side, and in a moment were in the boats, which were so overloaded that they were nearly swamped in getting on shore. They seemed to be well known by those who remained, as pickpockets, who had come on board in hopes of robbing the greater number of their bounty. We were now dropping past Gravesend, when a regular row took place: some began to lose heart. and a few of the pickpockets who had not escaped, began to call for boats; but giving a hint to the old soldiers, they commenced "Rule Britannia," which drowned all other sounds. Thus a few, *nolentes volentes,* were made Liberators.

We this night brought up in the Queen's Channel, and a terrible row took place about the salt beef being too much boiled. Next day, I commenced a sort of system of messing, and while exerting myself for the men, tumbled down the hatches, and was nearly killed. The kindness

which many of the fellows showed gave me a liking to them. This night, it was whispered on board, that government had secretly given us instructions to be off, or that they must seize us, as information had been laid against us; but for the truth of this I cannot vouch, I only know we weighed anchor and brought up, opposite Margate, where another mutiny took place, in consequence of a number of fellows attempting to go on shore in the pilot boat. This was a regular knock-down scuffle, but the officers and old soldiers carried the day, or rather night; and getting tobacco and pipes from shore, and the pork for this day's dinner being very good and fat, all were willing to proceed.

This night, as it was getting dark, a man came on board to order the Captain to quit the English coast instantly, and to go to any port for which the wind was fair. In half an hour we were under weigh, and next morning the Liberators found themselves opposite Ostend, and by dusk we anchored about ten miles below Flushing. At daybreak, we went further up the river, and on passing Flushing I went on shore to buy soap and tobacco, the two absolute requisites for quiet among all classes of men; the one being a comfort to the outer, and the other to the inner man.

As we approached Flushing, we remarked the telegraphs very busy, and, as I landed, I perceived the whole town alive. I was certainly a suspicious

figure, badly dressed, rather unwashed, and one eye black from my tumble. The guard turned out; a commissary of police attached himself to me, would allow me to speak to no one, except the person from whom I bought the tobacco and soap; and made it so disagreeable, that I, fearing some mishap, got on board the boat, and followed the Edward up to Rammehen, where she anchored.

In a short time, a Dutch lieutenant of the navy came on board to see who we were, it having been reported we were a party of volunteers to join the Belgians. He was but half civil, at which I was not much surprised, as we were rather a curious crew. As he went away, I saw him conversing with some of the men, and I thought I saw him take a letter from one of them.

Next morning a regular row took place; after a severe struggle we contrived to get about twenty of the ringleaders on the poop. This had been seen, and in the course of an hour we had two gun-boats alongside, which pointed their guns our way. Without a hint from the officers, the men, mutineers and all, manned the rigging, and commenced at the full extent of their voices, "Rule Britannia," and I was so delighted with the fellows, that I joined heartily with them.

Next day, a naval officer came on board to inquire into the complaint of a Pole, who had written on shore that he had been kidnapped in England. The Pole Von Wallenstein was called, and went

into the inner cabin, where he told his story, or rather lie, in German, every word of which I understood, although they did not know that. The naval officer came out and said he must take the Pole on shore. I had heard the officer refuse money to the Pole, so I said, "Willingly, Sir; but of course you will repay me the eighteen-pence I advanced to him in London." As I expected, he refused, so the Pole remained a Liberator, and became an excellent soldier. We applied for leave to walk on shore; but, instead of this, the dykes were lined with sentries.

On Christmas morning some boats came off with fresh provisions, and clandestinely brought a quantity of spirits; and such another Christmas I hope I may never see! The Dutch gun-boats were so close to us that they were spectators of our row.

Next morning, a positive order was sent for us to put to sea; but luckily the wind was foul, the weather was dreadfully cold, and, as many of the men had no shoes, the officers subscribed a sum of money, and we sent on shore and got 150 pair of shoes. This kindness produced a good effect upon the men, but three regular boxing-matches on the poop, conducted according to all the rules of the science, produced such an effect on our Dutch neighbours, that a peremptory order came for us to be out of the river: so sail we must.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 28th we

were off Calais. The channel was full of cruisers. There was a fine breeze, with little sea, and, as bad luck would have it, this was the time arranged for three other boxing-matches. The officers did their best to prevent it, but in vain; the men only agreeing to fight on the deck, and not on the poop, where they would have been seen. The fights now began, and, in spite of us, the fellows mounted the rigging to have a good view; and how it was that some of the cruizers did not observe this, I know not.

On the morning of the 30th we found ourselves off Ushant, when the wind became foul, and blew a regular gale. During the 1st of January it blew a heavy gale, and for the first time I saw the tops of the waves lifted by the wind, and carried as if it was a snow storm.

On the 2d, the night was calm; in the morning a sudden squall came on, but we were saved being upset by one of the sails being blown away. The wind, however, continued fair, and at noon on the 3d of January we entered the Bay of Belleisle, where the fleet of Sartorius was lying, each ship as we passed giving us three cheers, which we returned. They consisted of the flag ship, the Congress, named Rainha de Portugal, the Asia, named Donna Maria, the Juno, named Amelia, the Terceira schooner, and a transport.

Here commenced disputes about rank. One officer, who had had no trouble in recruiting,

came to the fleet about a fortnight before us, and, ingratiating himself with the Admiral, was appointed by him Major, while the London Major thought himself best entitled to precedence; but I think the Admiral's Major had to give in, on Colonel Hodges's arrival, for which I suspect Hodges was never forgiven. I had my own quiet laughs at these rows about rank, recollecting my late Lieutenant-Colonelcy; but as I was a total stranger to every officer of the expedition, I kept my thoughts to myself. There had been many disagreeable disputes in the squadron, most of the officers taking it upon themselves to suppose they were at least as good sailors as Sartorius, who I am inclined to think was too gentle, too much inclined to be kind, for the unruly spirits by whom he was surrounded, many referring to their former dates of commission, in their wisdom supposing a bit of paper dated on such-and-such a day, could instil brains into the fortunate holders of this magic article. This has been, is, and ever must be, the cause of jealousies and quarrels, wherever a number of men are brought together under one head in any service of this sort.

I went on shore one evening to Palais, the chief town in Belleisle, and, the weather being rough, could not get on board. Here were all the *mauvais sujets* and discontented who had left the fleet, or whom the Admiral would not receive on board. Such a crew I never before encountered, and a

very little would have tempted me to give up my loved "Liberty," when I thought of "the Mountain Nymph" being supported by such a class of people. I went on board the next morning, with a resolution not to go on shore again while there.

On the 8th, the Admiral came on board the Edward, and, addressing the men, held forth on the beautiful climate we were going to, the oranges, the lemons, the figs, and so forth, never once hinting at fighting; but he was a little put to it by one old soldier stopping him, and saying, "That's all good, Admiral, about your oranges and lemons, but will you tell us without blarney, are the leaden pills as hard of digestion as they were when I was in the Peninsula?"

Then the Admiral gave them a dose of glory. The same old fellow said, "Glory 's good, but the pay, Admiral?—the two months' advance?—when is that to be down on the nail?" The Admiral's reply of "In two days," caused three cheers.

The Admiral should have halted here, but he went on speaking about discipline, and said he was much against flogging; when in chimed the same old fellow, "Aye, that's as it should be! I am the one who 's again corporal's punishment. Who else speaks."

There was nearly a row: but, strange enough, this very fellow was afterwards twice flogged for being drunk on duty, he himself allowing that for such a military crime he deserved it.

Out of eleven men who followed me in a charge on the following 29th of September at Oporto, he and I were the only two who were not killed. On this occasion he was shot through both thighs. His name was Boston, and he was well known to many officers, both on shore and on board.

What do floggers and anti-floggers say to this? I suspect the anti-floggers will often find that the men who have been flogged, and who cannot again hold up their heads, are men who never did so; but have been punished for some sneaking crime, such as stealing, &c.

On the 11th, the Admiral again came on board, to see the sum of four pounds ten shillings paid to each man, and he here showed the amiability of his disposition. The style of the fellows who embarked in this expedition, was on this occasion strikingly exemplified. Their outward appearance certainly was not prepossessing, but how superior were their minds and feelings to those of men better dressed! As each man entered, the Admiral asked him if he had a wife, mother, or sister; and advised him to leave a little of his advance, and he would see it paid in England.

I had charge of 140 men, and took down the sum each man wished to be given to his wife, mother, or sister. Each man received four pounds ten shillings, and the sum-total left was upwards of three hundred pounds. It is true, some of this was afterwards drawn out by the men, no quick

communication being found to England; but who will dare to say that the hearts of these men were not where they ought to be? From that day I was their sworn friend, and many a fault did I overlook on account of this. I never knew a man among them who left money in this way, who was not a brave soldier. I regret to say that the old soldiers were the most selfish: but, poor fellows! all of this party, with perhaps twelve exceptions, were killed or died of their wounds.

Before the money was paid to the men, the Admiral offered a free passage to England to any one who did not wish to serve as a soldier; but only five accepted the offer, and they were bad characters, except one poor tailor, who brought a lot of scissors, needles, and thread, really thinking he was going as a settler to the Brazils! They were forwarded to Britain by the British Consul at Nantes, each receiving from the Admiral one hundred francs to pay expenses.

Different things being required for the regiment, and a steamer going to Nantes, I went there on the 20th, and was very much amused on going to a tailor, to see a gentleman in plain clothes whom I was sure I knew. Since I had been in Nantes, politics were a good deal changed, and I found my friend did not wish to be known, and I was not a little amused with the visage he assumed, when I said, "Do you not recollect the English officer you arrested at La Trappe, because he said he

had been at Holyrood House?" This was my old enemy the officer of the *Gens-d'Armes*, now out of employment. As fortune would have it, I found my fellow-lodger at La Trappe one evening, in one of the *cafés*, but he on no account would either acknowledge me or understand English, although he spoke it well.

I suppose we were at this time suspicious characters, there being seven officers here from the fleet. Mr. Mendizabal, on passing through Nantes, gave us a splendid dinner. I was introduced to him as Captain Shaw, he at the moment saying he had the pleasure of being once before introduced to me; but both sunk the "Lieutenant-Colonel" of Sir Milley.

On the 27th, a great number of the *attachés* to Don Pedro arrived, and from Padre Marcos downwards they were a jolly set of fellows, fond of their wine, and quite delighted to find their old friend Captain Crosbie with the expedition, as they joined his name with Lord Cochrane's, both being so well known in South America and the Brazils. In two days, Don Pedro arrived and was well received, and pleased the people of Nantes much, at a ball given in the evening. I thought he pleased himself too, as he picked out the pretfiest women in the room to dance. He was dressed in the English fashion, and very quiet. He appeared over-thoughtful, and well he might, as even among his own followers disgust was shown at the decree issued,

not only preventing Saldanha and Palmella from going with the expedition, but ordering them to be shot if found in any part of the Portuguese dominions. The steamer being now kept for Don Pedro, we had to return to Belleisle in an open boat, into which I never should have entered at this season of the year; but, as sailors did not show fear, I supposed they were right. We arrived safe, however, at Belleisle in seventeen hours, crossing what were called the most dangerous parts of this dangerous coast. The Emperor arrived in Belleisle roads on the 2nd of February. I happened to be on board the Admiral's ship, which this day was not very clean, and certainly his countenance showed discontent and displeasure. Next day we all went on board in full dress, to be introduced, but he hardly looked at us. Why the Admiral should have chosen me, who knew not the difference between a cable and a hawser, I cannot divine; but I was again sent in command of a steamer to Nantes, for naval and other stores. I had to go on board the Admiral's ship for orders; but this night there must have been many masters, as I, at least, got in one half-hour twenty different orders; but to Nantes I went. The whole fleet in my absence took the oath of allegiance. This, I thought, not only unnecessary but wrong. I returned in two days, having brought with me a number of Portuguese officers, whom I

found starving in Nantes. They promised much on our arrival in Lisbon, but I suppose they forgot altogether promises made in adversity.

CHAPTER XXV.

Order from Captain Price to the Author—Colonel Hodges —Drum-head Court Martial — Scene at the Flogging of Pat Griffin—Mr. Dixon, a Miguelite spy—Captain Moleson of the Edward transport—Don Manuel da Camera, Aid-de-camp of Count Villa Flor—Arrangements for landing — Lieutenant Barreiros; now Colonel Barreiros — Scenes of Drunkenness—Proceedings of Colonel Hodges —Count Villa Flor— His Countess and Family—Miguel and his Supporters in England—Letter of Daniel Reardon to his Family in England—Description of the Azores, and of the Manners, Customs, and Superstitions of the Inhabitants—House of Mr. Reed.

I HAD arrived in the steamer on the evening of the 8th February with a quantity of naval stores, (of the different qualities of which I was of course quite ignorant,) and had gone on board the Edward transport. Next morning, although the sea was very rough, a midshipman was sent by Captain Price, the captain of the Admiral's Ship, with a most peremptory order that I should come instantly to account for all the stores. I hate small boats, and to an officer who has been accustomed to get orders as they were given in the 52nd, the style of this mandate displeased me not a little. On going on board, Captain Price came forward, in a loud harsh manner, asking several

questions. On this, I assumed a meek and mild manner, and gave him quick distinct answers, which clearly showed him that I was aware that I had been performing his duty, and this I did in such a manner that ever afterwards we were on the best of terms. This led me to study the different officers, and I was grieved to foresee disagreeable squabbles. Many Portuguese officers of the Emperor's suite were on board, and I saw that between them and the officers of the fleet, the useful "bear and forbear" was not to be brought into practice. I gladly returned to the old Edward, delighted that I did not belong to the court ship.

This day, Colonel Hodges came from the Admiral's ship in a great hurry, on account of some disturbances said to be taking place on board. There were a few of the men tipsy, and one very insolent in his language. There was at this time not an armed man on board; all wore slop-clothes, which however was voted uniform. A drum-head court martial was instantly ordered, and the offender, much to his astonishment, ordered to receive one hundred lashes. A sort of innocent cat had been rigged out, and he was tied to the capstan and his shirt taken off. His address to Hodges amused me much, "Sure, your honour, you won't touch a countryman?—at laste you did not say so in London;" then at the first lash, "Only think, I am your own townsman;"

third lash, "Bloody Nouns, O think of flogging one of your father's genteelest tinantry!" still going on, "Did Sir R. Peel think he would ever see my bare back, although he tried to put me in jail—but, for Godsake, stop, dear landlord! What will Lord Goderich say to this? he will never allow me to brush his coat." Still no effect. He then turned round to one of the men, "Now, Pat Griffin, you, the Colonel, and I, are all countrymen, use *your* own smooth tongue." This had the effect on Hodges; the man was not hurt, and the power of punishment had been thus shown which was absolutely necessary, as this morning a large reinforcement of Liberty Boys had just arrived from Rye on board the Linnet.

When we were under weigh to sail for Terceira, a positive order came from the Emperor to put on shore a person of the name of Dixon, who had joined as an officer while I was at Nantes. No one knew why the order was given, but I was delighted at it. At first, Dixon refused, informing us that he was a "British subject" *and all that*, which to us, under our present circumstances, was all blarney. He repeated, however, he would not leave unless by force. We were standing on the poop, and he wished me to be a witness that he was put on shore by force, as he said he would have an action at law against some one. This *action* decided me; I said to him, "Now, Mr. D. there is an order which must be

obeyed, and if you do not go willingly, I shall be included in *the action*, for I shall assist in forcing you." Luckily, he went, and I was afterwards informed that he was employed at this time as one of Miguel's agents.

For the first few days of our voyage, the wind was fair, but afterwards very stormy, with a tremendous swell, and, even although we were suffering, I really feared more for our frigates, which, being badly trimmed, rolled most dreadfully. The weather becoming thick, we were left to ourselves; the orders being for all to make for Terceira, and, on the morning of the 21st, land appeared, which was the bluff land close to Angra. We saw some shipping here which we thought must be our fleet, but it was not. I do not understand sailing, but I could not help feeling a little downhearted at the fact, that of the whole fleet which left Belleisle, all had lost their way, and had made St. Michael's instead of Terceira, except Captain Moleson of the Edward transport, a man, who, on many other occasions, showed an activity, knowledge, and discretion which would have fitted him for the most difficult situations. This incident made a deep impression upon me, perhaps from my being ignorant of navigation and all the difficulties attending it, or from the fact that we were thus separated from Colonel Hodges, on whose activity and extraordinary zeal I placed the greatest reliance as well as the happiest augury. As soon as we anchored, a

boat came off with the *aid-de-camp* of Count Villa Flor. This was Don Manuel da Camera, a most excellent, plain, independent soldier, who, from that day to the last that I was in Portugal, was the decided friend of all the British who deserved to be befriended. His astonishment must have been great at the first view of the Auxiliary Liberators. The vessel was crowded, the men were in rags, there was no water allowed for washing faces, and the contrast between men and officers, was rendered more striking by several of the latter (who had received their uniforms on board the Linnet), putting on their uniforms, with some very gaudy and useless appurtenances.

Arrangements were now made for landing, at the very idea of which I looked with horror, as most of the men had from two to three pounds in their pockets. On reflection, however, my wish was to allow the men to land as we really were, and in this state let them have their *spree* out (as we could not help it), and when the money was spent to clothe them in some sort of uniform, and then give them some idea of soldiering; but Major Williams, who commanded, thought differently. It was with regret I heard the orders given to break up the bales of great coats, as I knew, in the drunken scenes which were to take place, almost all would be lost; and as I had not till this moment received a farthing of money in this service, I strongly suspected that the "Funds of

Liberty" were not most abundant. Never can I forget the humbled feeling I had, on landing on the quay at Angra. I reflected on the contemptible opinion which would be entertained by the numerous Portuguese officers, who were looking on, and who had seen the British soldier in his glory. The contrast afforded by the well-dressed guard drawn up in compliment to us on landing, was somewhat humiliating to my pride. We marched through the town, telling the men to keep cheering in answer to the *vivas* of the Portuguese. Our cheers astonished the natives not a little. We arrived at a convent which had been intended for some other regiment, and it was gratifying to see how anxious Count Villa Flor was to make all comfortable. I gave him great credit for the manner in which he dissembled the disappointment he must have felt at seeing such auxiliaries.

As soon as we were in the convent, Lieutenant Barreiros, of the Portuguese engineers, was sent to say he had orders to make any changes which were thought requisite. Barreiros spoke then a little English. He is now Colonel Barreiros, one of the most brave and talented officers of the Portuguese army, and who, I feel certain, at no distant day will become a leading man in Portugal. This evening the most horrid scenes of drunkenness and riot commenced, all which annoyances the Portuguese officers, soldiers, and inhabitants

of the town, bore with the most praiseworthy patience and good nature. Only in one instance did a Portuguese soldier use force to a drunken man, and this fellow happened to be a very strong determined man, who, seizing the soldier's musket and using it as his stick, cleared the whole square, and then bursting out into a horse laugh, walked to his barracks. The Portuguese seemed as well pleased with the lark as he himself did.

On the evening of the 24th, just as we were getting a little quiet, about 100 men were landed from the Isle of Wight, who made the whole of the 25th a dreadful day. I was happy, however, at their arrival, as, having no money, they would assist in spending the superfluous cash of our fellows. This evening, one of the men was murdered, which quieted a few of those who were already nearly worn out by three days of drunkenness. On the afternoon of the 26th, the crisis had passed, and at the moment Colonel Hodges had arrived from St. Michael's. I can well enter into the disappointment he must have experienced at having heard of the conduct of the men; but when he arrived in the convent, he was nearly overwhelmed with the sights he saw. Only two officers remained with the men; the others, tired of the former scenes, were quietly reposing at their quarters.

About twelve of the most riotous men were bound hand and foot, and the others were in a

state of stupidity and intoxication. His measures were very active and, I must say, efficacious. He sent instantly for the officers, told them his mind plainly, but I thought at the time harshly; ordered the battalion to fall in, and got the corpse of the murdered man, which was dreadfully cut about the face, brought to the barracks. He then addressed the men in a spirited manner, marched them past the corpse, and finally read the Articles of War, putting a strong emphasis on "Death, or such other punishment as a court-martial may award." His next proceeding was to order a drum-head court-martial on the ringleader, who happened to be disliked by the men, and without delay had him punished with 200 lashes.

Hodges's decision on this occasion was of the greatest service, as it manifested to both officers and men that he was a decided character, and without decision an officer is worse than useless. I think that Hodges took up a wrong idea at this time, of the benefit to be derived from being harsh in military orders, because it was not the flogging which made the men behave well. It was the actual fact, that their money was spent, and that they had had their "spree" out; and I felt convinced they would henceforth be on their good behaviour. The occasion, however, was a lucky one to break in men's minds for bearing, I fear the sometimes necessary, but always degrading and painful punishment of flogging.

My opinion, however, is that, if our commander had not shown this decision, we never should have arrived at the splendid state of discipline which we afterwards attained. The men being now tolerably quiet, I had time to look round me, and view the situation in which we were now placed. My mind had been long indulging in dreams of freedom, although I confess I had never brought myself to think very seriously of the practical results of the want of liberty.

The scenes, now presented before my eyes, produced a deep and inextinguishable hatred of tyranny, and almost a want of faith in that Providence which could permit so much misery to be inflicted on countless thousands, by the act, or for the benefit, of any one human being. Here was Angra, the town in which we were, crowded with families driven from their homes, in absolute destitution; here you saw men of large fortune, accustomed to every luxury, and of high consideration in Portugal, receiving hardly the common necessaries of life; and, instead of being gorgeously dressed, accoutred in the uniforms of private soldiers. All this, and much more, was endured, not only with resignation, but with a cheerfulness, that forced you to respect the sufferers, and instilled into you a noble desire to aid them in rescuing themselves and their country from such unmerited oppression. The family of Villa Flor was, and still is, a picture of domestic

happiness, and I am satisfied, that even the most cold-blooded metaphysician would have become the active and devoted enemy of tyranny, if he had been a witness of the amiable conduct of the Countess, and the cheerfulness with which she, who had been accustomed to the greatest luxuries, not only endured privations, but absolutely by her manner made the most low-spirited forget their miseries. I know the world gives great credit to the Count Villa Flor, (Duke of Terceira,) for the noble actions he performed on behalf of his native country. I most willingly grant him every credit; but from all that I have seen and even carefully examined, I am led to the conclusion, that his duchess was not only his support in necessity, but the person to advise him to attempt deeds he never thought of; and all who were at Terceira, must allow, that she was not only the bond of union, but that she was the most active to prevent disunion, which among such an extraordinary collection of discordant natures, was a matter of no little difficulty. Every night the Count had *soirées*, which were attended by all those who chose to come; in short, at this time, as all were in want, and no near prospect of one being in a better situation than another, none of those heart-burnings and jealousies which spring up in the moments of success and sunshine, were apparent, and one was inclined to look upon the *emigrés* at Angra as a band of loving brothers, of

whom the Count was the head. I may be wrong, but such was the view I took of affairs at Angra, and such an effect had this on me, that I feel convinced there was not a Portuguese in the Azores, that was more determined to risk his life than myself to upset the tyrant Miguel.

I knew that Miguel had many supporters in England: a part of those supporters I pitied, because they were ignorant of the miseries he had caused; but the others I despised, because they must have known of what he had been guilty, and I could not resist having a feeling of contempt for men who would lend themselves, for party-purposes, either directly or indirectly, to support a man who had been, and who was, inflicting so many unheard-of cruelties on so many of their fellow-creatures. Still, with all these feelings, I could not conceal from myself that the means by which Providence, in its wisdom, was to work the downfall of this tyrant, were not only inscrutable, but even, in some measure, contradictory. With this full conviction, I worked up my mind to believe, that those men who had engaged with us in England, (though outwardly the scum of society,) yet must have some hidden qualities which only required an opportunity to show themselves, and I gladly recur to the fact of the number who had so anxiously desired that their bounties might be sent home to their mothers, sisters, and families. By mere chance, the

letter of one of them is in my possession, sent by the mother, as a proof that she was his mother. It is dated Belleisle, January 18th, 1832, and I think it right to annex it.

"Bay of Belleisle, France, Jan. 18, 1832.

"Honoured Father and fond Mother,

"I write you these few lines, hoping to find you in good health, as this leaves me at present, thank God for it.

"I hope you will not blame me for not writing to you before, for I believe this is the first opportunity I had of so doing. The gentleman that I engaged with did not come from England with us, but stopped for more men, and is daily expected; then I am to join him. We did not receive our money as we expected,—for, instead of receiving it when we embarked, we did not receive it until we arrived here, which was the principal reason of my not writing to you before. I have left fifty francs, (which is about two pounds,) in the hands of the gentlemen, to be sent to you; but you cannot get it until I send you another letter, with the direction where to get it, which I have not yet received, but you may expect it hourly. We have had rather unfavourable winds; for, instead of three or four days, we were three weeks coming here. We expect to sail again shortly to Terceira, where they all will go ashore, to learn their military discipline.

"Give my love to Mary and Ellen, and their

husbands, and to my sister Bridget, to my uncles Robert, Tim, Dan, and Bill, and to my aunt Betty; tell them all that I am as well as they could wish me. Give my respects to Tom Grimes, and tell him that he could not do a better thing than engage in this service. He must not mind what wages they promise him in London, for every one gets two pounds five shillings a month, and their rations free. All the men from England are to be marines. I have got the same wages as the others, but cannot spare any more, on account of my having to buy linen and other articles; or I should certainly send more, which is the least I could do to recompence those that suffered many a long and weary night, through my misconduct; and I hope the time is not very far at hand, when you will receive better recompence from one (though far away) that never will forget you. Pardon me, dear mother, for not bidding you good-bye, for I believe I could meet death, rather than bid you good-bye; who knows but that it is for ever. No more at present, from

"Your down-hearted Son,

"DANIEL REARDON."

The writer of this letter became my servant, was much liked by the regiment, and was killed in action on the 29th of September, 1832.

Some description of the Azores may be here necessary, and I cannot do better than adopt the

short and correct description of my friend Colonel Hodges.

"The Azores, belonging to Europe, are situated about midway between that continent and America. They are nine in number, and are divided into three groups; the first group consists of the islands of St. Mary and St. Michael; the second of those of Terceira, Graciosa, Pico and Fayal; and the third those of Corvo. To these should be added the groupe of the Formigas, containing seven or eight high rocks, which extend upwards of two leagues N. E. and S. W., and are at the distance of five leagues to the N. E. of St. Mary's, and eight leagues S. E. of St. Michael's. Viewed from certain points, the Formigas resemble a town; the rocks composing them, being of different elevations, exhibit from the sea the aspect of houses. They are terrific to behold, for the waves which dash against them with a loud report generally rise to the height of the mast head; they may nevertheless be approached without danger, as no soundings can be found. To Don Henriquez, third son of king John the first, Portugal is said to be indebted for the discovery of the islands of Porto Santo, Madeira, Cape de Verd, and those western islands which were named Azores by those who first peopled them, mistaking for the birds of that name the kites they so numerously met with on landing. It was in 1432 that the Azores are said to have been first discovered by that enterprising

commander De Almoural Frier Gençalo Vello Cabral, already known for his many feats of arms in the fortresses of Africa.

The islands of St. Mary and St. Michael were the first that received inhabitants, and were peopled in 1444; that of Terceira in 1450. It is, however, equally asserted, that in the fifteenth century Joshua Vanderberg, of Bruges in Flanders, was, in a voyage to Lisbon, driven by stress of weather to these islands, and that his boasting of their discovery on his arrival at Lisbon, induced the Portuguese, in that spirit of enterprise which marked their adventures at that time, to follow up the opening thus made. De Almoural, consequently, as it is further asserted, at his own expense equipped an expedition, sailed, and took possession of them. On their first discovery there is little doubt of their having been uninhabited, and destitute of every description of extra-human tenants, except hawks, falcons, and some species of migrating birds. To that great luminary of Portuguese politics, the Marquis of Pombal, the Azores were mainly indebted for the state of prosperity they acquired; but, like all other portions of the dominions of Portugal, they have experienced many a blight of adverse fortune. Numerous nests of ecclesiastical hornets infested these little islands, and, with the most arbitrary and unrestrained tyranny, trampled upon the industrious people, and by degrees reduced them to a state of

unbridled superstition, ferocious bigotry, and licentiousness of the most degrading nature.

The first view of the island of Terceira is rather beautiful than sublime. Stupendous mountains arrest the attention in viewing the island from the sea, and the beach presents enormous pieces of rock. Trees are here and there visible, disclosing neat and clean white cottages up to the very summits of the mountains. On a near approach to the island, a more luxuriant vegetation meets the eye. The pasture land is well stocked with a fine breed of cattle, and vineyards and orange groves give a new charm and variety to the scene. Terceira is forty leagues distant from St. Michael's. It is in circumference about seven leagues, and in width about three. The projecting Monte Brazil, which adjoins the city of Angra, the capital of the Azores, has a grand appearance from the sea, and the city itself looks beautiful from the roads. The palace was formerly a Jesuit convent, but is now appropriated to the governor, or viceroy. The fortifications have of late been very much extended and enlarged.

Terceira is one of the richest of the Azores. "A superabundance of grain of all kinds," says my friend, Colonel Hodges, "is produced here, and a large quantity is exported not only to the neighbouring islands, but to the mother country. Both tropical and European fruits are in profusion. Here is a strawberry found in abundance, of a pe-

culiarly delicate flavour, and the coast is plentifully stocked with fish, of which a species called the Tea-fish is the most highly prized. Red mullet and turtle are also in perfection. But, on the other hand, shocks of earthquakes are neither unfrequent nor uncommon. The inhabitants of Terceira are a people of mild character, sociable in their habits, hospitable and frank. They are certainly neither enlightened nor educated, and are therefore exposed, not only to be the sport and victims of political adventurers, but of a fanatical and superstitious priesthood. St. Michael's is one hundred English miles in circumference, and contains one fine city, or principal town, with 100,000 inhabitants. The country about Riberia Grande, is the most fertile in the island, and is so well described by Colonel Hodges that I must follow, in substance, his remarks.

A singular natural curiosity presents itself within a short walk of Riberia Grande—certain celebrated hot and cold baths; the neighbourhood of which is indicated for some time before you arrive at them, by the phenomenon of columns of vapour ascending from them to a considerable height in the air. The scenery around is not of the striking character belonging to the noted *Furnas*; but the baths are better taken care of, and, therefore, more frequented by invalids, who resort to them both from Madeira and from Portugal. They are in high repute for their curative efficacy in

cases of gout and rheumatism, as also of scrofula and diseases of the skin. The *Calderias* or *Furnas* constitute another highly remarkable object in this quarter. They are a species of hot fountains, six in number, surrounded by a vast waste, resulting from volcanic eruptions. Some of the disjected matter is in pieces of many pounds weight, while another part of it consists of a fine black sand. The effect of the sun is here scarcely supportable. In the midst of this desolation the *Calderias* throw up streams of boiling water to various degrees of height, from twenty feet downwards. The smell of sulphur proceeding from them, is so offensive as often to cause head-aches and dizziness of sight. Particles of fire intermixed with the smoke communicate a singular appearance to the atmosphere. The principal Calderia, which is nearly central towards the other, forms a grand spectacle; but the heat is so great as to render it hardly approachable. A strong feeling of superstition exists in connection with this spot in the minds of the natives. The transition from thence to the smiling and romantic valley *das Furnas*, affords a very obvious contrast. The general route to this singular locality, lies through Allagoa and Villa Franca; owing to the rugged and mountainous nature of country, donkeys are the only means of safe conveyance after you leave Villa Franca. Near the Furnas, there is a small convent, very picturesque in its site, but affording

no accommodation for the inquiring traveller. This deficiency is, however, made up by the American consul, who has a quinta or country house here, and a well-stocked garden, alluring by its delicious fruits, tropical as well as European. A request for leave to stop at the house of this gentleman for the night is a common thing, and is regularly granted. He himself and his family were never able, during the stay of the Emperor at St. Michael's, to enjoy their charming retreat; so frequent were the applications made for the use of the house at the Furnas. The houses in the neighbouring village, distant not more than ten minutes' walk from the baths, are not raised beyond one story, owing, doubtless, to the frequent occurrence of shocks of earthquake. In this village are three springs, called collectively the springs of the *Santo Spirito*, and each bearing, individually, the name of one person of the Trinity. They are situated close to each other, and appear to derive their common source from a steep and almost perpendicular hill contiguous to them.

The red river and the whirlpool are the other objects of principal note in the island. The colour from whence the former derives its name, proceeds from a bed of iron ore, over which it passes. The whirlpool is caused by some eruption of matter from beneath, and is of such eddying force that it sucks down instantaneously from sight, any

thing or animal thrown upon its surface. It forms the terror of the neighbouring inhabitants, who affirm that it has never been fathomed. The country for leagues round Ponto Delgada is studded with charming quintas, among which that of *Villa Vista*, belonging to Mr. Reed, is distinguished for beauty of situation, internal comfort, and tasteful elegance in the arrangement of the grounds and gardens. On each side of the roads throughout the neighbourhood of the towns, and through the fruit country, are walks from twelve to eighteen feet in height, built to protect the orange trees from the sudden gusts of wind which are very frequent in these islands. Besides the blustering family of Æolus, the oranges have other enemies, from which they are not so easily defended, the rats. These whiskered marauders are more numerous, and of a more formidable bulk, than I have ever known them elsewhere. Their habits are excursive; and it is known, on quitting their quarters in the towns and houses early in the spring, that they disperse into the cornfields and orange gardens, where they revel in the performance of mischief. Like other rogues, they have a crafty method in their proceedings. I have often been seduced by the ripe, golden, large, and plump appearance of some bright particular orange, to pluck it from the tree as a *bonne bouche*, when I have discovered it to be a mere hollow pretence, some luxurious rascal of a rat having sucked out

all the juicy interior through a small hole which he had taken the pains to perforate close to the stem.

Having said so much of the natural and exterior beauty of the Azores, I must defer till the next Chapter certain occurrences which took place in that locality.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Short account of Portuguese politics previous to the arrival of Don Pedro at the Azores—Villa Flor—Don Pedro—His activity and promptitude—Drill ground—Colonel Hodges first on parade—Military remarks on the articles of war—As to the discipline of the British army—Effect of pounds, shillings, and pence on British soldiers—Esprit militaire—The three classes of which British Officers are composed—Peninsular Officers—Departures from the British System in Portugal—Arrival at Praia—Its Situation—Our Military appearance—3rd Caçadores—Six hours drill without shoes—Clothing of our Battalion arrives—Agostino José Freire refuses to let it leave the Custom House till it pays a duty of 15 per cent—Strong protests of Hodges—Character of Freire—Don Pedro discharges all the Custom House Clerks—Don Pedro's activity—Duke of Terceira—His Macadamised Road—Cartridges for Slugs—Changes worked in Author's mind as to the use of Slugs—Twenty rounds of Slugs received from England—Remainder sent to the Governor of the Serra Convent—Orders received to embark for Porto Santo—Candido Xavier, Duke of Terceira, dines at mess—Review—"Halt and Present Arms"—Flattering account given to Don Pedro of the British—Motley composition of British Regiments—Lawyer-Soldiers—Flogging—Author's Punishment for Drunkenness—Cutting Hair—Salt Water—Its effects—The two besetting sins of Soldiers—Releas-

ing a Fiddle—Best manner of avoiding the necessity of Corporal Punishment—Convent of Nossa Senhora de Luz —Interview with a Nun—The Lady belabours the British Officer with a stick.

SOME short account of the Portuguese politics may be here necessary; but I shall be brief, for my friend Admiral Napier has forestalled me, and said all that could be said on the thorny question of disputed succession, &c. &c. &c. On the death of Don John VI. Don Pedro d'Alcantara was declared heir to the throne, and his sister Donna Isabel Maria, the Regent during pleasure. Great indeed was the astonishment of the Absolutists when they learned that Don Pedro had abdicated in favour of his daughter; and had given a constitution to Portugal. Though he however sent a constitution from the Brazils, he did not send the young Queen; and Don Miguel was named by his brother to govern Portugal during the minority of Donna Maria. Over the history of the tyrant, it is now unnecessary to travel; as little is it necessary to detail the events of the Revolution of 1828. I will, therefore, come at once to the fact of the Constitutionalists taking possession of the Island of Terceira. They were a mere handful of brave men, with few physical or material resources; yet they engaged, under the most discouraging obstacles, to undertake the privations, dangers, and fatigues inseparable from and incident to a cause, which had

an infant for a Queen, and her only natural protector in a distant land and a different hemisphere.

Innumerable were the difficulties which these brave men had to encounter; and many were the cabals formed against them. Strictly blockaded by the government of Miguel, suffering numerous privations and painful anxieties, torn even by intestine discord, the Constitutionalists were in the lowest state of despondency, when Count Villa Flor, eluding Miguelite pursuit, arrived in a small boat to give new vigour to their councils, and active devotion to their cause.

Villa Flor's arrival was the signal for the erection of works for the defence of this, the last hold of the Constitutionalists. They were soon after attacked by the Lisbon squadron of Miguel. Villa Flor approached the coast with his heavy artillery, and opened a destructive fire of shot and shell on the enemy's ships. The soldiers of Miguel now continually refused to man the boats, and thus was the attempt of the Usurper on the Island of Terceira defeated. The young Queen was in London when the news of these events arrived, and, it is said, on the point of hopelessly re-embarking for the Brazils. This event, however, added to the political changes which took place in England and France, induced her Majesty's advisers to alter their determination. Subsequent events justified their sagacity. The party of the Queen

were fortunate in their descent upon several of the neighbouring islands, and the taking of St. Michael's, formidable by a strong position and well-appointed artillery, gave to the Liberals a force and a consideration which enabled them to raise funds, not only for present relief, but for future conquest. The hopes of the Constitutionalists were still further raised at this juncture by the unexpected appearance of Don Pedro, who had abdicated the crown of the Brazils in favour of his son, and came to Europe to fight the battles of his infant daughter. His ex-Majesty assumed the title of Duke of Braganza, Regent of Portugal and General of her Army, and it was shortly after this assumption of a title, which undeceived those who were not disposed to give Don Pedro credit for good faith, that he embarked at Belleisle with the expedition whose formation, origin, and history I have traced in some of the last chapters. Now that his Majesty is no more, I may say, without the suspicion of flattery, that, notwithstanding all the faults imputed to him, to his unwearied activity, to his rapid movements, to his promptitude and energy, the cause of his daughter, as well as the cause of rational liberty, is deeply indebted.

I must now beg the reader to bear with me for a little, while I endeavour to make him familiar with some details appertaining to my own profession. As there was no proper drill ground near to Angra, and as the good sense of Colonel Hodges

pointed out to him the certainty of the small progress we could make in Angra, whilst the attention of the men and officers would be continually distracted, I was glad to see the tact which he used, to get the British isolated from the rest of the army. I was sent to some of the neighbouring villages along with Barèiros of the engineers, to make a report of what buildings might be converted into suitable quarters, but none were in any measure suitable, except in the village of San Sebastiao, and even these most miserable. On my return from the *reconnoissance*, I went to the Duke of Terceira, where I found Hodges at dinner, and my report, I saw, by no means pleased him; but it was clear, Hodges was determined to be detached, at whatever inconvenience, and the avidity with which he grasped at the polite speech (I do not believe serious,) of the Duke, namely, "If he should like to go to Praia?" placed the question in a position from which he could not withdraw; and at the moment, he despatched orders to Colonel Schwalbach, who was there with the 3rd Caçadores, to be ready to march from Praia to Angra by the sea road, while the British would march by the inland road. The delicacy shown by the Duke pleased me much, as he felt convinced that it would be disagreeable for us to stand the examination of Schwalbach in our present state, he being an old British officer.

On the 2nd of March, we marched from Angra to

Praia, and I will venture to say that any band of Irish reapers returning from harvest labour to their native country, looked quite as much like a military body as we did.

Here I began to see the difficulties to which an officer in command of a body so constituted is exposed. The regiment was ordered to march at four o'clock in the morning, and of course it was expected the officers were to be the first on parade. Colonel Hodges was the first there, and his disappointment was great at only finding two individuals who had obeyed his orders. He called the officers together, and explained verbally what he felt; and likewise in a regimental order. I myself consider, that orders when given in such a manner as to appeal to the feelings of the officers, produce more effect than the harsh military method, which custom and "the usages of war" in like cases excuse. Hodges adopted the latter method, and it is but justice to state that *his* practice was attended with great success; but a success followed by discontents among some of the seniors, who very naturally began to compare their services with his in the British service, totally forgetting that, although we were British, this was a service not only *not* British, but completely different from any thing which had ever been attempted by Englishmen. I must confess that I thought Hodges had reason on his side: this was a service whose ultimate success depended on merit and individual activity being rewarded. Hodges was aware of

the tremendous labour, risk, and responsibility he had incurred in England in raising this corps of Marines, for even his greatest enemy must award him the merit of having raised them. Here, he saw the seniors of the battalion, exceptions to the other officers, stepping quietly into their posts without any of that risk or responsibility, which he and their brother officers had been obliged to undergo, and he naturally expected an increased exertion on their parts, in order to give an example to the juniors. But this brings me to a delicate subject of discussion, and to which I never should have recurred, if I did not think that discussing the subject might at some future period be of benefit to those who intend to follow out the military life as a profession.

For many long years we have heard it stated, that the best-disciplined troops in Europe are the British. It would be arrogance in me to pretend to say the contrary, or even to doubt the fact; but upwards of five years' daily experience, with my attention constantly turned to the discipline of troops, has at least been attended with one effect,—namely, that it has made me doubt, what is the best system of discipline. The ground-work of discipline in the British army is made up entirely, in my opinion, of the actual pounds, shillings, and pence, or an implicit confidence in the Government; that there is not the slightest doubt at a future period of the soldier's receiving these pounds, shillings, and pence; and that, if by wounds he is disabled,

there is no doubt that he will receive a certain remuneration to compensate him for his wound. Besides the pay, the British soldier knows he is entitled to have the regulated ration daily served out to him, and even if by circumstances he has not his full ration, he is conscious that to make up for this, he will have his account credited with a certain sum to balance the deficiency. Knowing that all these things will surely happen, I must confess I am inclined to withdraw a certain quantity of admiration from those who suffer patiently under these temporary privations, and to accord a greater degree of admiration to those who suffer very great privations patiently, not only with bad rations, but with an actual want of money, and the almost certainty that the promises of receiving pay will not be kept. Then, as pay and rations must be allowed by all practical officers to be the ground-work and *mobile* of the British soldier, by what means is discipline to be enforced in a military body, which is deprived of the advantages of the British soldier?

The question is very difficult to solve; but still it is possible to give ideas, which, if they have not reason on their side, have at least plausibility. If men, no matter of what rank, enter voluntarily as military men, they have some vague notions of *esprit militaire*, and think it necessary to endure whatever they see their superiors endure. Here comes into play moral force or power of mind; and if an officer has ability to train this feeling in a proper

manner, this notion of discipline becomes even more powerful than that of pay and rations; for now his endurance has come into comparison, in the ideas of the men, with their own sufferings, and the power of mind is always much more efficacious in governing a body of men than any other power. But, in order to keep this wheel of discipline in play, it is absolutely necessary that the officers be of a superior class to those over whom they are placed, and here the difficulty of keeping a force so constituted begins.

The generality of officers are composed of men who are totally unaware of dangers and privations; and who are led away by the gaiety of the uniform, or the thoughtless, joyous appearance of the officers of a garrison town; or of young men who enter into this service from a feeling of idleness; or of a third class, who are sent into the army by their parents or guardians, with the plea that they are fit for nothing else, totally forgetting that no human beings are exposed to such incessant and continued annoyances as young men of this sort. In a short time they become the butts of the regiment, and, if actual service occurs, threaten their friends with dishonour from want of ability; thus the temporary convenience of the parent, or guardian, recoils with tenfold force on his own head. What power or moral influence can gentlemen thus placed as officers, have over men who do not receive what

constitutes discipline; I mean regular pay and rations? Certainly, little or no power; but if officers can command men efficiently, and keep them in good order, without regular pay or rations, is it not reasonable to suppose that, if they had been intrusted with the command of soldiers well paid and rationed, they must have brought them to an extreme degree of discipline? What a beautiful field of ambition is, therefore, opened to the young officers of the British army, to exert themselves to become superior to those whom they may be called upon to command in the greatest difficulties. They should not be contented with the routine duty of a garrison; nor should they for a moment suppose that fine uniform is their only title to distinction.

It is true that, for the last twenty years, few if any officers of the British army have had an opportunity of knowing what war is, except by the conversation of the old Peninsular officers; but is it not also true, that many of the last twenty years' officers feel inclined to assume to themselves the merit of the actions which were performed by their seniors while they were learning their A. B. C.? I fear that this may be in some degree the case. No one can have a higher regard for the British Regulations and Articles of War than I have, and perhaps it was right, that they should have been chosen as the ground-work of the discipline of the British auxiliary force in Portugal; but, as it was impos-

sible on all occasions to carry out this system, I have therefore been led into this discussion for the purpose of preparing the minds of my readers for some departures from the British system, which, although they may appear strange, were yet necessary, from the surrounding circumstances. Some of the officers had been long in the British service; and had been blindly guided by its rules, and were, perhaps, so bigoted to its system, that they would not even allow their minds to suppose it was possible to improve it: the Regulations were the regulations, and thus far their minds were allowed to go. If a man's brain does not get exercise, it loses all power. I once met with an impressive example of this truth while travelling with a friend—an example which I shall never forget. We went to see the Falls of the Clyde, and while there, out of fun, I asked the guide the name of the river? "Oh, we just call this the Falls, we never think of what is the name of the river—we have nothing to do with that, only with the Falls." This person could give a very good description of the Falls, but he did not actually know the Clyde was the name of the river, although he had been describing for six years this scene—thus often have I seen it with the "Regulations."

But I come to Praia, the situation of which is very agreeable, being placed in the centre of a crescent-shaped bay, one part being a fine level sand beach, above which, towards the left, are some bold acclivities, that command a sort of jetty thrown up

here. It was at this point, that the fleet of Don Miguel, on the 11th of August, 1820, attempted to land the invading army, and it was here also they received such a signal defeat by the bravery of the regiment of volunteers of Donna Maria.

On our arrival, the inhabitants received us with terror; in fact, they expected us to commit all sorts of excesses; but, seeing that the soldiers were quartered in the monasteries, which had been converted into barracks, and finding that the officers conducted themselves well in their billets, and that all articles were regularly paid for, they began to place great confidence in us. Our military appearance at first astonished them, having succeeded the 3d Caçadores, the equipment and drill of which was superior to that of any European regiment I had ever seen. We had six hour's drill every day without uniform, and, I regret to say many were without shoes; although one great and essential benefit was derived, that, from having no muskets for nearly a month, the men got a steadiness of movement which they never could have accomplished, if arms had at first (as was wished) been put into their hands.

About this time, the clothing for the battalion arrived from England, and an officer was sent to Angra to receive it; but, however incredible it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact, that the Minister of War, Augostinho Joze Freire, refused to let it leave the custom-house unless it paid a duty of 15 per cent. No representations of the

misery the men were enduring, no distinct pointing out of the evil it must occasion to the public service, not even the strong protests of Colonel Hodges could make the Minister of War swerve from his obstinacy for nearly four weeks. To account for this is difficult; although I have sometimes thought it was a dislike engendered in his mind to the British, owing to the uncomfortable quarters he had on board the Admiral's ship. This arose from no fault of Sartorius, and, although it is not my wish to speak too severely of Senhor Angostinho Joze Freire, since his melancholy and horrid death, yet truth compels me to state, that not a noble sentiment existed in the mind of that unfortunate man. He was always ready to gratify spleen, no matter what detriment that gratification might cause to the public service.

The representations of the Duke of Palmella, however, must have produced some effect on the mind of Don Pedro, who had arrived at Angra on the 4th of March; as one morning, without speaking to any one, he went to the custom-house about nine o'clock, the offices opening at eight. Finding none of the *employés* there at the hour, he shut the doors, put the keys in his pocket, walked home, and, by a decree of that forenoon, displaced every body connected with the establishment, and appointed others. Don Pedro now began to be the life of the expedition; examining and inquiring into every thing. From the very first authority, I know he did not give that credit to the exertions

of the Duke of Terceira which he so well merited for his conduct under so many difficulties. The Duke had established a mint for coining money, which consisted of pieces of round bell-metal, each about the nominal value of five pence English, but of the intrinsic value of about one halfpenny. This coin was made from all thee lls in the islands, with the exception, I think, of a small alarm bell in each of the convents where the nuns were allowed to remain, in order to give warning if the lady abbess suspected some intruder to be within the walls. Had this regulation always been strictly attended to, I am of opinion that the bell would never have ceased tolling.

I went with the Duke of Terceira to see the arsenal, where they were manufacturing, at the time, the wheels for the four pieces of artillery which were to accompany us to Portugal, and on my referring to their strength, the Duke made a remark, that the roads were not in Portugal as in Terceira, and smilingly asked, if I had seen his M'Adamized road. This consisted of about three miles of the road from Angra to Praia, very well executed indeed. It was delightful to see, that, although these *emigrés* had not been fortunate enough to get back to their native country, they had not been idle in attempting to improve their adopted one. In the arsenal, I found many men busily employed in making cartridges for slugs, instead of balls. My first feeling was that of disgust at the

idea of firing at men with such ammunition; for some months afterwards, I had such a feeling against it, that I should have felt ashamed to have served out such cartridges to the men; as I knew at the time, they like myself, thought it carrying on war in a manner too cruel for Englishmen; but what changes are worked in the human mind by circumstances! I knew of one Miguelite prisoner having been shot by a party of the British battalion at Oporto. He was supposed not entitled to the usages of war, because they found in his ammunition some slugs over the balls; but such, however, became our necessity during the siege, that I not only received with gratitude twenty rounds of a superior sort of this ammunition, manufactured in England, but strongly recommended the remainder to be sent to the Governor of the Serra convent, to be used by him at the first assault of the enemy, which he did with tremendous effect; while in Spain also, so much have affairs changed the "style of thinking," that a few muskets of a peculiar make, with this kind of slug ammunition, have been sent from England to try and report on their effect. I have little doubt, before many years, that the old ammunition will be out of use, and replaced by slugs.

But to return to Praia. While we were in this mobbish state, and without arms, an order came for the regiment to hold itself in readiness to embark for Porto Santo, a small island about four-

teen leagues from Madeira; and such, I believe, was the desire of Senhores Candido Xavier (the Emperor's aide-de-camp, or rather secretary) and Ag. Joze Freire, to get rid of Colonel Hodges, whose zeal and activity were most annoying to them, that the whole of the British troops would have been sent to that island, had not Colonel Hodges most judiciously, when called upon by the Emperor, pointed out how impossible it was for him, as commanding officer, to place them on a desolate rock in their present unarmed and unclothed state, exposed to the attacks of the strong and neighbouring garrison of Madeira. He therefore recommended some Caçadores to be sent thither, which suggestion was followed, and thus the intrigue was defeated.

I might make many remarks respecting the character of Candido Xavier, who was, I fear, a great adviser of Don Pedro, but I confine myself to one. Before the French war, perhaps no officer in Portugal was better acquainted with its roads than Candido Xavier. When the French had determined to invade Portugal, he entered the French service, and conducted the French against his native country.

On the 1st of April, the Duke of Terceira came to dine with the officers of the regiment, who had established a very good mess in one of the rooms of the forsaken convents. At this dinner, a great many toasts were given, and it was then

for the first time, I heard Colonel Hodges explain what his ideas of liberty were, to the greater part of which I fully agreed; but what was my astonishment to find that, with the exception of two or three officers of the battalion, all really thought quite the contrary. I could not help saying, "Then what made them embark in such a cause?" This, however, was the foundation of a certain bad feeling in the battalion.

The Duke having expressed a wish to see the battalion in the morning, a review took place, and his Grace was much pleased with the correctness and steadiness of both officers and men. At this review, an incident occurred, which made a great noise *with us*, and amused me not a little, from the different views different officers take of what is the true requisite in an officer. Hodges, who now commanded the battalion, I believe, has served little or none in the infantry, his service (about thirty years) being confined to the cavalry and the staff. He did not pretend to be a *crack* drill, but he was completely master of all the great and useful movements of deploying and forming column, and of all the movements which ought ever to be attempted in the face of an enemy. At this review, the finish was intended to have been according to the British regulations, by forming line, advancing some paces, halting and presenting arms. Hodges, as commanding officer, was in front of the battalion: marching his few paces, and

halting himself, he neglected to give the word *halt* to the battalion, repeating instead, the word, "Present arms," which certainly had a ridiculous effect on the march; and when they came up to him, he saw the omission and corrected it.

This was attempted to be given as a proof, by certain of the officers, that he was incompetent to command; and I have no doubt it was considered a greater instance of military incapacity than if he had taken up a bad military position before an enemy. I thought of the "Regulations, and nothing but the regulations."—In spite of this serious military misdemeanour, the Duke gave such a flattering account of the perfection of the ragged British, that the Emperor thought it right to come and inspect us, which he did, and he expressed himself well pleased, and, indeed, he had great reason so to do.

Our field movements being now pretty well fixed, attention was seriously turned to the internal economy of the regiment, by no means an easy matter in a corps composed of such a motley crew. We had all the trades and professions under the sun, from the clergyman to the lawyer, from the strolling player to the medical student, poets and prize-fighters, hair-dressers and weavers, not forgetting a due proportion of tailors and shoemakers; each of these heroes having a notion of liberty, but differing very much indeed in their notions of what liberty really was. All agreed, however, on

one point, that corporal punishment was contrary, completely contrary, to the liberty of the subject; but unfortunately on this question, there was a difference of opinion between the commanding officer and the men; and here commenced the tug of war, of liberty. I may be wrong, but I am inclined to state, from experience, that the most troublesome men to meet as soldiers, are tailors, weavers, and lawyers. Whether the love of argument be the cause (which the two former professions can enjoy while working) I know not, but if there should happen to be a lawyer by trade, he joins the sitting professions to a certainty, and turmoil begins; but of all troublesome soldiers, none can be compared to an old lawyer-soldier.* So much was I aware of this, that when allowed to pick the Light Company, I took boys of about eighteen or nineteen, avoiding as pests old soldiers, tailors, and weavers, but accepting hair-dressers, (who are famous fellows) and so correct was I in my judgment, that during the time we were in the Azores, not one of my company received a regimental punishment. Colonel Hodges was a great enemy to flogging, but still a good deal of it occurred. He was very well pleased when the captain of the day (the officer of regimental police) took any steps to punish misdemeanours without bringing it be-

* A lawyer-soldier means a sort of military attorney, who questions the authority of all his superiors, and "sets men together by the ears."

fore him. While I was captain of the day, I made a point of going into the guard room to visit the prisoners, and if any were found stupidly drunk, the sergeant of the guard, with a pair of scissors, cut away very close the hair and whisker on one side of the head, disfiguring the person completely, and forcing him, for uniformity sake, to cut off the other side, thus assisting cleanliness in no small degree. About an hour after, when the prisoners had laid down to sleep, was the time that I fixed upon for washing out the guard-room with salt-water (the sea being close at hand) which was dashed in by the guard, (who enjoyed the joke) over the guard bed, thus wetting the prisoners with salt water, which does not give cold. I confess this system is not quite "British Regulation," but the effect produced was good. On continuing it for some nights, I very seldom had prisoners. The shouts of laughter with which the prisoners were received by their comrades, at their cut hair and their miserable appearance, shamed them more than flogging; and I was thus led to attempt afterwards, the organization of a mental instead of a corporal punishment, to which I shall refer in another place.

The two besetting sins of soldiers are drunkenness and lying; for the former it is hardly possible to propose a remedy, flogging being decidedly of no use in the cure of a confirmed drunkard; and it is cruel to inflict it on those in the early stages.

Lying does not seem to be considered a crime among a certain class of people, provided they speak to those whom they consider in a superior grade of life. The only method to get the better of it at first is, to endeavour to obtain the confidence of the men; and whenever a man does not tell the truth, to refuse him some favour, which is granted to one who has had the boldness to speak the truth.

I had bought a fiddle for the use of the company, knowing, if they could be tempted to like dancing, they would not drink *so as to become unable to dance.*

When the fellows were in want of money, all used to come to get a few shillings to release the fiddle. I saw a smile on their faces, as they came to ask for a little to take the fiddle out of pawn. This put me on the alert, so I sent my servant, without their knowledge, to get the fiddle from the shop. They had some money coming to them, and the next day upwards of thirty, unknown to each other, came to solicit for some to unpawn the fiddle. I gave to each; and at the evening parade called the thirty forward, one by one, before the company, asking each for a sight of the fiddle. My producing the fiddle, and explaining to the others how selfishly these thirty had acted, I shamed them for having told a falsehood, as if for the benefit of their comrades, which produced a very good effect. They always spoke the truth to me in future; but, when a fellow wanted a little money, he

would say, with a smile, "Only to take the fiddle out of pawn." I mention this anecdote to prove that the best manner for an officer to avoid being under the necessity of inflicting corporal punishment, is to endeavour to be on friendly confidential terms with his men, not only to avoid that degrading punishment, but that in action, before the enemy, the men may look upon him as their true friend: and if such a system can be maintained, I consider 100 men so commanded, as being superior to 500 commanded *solely* according to "regulation."

Although the officers were obliged to devote a large portion of their time to their military duties, they contrived to afford a part of it to an attempt to get introduced to female society. This attempt at first appeared surrounded with almost insurmountable difficulties. Napoleon, they say, did not allow such a word in the French dictionary as *impossible*. I suppose he is good authority; at least, I believe that "where there is a will there is a way." The only female society which inhabited Praia, dwelt in the convent of Nossa Senhora de Luz, and assumed to themselves the titles, character, and dresses of nuns. The walls which surrounded the convent were very high, and the iron gratings to the windows very strong, and some of the faces looking out of those windows were not very ugly; therefore, what could be more natural than to wish to view the interior of a convent, if only to say, on your return home, that you had seen such

a thing. As the music of the regiment passed under the window, you saw the faces of some very queer-looking nuns, of tender years, and you could not resist having a respect for the care that the officers of the Liberating Army must have taken to have brought their infants with them about three years before; and you could but admire the kind-hearted charitable nuns for treating these little babes with even mother's kindness. The respect for such benevolence increased the desire of acquaintance, which was first attempted by one of the officers, who met with a very harsh reception. A young officer, who could not keep a secret, and who, being half Portuguese, knew a few words of the language, let it be known to another, that he had got acquainted with one of the nuns, and that he was to drink not tea, but cocoa with her that evening. In his innocence he announced that he was to throw a pebble at the window, and when she opened it to call out, "*à la porta,*" which he explained signified the "Gate of the garden," and that the hour was eight. The natural curiosity of the questioner was further raised, and he asked whether it was the second or third window.

The treacherous friend having now sifted the brains of the "telling ninny," went a few moments before the appointed time to the appointed place, and threw rather a large pebble against the window, which being opened, he exclaimed in a loud whisper, "*à la porta,*" adding, "*de pressa, de pressa,*" and then ran for the garden gate. While looking

through the key hole, he found something touch his foot—he felt it was a key. For curiosity sake, he tried if it would fit the keyhole; he found it did; he next tried if he had strength to turn the bolt; to his horror he found the door open, and he was obliged to get quickly in and lock the door inside, to prevent intruders entering. But now the difficulty commenced. He could not say more than "*à la porta*" in Portuguese, and, to his discomfiture, the lady finding he was not the "proper man," kept repeating the only few words he knew, and with an agitated manner, "*à la porta*," which, from the pantomime, he felt inclined to translate "To the door with you." He humbly got on his knees to beg pardon for the liberty he had taken, it being only to see the world, and made a movement as though he would follow the retiring nun towards the nunnery; but she, (as he thought,) took up a large stick in joke.

Down he again gets on his knees, by pantomime showing how highly honoured he would feel by being punished as her slave. While he had his head humbly reclining, she dealt him such a blow across the back with the stick, that a light flashed from his eyes, which shewed in the dark, that even nuns were made of flesh and blood, and that some of these terrestrial angels had sinews in their arms, and pretty strong ones too. His curiosity being thus fully satisfied, our hero returned, carrying decided marks of a nun's love between his shoulders.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Convents in Azores—Description of the Inmates—Decree of the Government as to Convents—Two parties in the Portuguese Ministry—How the French received the Emperor—Eating the kit—Soldier's disquisition on the exchangeable value of money, not after the fashion of Ricardo or Tooke—Circulating medium of Shirts and Shoes—Circulation of Checks—Views of Don Pedro—List of Sovereigns sent on their Travels—Fleas in the Azores—The Battalion Marches to Angra—Light Company embarks for Fayal—Arrival at Fayal—Sartorius sails for St. Michael's—Blue Jackets and Lobsters—Hodges' battalion detached from the Fleet—Troubles of Sartorius—Divine service at Praia—St. Michael's—Captain Crosbie—Count D'Alva—Ponta Delgada—Review of the Liberating Army by Don Pedro—The Portuguese Soldier—His Character—Flogging in the Portuguese army—Colonel Dodgin—News of the downfal of the Grey Ministry—Excitement in consequence—Toast of the Empire of Woman—Consequence of giving it—Grand Mass—Deaths in the British battalion—Stag Frigate—The Duchess of Palmella—Loss of her Son—Emperor's Movements—Ill Effects of Paying Part of a Regiment, and leaving the Remainder Unpaid—Author advances £137, which he has never been re-paid—Land seen on the 7th of July—Restless manner of Palmella—Order to Captain Crosbie to assist at the Emperor's Council—Re-

connoissance of the Shore—Captain Rosenberg—Baron de Sa sent to summon the Governor of Villa Conde to surrender—Disembarkation on the Plains of Mudella—Author's Equipments on Landing specified—Fifteen of the Enemy's Cavalry scamper off—First Shot fired in Portugal—Colonel Hodges' Disposal of the Caçadores—Don Pedro challenged—Enter Oporto—Convent of St. Lazaro—Appointment of Governors, Judges, &c. by Sartorius—Offer of Hodges cavalierly received—First battalion of the 18th dispatched on a *reconnoissance*—Arrival at Valongo—The Marquess Fronteira—Orders to Hodges to advance on Pennafiel—Poisoned Wine—Dispositions for attacking Pennafiel—Affair of Pennafiel described—Return to Oporto—Reconnoissance towards Valongo—Rio Tinto—The S— battalion—Bivouac—Colonels Brito and Schwalbach—Destroy the Communication between Oporto and Villa Nova—Engagement with the Enemy—Commanding Officer of the 18th—Death of a Pole—Counts St. Leger and Lasteyrie—French and British sworn friends—March back to Oporto.

HAVING entered at some length into a description of the Azores in the last chapter but one, the reader will bear with me while I dwell for a short time on a principal feature in those islands—I mean the convents.

The convent of *Nossa Senhora de Luz* is one of the principal in the Azores. I might enter into a description of the immoralities of the inmates of this so called religious house, but decency forbids such a recital. Independently of this, I am inclined to think, that even in this credulous world, there are few who would give belief

to the long catalogue of immoralities with which these ladies might be fairly, because truly charged. Suffice it, however, to say, that there was hardly an officer in the British battalion who was not well acquainted with the geography of this convent, internally as well as externally, and every one of them might detail extraordinary scenes which they had witnessed there. The only truly well-behaved were the very old nuns, which I attribute to their having experienced the effects of that remorse which is the inseparable attendant of guilt such as theirs.

A short time before we left the Azores, a decree was issued, permitting those who wished it to quit their secluded life. This was accepted by all except the old and very ugly, who were promised a certain daily sum for their sustenance, but which sum, I fear, was very irregularly paid.

A great many of the young nuns, however, followed the Portuguese officers to Portugal. In giving a description of the immoralities of the convent at Praia, the same history, I believe, holds true, but I wish to be understood as only referring to the Azores, not to the Mother Country. Before we arrived, the monks had been turned out of all their monasteries, which were converted into barracks. It is not my wish to enter into a discussion on the policy of such a measure as this, which was put in force by the Constitutionalists.

They required the revenues of the convents to pay the troops, and the only places where the latter could be quartered were in those convents; therefore the decree was issued for their suppression. Thus, by the selfish views of mankind, not only a step was made in favour of pure religion, but the very head-quarters and hot-beds of vice, wickedness, and immorality, were destroyed, to give money and shelter to those men who had been driven from their native country, through the cruelty of a monster called a king, who, I believe, was placed by Providence there, in order to show the blinded human race to what lengths uncontrolled despotism will permit itself to go. Such despotism is sure in the long run to fall, and to pull down with it its strongest supporters; I mean the inhabitants of these hot-beds of vice and asylums of crime. Have we not in our own day seen how France has been regenerated, though the means were dreadful? Was not the cause of the regeneration of France, the weakness or wickedness of her royal family, the immorality and tyranny of her church, and the ridiculous privileges enjoyed by her *noblesse*? Were not these the producing and proximate causes of the French Revolution? and still, with that fearful but useful example before them, do we not see the folly of royal heads, in refusing to adapt themselves to the growing intelligence of their subjects.

About this time, two transports arrived off Angra,

with nearly 500 French on board. It is necessary to state, that among the Portuguese Ministry there were two parties, an English and French party. The conduct of the British on their first landing, had given the French party a great triumph, which they did not bear meekly, having Don Pedro on their side, so that as soon as these troops arrived, the Emperor with the French party went on board. He was received with the cry, *Vive Don Pedro, Vive Donna Maria;* but *Vive la Liberté!* outdid the others. Many of these heroes were decorated with the Legion of Honour, and not a few with the "Three Days' Cross." They had expected to land, but when the Emperor explained that they could not disembark in Terceira, but must sail for St. Michael's, their disappointment at not getting at once out of their nasty transports was very great; so much so, that Don Pedro thought it prudent to go ashore as quickly as possible out of the clutches of his beloved French, repeating, "Put not your faith either in English or French." The falsity of this illiberal remark was proved on the 29th of September, at Oporto, as regarded both French and English, and would that both nations could say as much of the old adage, "Put not your faith in princes!"

The French were neither so well paid nor rationed as the British, so that they were not so much blamed for selling their shirts, &c. Nothing is more certain, than, if a soldier be not regularly paid and

well rationed, he begins to "Eat his kit;" that is, to sell his shirts, shoes, &c. At Praia, the British were well paid, the only complaint about money being the value of the sovereign. There were here a number of money exchangers, who offered to the soldier, for his gold sovereign, a certain quantity of moluccas, (bell-metal money, value five pence) which, calculated in the soldiers' minds, amounted in pieces of five pence, apparently to 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* It was stated, that an immense quantity of this metal money had been smuggled into the Islands from Birmingham; be that as it may, these money-changers urged the men not to take their pay except in gold or British money, *that* being their contract. However, there was not sufficient gold in the Island, so that one part of the month's pay was received by the paymaster in gold sovereigns, and the remainder in moluccas, the paymaster, however, receiving the sovereign at the then value it held in the country in moluccas; being 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, and serving it out at the same rate to the officers paying companies. The officer paying a company who received a number of sovereigns for this purpose, was placed in a very awkward position, as it is impossible by any reasoning to convince a soldier, who has been accustomed all his life to receive a sovereign as *twenty* shillings, to make him believe when you put it into his hand, that you have paid him *twenty-seven shillings* and

sixpence; at least, when he looks at his ledger at the end of the month, he shakes his head when he finds a sovereign standing against him as 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This ignorance of the course and value of the exchanges was the cause of great discontent, but as the soldiers of the battalion were convinced it was no fault of the Commanding Officer, nor of their officers, they soon forgot it; yet the different denominations of value put on the monies by the soldiers was very annoying to all parties. The first money which was paid to them was in pieces of five francs, English value being four shillings and twopence, the calculation being to make the 4*l.* 10*s.* The old soldiers, who had been in the Peninsula, accustomed to be paid in silver, called these five franc pieces dollars; they go ashore in France, and change these five francs and get money resembling small shillings and sixpences, (franc and half franc pieces) which to their astonishment are said to be only worth tenpence and fivepence; but, in their opinion, it was quite natural that a French shilling or sixpence should not be worth so much as an English one, so they were quite satisfied. So careful are the soldiers of their own interest, if they are getting pay from the officer, that they take very good care to remind him that a French franc is only tenpence English, fearing he may wish to make it do the duty of an English shilling. So long as soldiers are dealing in France, they never will

use the terms franc and half-franc, but tenpence and fivepence.

They come to the Azores, where there is some English, and certainly very little French money; but there are dollars, pillar-dollars, and they have five-franc pieces, which they have also named dollars; to add to their trouble they have three pieces of money, all bearing the same name dollars, but all of different values. Now the soldier, why or wherefore I know not, commences in his own mind to keep his ideas of value by the francs and half-francs, and although the molucca is not silver, but bell-metal money, (nominal value, five-pence; intrinsic, one half-penny,) he never makes use of the word molucca, but calls it a half-franc. Then, if he asks a Portuguese how many moluccas make a pound sterling, the Portuguese soldier values the molucca at so many reis (the rei being an ideal money), and by calculation they, in their wisdom, find that a pound sterling is equal to about 4,120 reis. The British soldier then thinks what a famous thing it would be to get 4,120 reis for his pound, and he asks his brother Portuguese to show him a rei.

Here the difficulty of the currency question commences, and it is a pity that some of the wise-acres in Parliament were not here to enlighten the two poor soldiers, as they have in their speeches made this simple subject so plain to the comprehension of the most ignorant. The British soldier asks of a

native, what is a rei? The Portuguese seems puzzled, but then with a look of evident satisfaction, says, a molucca has so many reis. "D—— it, don't pretend to tell me what a molucca is: don't I know as well as you, that a molucca is a half-franc? Tell me what a rei is?" The Portuguese, after long consideration, says, a rei is *muito poco*, (very little.) "Well, but tell me how much it is." The Portuguese, after deep consideration, says, it is *muito poco*, (very little,) *nada*, (nothing). "Nothing! no reis!" upon which, completely confused, and in a fury, up springs the British soldier, saying, "I knew it; —— Portuguese money being nothing; that's true: and d—— me, if I don't think that is the truest word a Portuguese ever spoke; your worthless rei, it is just like you and all your country, a parcel of humbugs!" And so ends the currency question in the Azores.

But when the same fellow lands in Portugal, he finds a peseta worth about ten-pence; this he cannot condescend to call a peseta, as this would show he had not travelled, so he names it a franc, and then, for the first time, the name half-franc is put out of his Dictionary, and he calls the half-peseta a molucca, to show the ignorant natives he has been in the Azores; and, as to getting him to believe that twelve vintems (which resemble pennies) are more than the value of one shilling, it is quite in vain to attempt it. These are some of

the little difficulties which occur in practical soldiering; but to do the Portuguese government justice, they took every means of preventing this difficulty; for they hardly ever gave any money to the soldier, except *when it could not be helped.*

There was, however, a money, which circulated in great quantities in Praia, in the shape of shirts and shoes, the value of which money depended very much on the degree of sobriety of the individual by whom either of these pieces of coin were offered. The native shirt coin was pure white, easily distinguished from the British coin, which was blue check. The manager of the bank remarking, that the circulation of these "checks" was a great deal too extended, and fearing bankruptcy, or at least great loss to the proprietors *of stocks,* thought it right one afternoon quite unexpectedly to call in the overplus of circulating medium. The regiment was formed in the interior of the Convent Square, and a number of parties, under officers, sent into town to seize among the natives all the proprietors of checks. In a very short time the holders of both were brought into the square; and the manager in a most despotic manner, orders the holders to part with this overplus of circulating medium, and in a few moments the ground was seen covered with shirts and shoes, the luckless stockholders looking like Spanish bondholders, by no means pleased with the nakedness and misery they had incurred, in

having entered into this speculation. Some, of course, wished to enter protests, and expressed a hope, that at a future period they might be repaid, which promise of payment the manager distinctly pledged himself to give on the first occasion, in the shape of free quarters in the prison, or confinement in the stocks. The appearance of all those shirtless and shoeless fellows standing in the square in this cold damp day, was very ridiculous, and the shouts of laughter of the soldiers convinced the inhabitants that it had been a trap laid for them; thus ever after preventing them from trafficking, and thereby keeping the men sober and well clothed.

I might here enter into a history of the ministry of Don Pedro, and endeavour to show how the different parties were actuated; but I refrain, because I frankly confess, that he is more than wise, who can discover what is the moving power in Portuguese politics. Perhaps I might be lucky enough to hit upon the truth, as it was generally believed that at this time few or none of the political leaders were moved by any thing but their selfish interests. Many were also in doubt, whether on the downfal of Miguel, Don Pedro was to be the king, or Donna Maria, the queen of Portugal, and I know that several had formed a plan that Ferdinand of Spain was to be dethroned, and Don Pedro appointed a sort of Emperor of the Peninsula, with his daughter on the throne of Portugal, as

a sort of fief. To speak the truth, these things were by no means impossible; as it was about this time seen, that the subjects of several kingdoms had sent their rulers on their travels for "improvement." First, Don Pedro was on his travels from Brazil, Charles X. had returned to visit Holyrood House, the Prince of Orange had left Brussels, on account of his health, and the Duke of Brunswick had been requested by his subjects to give an opportunity to his younger brother to show his talents for governing; and, as for the Dey of Algiers, he thought Europe a more genial clime than Africa; and even the Archduke Constantine did not disdain to quit Warsaw.

All these royal movements proved the "march of intellect" in Europe, and, as at the time I could not comprehend exactly, the causes of these royal marches, I resolved to confine myself to my own province, I mean the march of my own company, which marched with the regiment on the 22d of May, to Angra, and on the 23d, the Light Company, which I commanded, embarked for Fayal, to go on board the Admiral's ship, as marines.

I have not yet referred to the number of fleas in the Azores, which are in some measure a plague. If any house in Terceira is without inhabitants for ten days, the increase of these gentry is incredible, and the difficulty of getting rid of them great. A very common practice in Terceira is to drive into an uninhabited room about half

a dozen sheep, and after they have been shut up about two hours, hunt them out with a dog; they thus carry with them some thousands of these fleas. The regiment on its entering Angra, were sent to a convent, where one of the regiments which had gone to St. Michaels, had been quartered. For the first quarter of an hour the fleas remain quiet, but soon getting into playful humour from this addition to their society, they commence the attack, and then the misery is at its height. I have tried killing, and all sorts of plans, but none have I found so efficacious as to get into a room alone, strip yourself naked, throwing a white shirt on the middle of the floor, which in a moment will lose its whiteness; then lay hold of it, and shake it over the window. In this manner, in a quarter of an hour you can get rid of the whole annoyance.

About the 25th of May, I arrived at Fayal, and commenced my duty on board the fleet, as commander of the marines. I was received most kindly by Admiral Sartorius, and indeed by all the officers of the fleet, whom I found enjoying themselves much on shore, in very pleasant society; indeed, from the Admiral downwards, I thought they preferred the land to the sea service, even though exposed to all the annoyances of American petticoat government; but the Admiral was the champion of a young queen, so that his devotion to the Fayal fair was very ex-

cusable. In a few days after my arrival, we sailed for St. Michaels, and I had not been many days on board, before I discovered that a sort of jealousy had sprung up in the minds of the officers of the navy with regard to the infantry, or as they designated them, the marines. What the agreement might have been with Sartorius and Hodges about the Red Coats serving as marines, I know not, but both for his own sake and the good of the service, I think Hodges was right in having them made into an independent battalion, which might furnish the marines absolutely necessary for the service of the fleet. I am sure that never marine officer was treated more kindly, and had so much his own way on board ship as I had, but no temptation could prevail on me to serve in that capacity. I have not been able, after much study, to discover why the Blue Jacket should consider himself so superior to the Lobster. I doubt the fact most strongly; and if a fine or well-conducted body of men are to be found in the world, it is the present corps of "Royal Marines." Some alteration in the manner of treating this force must take place, with a view to give them that station which their brave, excellent, and unrewarded conduct deserves.

I found that Hodges was much blamed for attempting, and for succeeding in getting his battalion detached from the fleet; and I blamed him for leaving me and my company on board; but I said

little or nothing, as I firmly resolved to land, and to be a landsman when the army disembarked. If Hodges had difficulty with his people on shore, I soon saw Sartorius had his troubles too, and I was sorry to perceive he did not take decided measures to put an end to them; for if decision be necessary on shore, it is much more requisite on board ship. I had formed, perhaps, extravagant notions of what ought to be naval discipline, and that the Admiral's word was more than law; and never shall I forget my astonishment, when one evening the three senior officers of the flag-ship and fleet were on deck, the Admiral coming out of his cabin, and giving directions as to some sail. Whether the Admiral's order was correct or not, I cannot say, but the whole three seemed offended, and went below, leaving him alone on deck. Admiral Sartorius had many serious annoyances, of which I must have been ignorant, as he never took any public notice of this, although I confess at the time I wished him to have seized this opportunity of deciding whether he was to be commander-in-chief or not; but the brave, amiable, kind-hearted sailor recoiled from doing anything to hurt any man's interests. Overlooking this gross breach of discipline, however, did harm.

During the time I had been with the regiment at Praia, Divine service was regularly performed every Sunday, and it was delightful to see the attention

which was paid to the performance of it; especially by the young soldiers, many of whom I suspect, although born in religious England, had never before been present at public worship. On board the fleet, I was glad to find the same excellent custom prevailing. I should perhaps give it some word more strong than "excellent," as it is a religious duty which all are bound to fulfil, but even if it be possible to leave the idea of religion out, nothing in my opinion tends to keep the mind on service, in a better state of discipline, than to make men every now and then turn their minds to serious matters, and to conduct themselves well as soldiers, because it is their duty so to do. Besides, divine service being performed once a week, gradually and gently assists, even if nothing else can, in contributing to military discipline. Much of this benefit is often, however, counteracted by a class of men, who arrogantly assume to themselves, if not the name, the puffed-up idea of thinking themselves superior in all respects to their erring fellow creatures. By some great misapplication of the word, these people have received the name of "The Saints," a more applicable word would be "The Sinners;" as in most cases those who assume the character of saints, are men who either have committed some sad iniquity, or who in their younger days have had no opportunity of being instructed in what true religion consists, the groundwork of which certainly is, humility, or who assume

the garb of sanctimoniousness, for some some selfish purpose. Far be it from me to say, that there are not many beautiful exceptions to this, and likewise that many who have seen the errors of their ways have not sincerely repented; but the good sense and experience of men must allow, that many such Saints or Sinners" are to be found on land and sea, and that instead of doing good, they, by their thoughtless conduct, (introducing the subject of religion on all occasions, no matter what the society or circumstances may be,) certainly do much harm. To the truly religious man, the subject of religion is too sacred to be debased to the level of the common chit-chat of society.

From Fayal we sailed to St. Michaels, where almost all the troops were assembled, preparatory to embarkation. I went on shore with my gallant friend, Captain Crosbie, so well known in South America, and the respect which was shown to him by all the Portuguese officers must have been gratifying. He had been put in orders to command the "Flying, or Western Squadron," consisting at that time of himself and three officers, but *no ships;* although there were many candidates to serve under his orders *when* he got his squadron, and on shore to keep this sea order in countenance. The Count D'Alva (now Marquis St. Iria,) was to command the division of cavalry of the liberating army, at present more numerous than the Western squadron, consisting of *three horses*, but there were

also plenty of candidates for this service. What bad effects result from publishing orders when not duly considered! the best cure for which is that the person who issues orders do take the trouble for some time to see his orders executed before his own eyes, and he will then be careful that the orders he issues are not only *useful*, but practicable.

One evening ashore at the hotel in the town of Ponta Delgada, fully satisfied me, finding it, as at Belle Isle, full of the discontented. The regiment had landed here on the 29th of May, but I was now completely detached from them, to my great satisfaction, as even there jealousies had broken out; some of the officers not giving the commanding officer that support which it was their duty to do. About this time, I went on board a transport to breakfast; but, a storm arising, all the ships in the roadstead were driven out to sea, and I did not get on board the flag-ship for a week. On my return, I found a poor young fellow whom I had intended to be confined a prisoner for the day, had been during all this time in a most horrible place, called the "Chains." The naval officers would not set him at liberty, lest it might interfere with my system of discipline; but on the 16th of September, at Oporto, I endeavoured to recompense the poor young fellow for his sufferings.

On the 6th of June, I landed with my company to join the regiment at the review of the Libe-

rating Army by Don Pedro. I have seen the troops of all the different nations of Europe, and within a year from this date, I had seen all the European troops, except the Russians, Danes, and Swedes, and truth obliges me to state, that for equipments, manœuvring, and good conduct, none could excel the Portuguese troops who appeared at the review. There were a good many of the natives of the Azores in the ranks, who made excellent soldiers in every point, except that the appearance of cavalry, even at a distance, shook their nerves. Six thousand five hundred troops defiled this day before the Emperor, and the British battalion really did credit to themselves. Some people accuse the Portuguese troops of drunkenness. I confess I have seen little or nothing of it; indeed, the more I have seen of the Portuguese soldier, the more have I been led to respect him. Give the Portuguese regiments leaders, and nothing can withstand them. There is no doubt they formerly would more willingly follow British officers than any others, and I never in my own experience found the least shyness in the Portuguese soldier; quite the contrary; but the examples the soldiers have had of the bravery of their own native officers during the last war, has evidently diminished their ideas of the necessity of being commanded by foreigners.

The punishment of flogging, when inflicted in the Portuguese army, is most cruel and horrible;

death very often resulting from it; the wretched sufferer being flogged across the loins by the corporals of the regiment, with a cane about the thickness of a man's thumb. Death is seldom awarded as the sentence of a court martial. It was hardly possible to get Don Pedro to sign a death-warrant; and some of the general officers, in order to get the better of this, allowed the full sentence of flogging to be carried into execution, which, in reality, was death. Great examples were absolutely necessary, especially against desertion; and while the regiment of Colonel Dodgin were in garrison at Elvas, I believe there were two or three of these horrible punishments among the Portuguese. Let us hope, as the Cortes of Portugal have passed an act by which no officer can be deprived of his commission without a court martial, they will not forget the soldier, and that they will make it murder to punish a man with death, unless he has been sentenced to that extreme punishment by a court martial.

About this time, news arrived from England, that Lord Grey had retired from the ministry, and that Lord Wellington had been appointed to fill his place. The grief with which this intelligence was received by the Liberating Army was great indeed; in short, the expedition was imagined to have failed, even before it had sailed; but the excitement caused on board ship, was far beyond what can be imagined. Luckily I had by the same packet received letters, telling of the great meetings in

Scotland. I was one of two Scotchmen in the regiment, and well do I recollect the laugh caused by the vehemence with which I said, "Mark what I say, the Scotch are resolved to have reform, and reform they *will* have; and you shall see before many days Lord Grey in his old situation." My words were true, as a schooner three days afterwards brought the welcome news, and the success of the expedition was then certain.

Don Pedro was now the most active person in superintending the preparations for the embarkation of the troops; but unfortunately some coolness arose between him and Sartorius, about a toast which the latter proposed at a party at which the Emperor was present. Sartorius is not only a *gallant*, but a gallant officer, and he gave a toast, "The Empire of Woman."—The Emperor, to the astonishment of all, looked sulky, expressed himself displeased, and refused to drink the toast. Why he should feel it so deeply I know not, nor could I discover. It could not have been given by Sartorius to hurt his feelings, as Sartorius, not only from policy but from good feeling, is the last man to hurt any one's feelings, but I am inclined to think the Emperor did not forget it; and have sometimes suspected that there must have been some truth in a report given out, that, though Don Pedro went out as Regent to Portugal, he intended to re-assume the crown in place of his daughter, and he might have construed

Sartorius's "Empire of Woman" into a very broad hint to give up such an idea.

The time for the embarkation of the army was now approaching, and, the day before, grand mass was performed to the whole of the troops and their female relations, calling for a blessing on their undertaking. This ceremony, one of the grandest and most impressive, I did not attend; but on the 20th and 21st of June, the days of embarkation, I can never forget the heart-breaking scene, to see the despair of the mothers, sisters, wives, and lovers of the troops as they embarked. This was a scene to think of; and, although only one casualty occurred, (so well was the embarkation managed under the superintendence of Sartorius, assisted by the unwearied exertions of Captain Rosenberg,) yet I have since thought what good reason these females had for weeping, as at least three-fourths of this body of soldiers died on the field. The troops being on board, and the British having embarked, at last the fleet got under weigh. I should here mention that such was the good health of the British battalion, that the deaths occurring from the 14th of of December, 1831, to this day, 21st of June, 1832, only amounted to six; and the conduct of the men so remarkably good, that during the whole time the regiment was at Praia, there was only one instance of complaint from the inhabitants. This proves the salutary effects of the system of discipline maintained.

We had only been a few hours at sea, when a strange sail made its appearance, which caused not a little bustle on board the flag ship, now the Rainha de Portugal. This was the Stag frigate, only five days from Lisbon. On board our flag ship were the Duke of Palmella, his son, and two of his nephews, and Senhor Mozinho de Albuquerque, and two or three *attachés*. Before we sailed, that amiable lady the Duchess of Palmella came on board to see her husband. Poor lady, she a few days before had a severe loss, in the death of her eldest son, a young man of great promise, and who showed his ability by carrying away two or three prizes at the London University the previous season. She, of course, was in low spirits, and well she might be, as none were more conscious of the dangers we had to encounter.

The Emperor had embarked on board the Amelia with all his suite; and during our delightful sail, he moved from one part of the fleet to another, being received by the troops on board ship with the Constitutional Hymn. The weather during all this passage was so good, that we visited from one ship to another. This was to all very pleasant, but to me quite the contrary. The portion of the regiment which had been on shore at Algoa, had received all the pay due; but the same privilege was not extended to those on board ship, thus leaving me in the awkward predicament of having men of the same regiment under a different system of

treatment; one portion being paid and the other unpaid. I tried to keep this hidden from the troops on board; but to conceal truth I consider impossible, therefore it was necessary to do something. I was resolved to land, and of course wished to have my men along with me, but I soon discovered that they had determined not to land unless paid to the same day as their comrades. I mentioned this circumstance to the Admiral, who hinted at carrying the British "Regulation" into execution with regard to mutiny, the only excuse for which, I am sure, was "want of money." With his sanction, therefore, in order to have the men in a proper state, I advanced from my own funds the sum of about 137*l.*, not one farthing of which has been repaid to me by the Government, to this day, in spite of numerous promises.

Towards the afternoon of the 7th of July, land was seen; the shout went from one ship to the other, and the Admiral and Senhor Albuquerque left the flag ship, and went on board the Eugénie schooner in order to approach near to examine the coast. At this time, the certainty of being in Lisbon in fourteen days was not disputed; but from the restless manner of the Duke of Palmella, and from the exertion he used in smoking the perpetual cigar, I saw distinctly his mind was not at rest, and I confess I viewed him as a barometer of the state of the Portuguese mind.

A short time after the Admiral had steered for the coast, the Duke went on board the Amelia

where Don Pedro and all the ministers were, and I had little doubt but that they had begun to think of plans, which long before this ought to have been settled. I was sitting in Captain Crosbie's cabin, about nine o'clock, debating the subject, when an order came from the Emperor, for the Captain to go on board to assist at the council. This confirmed my opinion as to the vacillation of their plans, for up to this moment Crosbie had never been admitted into their councils; however, on board the Amelia he went, and I waited patiently his return, which was about eleven at night. The plans for future movements were at that late hour not one jot advanced. It was very early in the morning of the 8th of July, when Sartorius returned from a *reconnoissance* of the shore, on board the flag-ship, with Senhor Albuquerque. The latter entered into serious conversation with the Duke of Palmella, who had returned from the council, and I must confess that I saw he was both discontented and undecided. At this time, the Admiral went on board the Emperor's ship, and about the same time Captain Rosenberg came to the flag-ship, and thus missed the Admiral. Captain Rosenberg showed me his plan for disembarking the troops, which I thought most excellent, with *one trifling exception*, namely, that I was to be left on board. As to disputing with a sailor, I was too wise for that, and as I had my own plan *in petto*, I agreed with him

At this time, Baron de Sa had been sent to

summon the Governor of Villa de Condé to surrender, who of course laughed at him. Captain Rosenberg then showed great decision. I frankly explained to him what I thought, of their want of energy and of plan, and advised him to consult the Duke of Palmella, who was then walking about the deck. The Admiral was at this time with Don Pedro in the council of ministers, and as far as my memory serves me, the Duke mentioned something about approaching nearer to Oporto; when Captain Rosenberg, as he was going over the side, said "D—— me, I have been intrusted with the disembarkation of the troops, and no time is so favourable as the present. The sea is smooth, and it may be up in a few hours; I shall make the signal for the boats to be ready to disembark the troops." I think as near as possible these are the words he used; at least, I thought Captain Rosenberg showed great decision; for as he was going off from the side, I recollect calling out, "Well done, Rose; that is as it should be."

I state what was my impression of the matter at the time, although it is fair to say, signals might at this moment have been made by the different ships; but I neither saw, nor understood them. Of one thing, however, I am certain, and that is, that there was no plan formed, until Baron de Sa came back from Villa de Condé: and even after that, I doubt if a plan was arranged But when

the order was once given, it was promptly obeyed. My friend Crosbie—indeed, I may say every officer of the flag-ship—knew my anxiety to land with my company, and they in the kindest manner met my wishes, each in his own particular province, giving my company the hint to jump into the boats alongside, which were intended to disembark the Portuguese troops first. When my men were all in the boats, an officer of the flag-ship came to report to me, with a serious countenance, that my men had jumped on board the boats; I pretended great anger; and found fault with them, I myself at the same time jumping into the boats to *prevail* on them to return on board: but no, they would not obey, we were therefore obliged to pull for the shore without delay, and there to land them, so that they might return instantly, and not delay the remainder of the troops. I do not pretend to defend this manœuvre; but it is necessary to state the fact, and that the Admiral did not like to disappoint me. There was one boat in front of the one I was in, which was Colonel Hodges', with the colours of the regiment; but the exertions of our fellows were unavailing to be the first on shore. I landed in the second boat, and having instantly formed, received the order to advance, and take up a position on the heights a little to our right. We had disembarked on the plains of Mindella, about ten miles from Oporto,

and were on shore about ten o'clock, on the 8th of July, 1832.

As I had been long enough in the world to know that nothing makes one feel so independent as being actually so, I took the liberty of equipping myself, although it was not according to "regulation," with the same knapsack which I had carried during my pedestrian tour on the Continent, not neglecting to have within it a small quantity of tea, and six Spanish doubloons sewed within the collar of my coat, with some of Hammersley's circular notes, (for secrecy sake) by my own hand. The latter were concealed below the fixed-on oil-cloth of my shacko; they were of little use to me, unless we reached Oporto or Lisbon, no slight incentive to exertion. These were my reserves, with some spare cash also in my pocket; no human being knew what I had, as if known to be so laden, it was not impossible that, if I received a slight wound, it might on that account be, by some of the gallant Liberators, voted a mortal one.

Never did a more light-hearted company move towards the point ordered than we, laughing and joking, promising half-a-crown for each prisoner the company should take; but only offering sixpence for Don Miguel: intimating to them by that offer to put what value they pleased on capturing him. I kept up the joke in consequence of the Eugénie

schooner firing into a wood to which we were approaching, as I wished to keep the minds of the young fellows prepared for the sound of the novel music which I expected to be discharged from that wood. On approaching the hill, at about two musket shots distance, I saw the cause of the firing of the Eugénie. There were about fifteen of the enemy's cavalry. I immediately advanced six men behind a wall, and going with them myself, to see them properly placed, took young Racket's firelock, and sent a ball whistling among them, which had the desired effect of making them scamper off. I had often heard it said, and have even seen it in print, when speaking of this expedition, that when the first shot was fired in Portugal, a war of very long duration would commence in Europe. By an extraordinary chance, I was the first man to pull a trigger in Portugal; and having been the first to do that, if the war is to be of *very long duration*, I can only hope, that, as I have seen the beginning, I shall have the good fortune to see its termination.

I might here express astonishment at the enemy not impeding our disembarkation, and leaving us in quiet all this day. I could blame them for their want of courage and enterprize, and perhaps by mere chance hit upon the very reason why they did not do so and so, but this I think more prudent not to attempt here, or elsewhere; because, before I had been many months in Portugal, I laid it down as the most safe and prudent

maxim of conduct, "not to believe anything that I heard, and to look with distrust even on what I saw;" therefore, with very few exceptions, my readers may rest assured I shall restrain myself within the bounds of what I actually saw, or thought I saw. Lest any attempt, however, of the enemy should take place, Colonel Hodges placed his battalion very judiciously, where they halted until some of the Caçadores moved forward in front of us, to our right and left; the British battalion gradually advancing through a wood, as their centre, but on the same line. This brought us into the village of, I think, Parafita, on the Braga and Oporto road, where we halted, first having placed our picquets. Towards dark, the whole of the army had disembarked. When visiting the sentries on the high-road to Oporto, and towards the point of disembarkation, I met a staff-officer on foot (we had no horses), from whom I learned that Don Pedro would pass this way. The subaltern of my company was a Portuguese, Don Pedro Alexandrino da Cunha, as good a fellow as ever lived, and a most capital sailor and soldier. He is now in command of the finest Portuguese frigate. Love and war, they say, in many points resemble each other; be that as it may, I rather think "first impressions" are of some consequence, so I resolved to try their effect on Don Pedro. Most of the people around him understood English; so I placed myself behind the sentry nearest to the

spot by which he must advance. As soon as his party approached, I myself challenged in a loud determined smart voice, "Halt! who goes there?" There was no answer, and the party still advanced. I then called out, "Halt! or I'll fire." This stopped them; and I saw one advancing, so I ran to the rear, leaving the sentry "at the charge," and sent up Da Cunha to interpret. This appearance of alertness pleased Don Pedro very much; but for the credit of the regiment I never said I was the challenger. If I am wrong for this deceit, I strongly suspect that princes have been deceived for worse purposes. *En passant*, I remark, that the "regulation" challenge is, "Who goes there?" omitting the "Halt." Now, in my opinion, it is rather unfair to shoot a fellow for advancing, without first having given him the order to halt.

Don Pedro was rather angry with Hodges for having advanced so far, and I think Don Pedro was right, *if* there had been any plan; but he was pleased with the style in which the picquets were placed, but ordered us to halt here until the army had passed, and act as rear-guard. The greater proportion had passed by three in the morning, so we followed the army, making useless fatiguing halts, under a broiling sun. When within three miles of Oporto, a smattering of musketry was heard, and then we were hurried on at a pace so rapid, that all order was broken. Luckily the firing

ceased, as by this style of marching I feared the worst consequences; but we entered Oporto in very good order about 4 o'clock, and took up our quarters in the convent of St. Lazaro, in the Place St. Antonio, officers and men being altogether. The enemy had quitted in a great hurry, but remained on the opposite side of the river, having destroyed a part of the bridge.

Here I think a great fault was committed in not taking advantage of the panic existing among the Miguelites, who had abandoned Oporto with the most shameful precipitation. It was clear that we had no right to be idle; in some measure, a certain class were not, being occupied in writing orders, decrees, appointing governors, judges, and displacing others. This may appear incredible, but such was the work of the greater part of the ministers that night; but luckily Sartorius judged better. Having shifted his flag into the Amelia, he came up the Douro, and accompanied by, I think, the Eugénie schooner, fired against Villa Nova; but the enemy handled him rather roughly, pouring volleys from the opposite height, and from the windows of the houses and a neighbouring convent.

Sartorius spoke his mind most determinedly on the impropriety of idleness, and of allowing an enemy to fire into the head quarters; and what with his representations and the offer of Hodges to drive the enemy away with the French and British battalions, the Emperor gave

orders for some of the Caçadores to proceed to the other side of the river, which they did without loss. Hodges's offer to cross with the French and English was received very cavalierly by the Emperor, more especially by Senhor Freire, the latter of whom construed this offer into a wish of the foreigner to massacre his fellow countrymen; he, along with the greater proportion of those around the Emperor's person, having forced themselves to believe (in spite of De Sa's reception at Villa de Condé) that there would be little or no opposition to the march of the Liberating Army to Lisbon. And such indeed was the general feeling among the officers, that a sort of agreement was made not to shave until their arrival in Lisbon. I recollect laughing at the idea, and saying that my opinion was, that beards before that time would be rather long. Few kept to the agreement, but I retained mine until it came down to my breast, perhaps out of a sort of vanity, to prove how correct I had been in my views.

Now that we had both sides of the river, was the time for indulging in levees, dinners, decrees, &c.; not so, however, with Sartorius, who having received, from the battalion on the 14th July, Major Williams and seventy men on board, the fleet sailed for the Tagus; meanwhile Hodges, making use of a certain influence he had with Villa Flor, Duke of Terceira, pointed out in strong terms the bad effects of idleness, not only to the cause in which we were engaged, but on the men, who could not resist the many tempta-

tions of Oporto. His suggestions were attended to, and, on the morning of the 16th of July, the British battalion, about three hundred men, thirty guides, (these were cavalry officers,) and the first battalion of the 18th, under Hodges' orders, were despatched to make a *reconnoissance* on the other side of Valongo, towards the Douro. We arrived at Valongo, about three leagues from Oporto, at six in the morning, the inhabitants hardly taking any notice of us, but all pleading ignorance of where the enemy was to be found. This want of zeal on their part convinced me that our beards would be long before we reached Lisbon; but the idea of the war not finishing upon getting possession of Lisbon, never entered the pericranium of any officer in the Liberating Army, nor even into the more knowing noddles of the wise politicians of Europe. However, marching about two leagues further towards the Douro, neither enemy nor inhabitants being seen, we returned to Valongo, where we found the volunteers of Donna Maria with two field pieces.

This regiment of volunteers was composed of all ranks and classes of Portuguese, with a few British. Most of the members of this corps had quitted Portugal on account of their political opinions, but almost all were actuated by a feeling of the most deadly enmity to the friars, who had introduced sorrow and shame into their families. They considered themselves the original Liberators, and the crack corps of the army. The Marquis of Fronteira, the aid-de-camp of the Duke of Terceira, here

brought orders for Hodges to advance upon Pennafiel, and feel the enemy in that direction. After having refreshed the troops we marched, and arrived at Balthar, about three leagues from Pennafiel, towards day-break, where the men had refreshment; each of the British having had a ration of wine served out to them gratis. While in Spain I heard from the very best authority, that this wine had been poisoned, and now I am inclined to believe the truth of it, as all who drank of it suffered more or less, and of the eleven who died, all were men who were *given to drink*. I, myself, took very little, yet I suffered. Until, however, I heard the report, the idea of poison never entered my mind, thinking the deaths of the men arose from excessive fatigue; but, certainly, none except those who drank that wine suffered.

Hodges made his dispositions for attacking Pennafiel (which was occupied by a force three times our number) with great ability, and certainly the troops under him behaved most bravely. I know he has been blamed for having moved the British battalion too rapidly up the heights on the left, and that that movement was the cause of the death of those eleven men from exhaustion. I regret war cannot be carried on without loss of life; and a good officer, in my opinion, ought to make his calculation in an attack, how it can be accomplished with the least loss of human life. I commanded the British battalion on that day, and having, as far as I could judge, considered all the ar-

rangements of Hodges good, I had a confidence that when I received the order he had good reason for having given it; therefore, I obeyed it with the greatest alacrity; and well it was I did so, even with the loss of these eleven men, as it was necessary for us to occupy these heights to prevent our left being turned, the enemy pushing for them at the moment; and we could not have driven them from them without great loss. The Miguelites seeing the head of our column here, feared their right would be turned, and immediately commenced a disorderly retreat: thus, in my opinion, the very manœuvre for which Hodges was blamed, was the one for which he deserved the greatest credit. I have discussed this point, solely for the purpose of showing the difficulty of passing an opinion on a military movement, unless particularly well acquainted with the *locale* of the spot where the movement took place; as any officer must be aware how small an impediment delays and confuses troops in the moment of action, the impediment being a most capital excuse for the *hangers-back* not to advance quickly into fire.

The heat was dreadful, and the enemy had cut the ropes of the different wells. I had learned from my walking experience, that to thirsty men, drinking water only gives a momentary relief, but that if the legs are wetted, the relief, though not at first apparent, positively destroys the pain of thirst. Seeing a muddy pool at the bottom of one of the hills, by

which we must pass to attack the Convent of Bostillo, I halted for a few minutes, making the men wet themselves from the knees downwards. Thus refreshed, we ascended the hill on which the convent was placed, the enemy making no defence; the only blood which I saw shed here being the blood of pigs, geese, and fowls, of which there was great abundance.

Why the enemy did not attack us here I know not; as the troops were either busy plundering the convent, or sleeping, overpowered with fatigue; but towards evening we abandoned the convent, and marched into Pennafiel, every house of which was abandoned, except that of the hotel kept by the brave and honest Joaquim Mendez, into whose inn I advise all travellers through this delightful country to throw themselves. Here we obtained information that a large force was moving to intercept our return to Oporto, so march we must. Mendez abandoned his house and family to take a part in the defence of Oporto, in which he cut no insignificant figure.

The anxiety of this night-march was great, the troops being very much fatigued, and as day broke on our approach to Balthar, (the British leading,) I shall never forget the relief I felt at finding ourselves descending the steep mountain which brings us to Ponte Fereira, without receiving a shot. The moment the rear had crossed the bridge, the welcome word "Halt" was given, and, with the exception of the guard on it, all were asleep

in a few moments; Hodges, with great foresight, having despatched an officer to have provisions ready for the troops at Valongo. The loss of the enemy in this affair must have been considerable, as they had defiled slowly, exposed to a heavy fire; but both peasantry and women were so active in carrying away the dead and wounded, it is impossible to state their loss. The casualties we had, amounted to twenty-seven.

Having refreshed the men at Valongo, we reached Oporto the evening of the 19th, being received with the greatest honour by the Duke of Terceira. Hodges obtained deserved credit, both for his activity and decision. Whether it was owing to the movements of the enemy, gradually closing on us on all sides, or that Hodges's success had given a taste different from order writing, and decree issuing, and appointing judges for towns where we had no power, I know not, but on the 21st it was determined to make a reconnoissance towards Valongo.

On the morning of the 22nd, we occupied the heights above Valongo, which command the small town of that name, and through which is cut the royal Lisbon road. Instead of moving to the left on this ridge, where is a full view of the whole country in the rear of Valongo, and towards the Douro, it was determined to follow the high road, thus treating the enemy with contempt, and attacking them on their vantage ground. The British battalion was left with another to defend these

heights, when two brigades descended the hill with two pieces of artillery, and going through Valongo the fight began, which finished very quickly by the enemy giving the two brigades a good thrashing, driving them up the hill, and taking the two guns. Hodges seeing the retreat, descended with a company of Portuguese and British, towards the left, and thus, apparently threatening the right of the advancing enemy, halted them, giving time to the fugitives to form and retire more quietly. We all afterwards retired, and took up a position near to Rio Tinto, about three miles from Oporto. This day's folly was a loss of life (our total casualties being 151) and what in our present circumstances, was even of greater consequence, a loss of confidence, which it is but justice to the Duke of Terceira to say, he determined to recover at all hazards.

A move for the morrow was determined on. A battalion of the 18th, the French battalion and the Sacred Battalion, or, as the French named it, the *Sacrè Bataillon* were put under the orders of Hodges. This Sacred Battalion was composed of officers of all ranks, dressed in scarlet, the uniform of some volunteer regiment, which uniform must have been bought "cheap" in England. They all carried muskets, which, with the ammunition, was quite sufficient weight for them to carry. There were men of all ages, but mostly "of a certain age," and all of whom had been suffering want, which had not tended to give freshness to their

countenances; and even in meeting the British battalion, they could not resist laughing at the ridiculous contrast between their own sallow, national, Portuguese countenances and the bluff, fresh, youthful appearance of the lads of the British; but they always contributed a fund of jokes to the French battalion. I do not in any way wish to throw ridicule on a body of gentlemen who were so patiently and honourably enduring privations, for what they considered the good of their country; but still I am of opinion, that officers do not make good private soldiers, as, while serving in that capacity, I never saw them do anything worthy of their name; but when the volunteers of the town were formed, and were placed under their command, no officers could excel them in knowledge and courage.

As we had at this time very few guns, about 200 artillerymen with muskets were likewise put under Hodges's command, so that he had from 1500 to 2000 bayonets. I confess I looked upon the 23d of July to be the day that was to decide the fate of the Liberating Army. All the troops were in this bivouac, Colonel Brito and Schwalbach having crossed the Douro and cut off the communication between Oporto and Villa Nova, by destroying the bridge of boats. Before day-light we moved, Schwalbach with the light division in the centre, Brito on the right, and Hodges on the left. The fight commenced with the centre, which drove

the enemy to a very strong position with the small river Louza in their front, and having their right resting on a height, which they gradually threw back as our brigade made its appearance. Here they placed one gun. Hodges seeing Brito close in upon the enemy's left, and even a slight degree in their rear at that point—and Schwalbach, with the light division close in upon their centre—resolved at once to attack the enemy's right, although on this height; as he saw a possibility of getting in their rear round this hill, and thus, coming easily into communication with his own left, with the extreme right of Brito, in some measure to surround the enemy. From orders received, never doubting but that a simultaneous attack would be made by the centre and right, he moved forward, his movement being easily seen (from the nature of the ground) by both armies.

The enemy made an obstinate defence, but the French and British drove them from the height, Hodges giving orders to the 18th Portuguese regiment to get round the hill taken by the French and British, and thus get possession of the enemy's guns, leaving a reserve of the Sacred Battalion and the artillery, in the wood at the bottom of the hill on the opposite side to which the 18th were ordered to move. Unfortunately the commanding officer of the 18th regiment preferred the vain glory of ascending the

already taken hill with loud *vivas* instead of executing the other more useful but more exposed movement, and thus the enemy escaped a severe loss.

This commanding officer was on horseback at the head of his regiment, which formed into close column of sub-division, while a few of the French and British had with a foolish impetuosity advanced in skirmishing order across the plain at the bottom of this height, upon which they were charged in the most gallant manner by the enemy's regiment of Chaves' cavalry, which cut up the French severely, killing their commandant; but they were received with a degree of surprising coolness by the boys of the British battalion, who, getting behind a wall and some scattered trees, troubled them so sorely that they were forced to return, with the loss of fifteen men and horses. I had impressed on the boys of my company (it was they who received this charge) a great contempt for cavalry, which told well for once; but I never had an opportunity of seeing them a second time charged by cavalry, almost all having been killed during the siege of Oporto.

The enemy having obtained a good shot at the 18th, opened their artillery on them, and certainly the commanding officer made at each discharge a beautiful salaam, and gradually thought it right to get into a more retired position in society; but Brito not moving, and the centre standing fast, placed our brigade in a most perilous position,

so we returned across the river, having had great difficulty in bringing away our wounded. Here a very affecting incident occurred. I had a French servant who spoke German (Frederick), a man well-known in the Liberating Army. He was a very brave fellow. I saw a fine young French officer lying badly wounded through the breast, and from breathing at the musket-ball wound, I saw he was a dead man; so I said in his hearing to Frederick, in German, "Give that poor young fellow a glass of brandy, as you see he must be dead in a few moments, and I fear we must leave him." I shall never forget the horror I experienced when the poor young fellow screamed out, "*Ach Mein Gott, muss-ich sterben! meine arme mutter !. aber Herr Commandant um sie Gotts willen, verlassenmich nicht.*"

I thought the young fellow was a Frenchman, but he was one of those unfortunate Poles who understood German, and who have been driven from their native homes by men who pretend to be the supporters of the Christian religion. He died as he was on the shoulders of the men carrying him off, and the enemy pushed us so sharply that we left his body and were obliged to cross the river. This took place about ten, and at about one o'clock the centre and right advanced; when at last the oft requested re-inforcement was sent, and then Hodges, with the 1st battalion of the 18th turned the hill, thus executing his first plan, taking a good many prisoners,

and again getting possession of the ground we had acquired in the forenoon. The enemy retired, and we received orders to bivouac on the ground.

Never was such a fair opportunity thrown away for gaining a decisive victory. There was shyness somewhere. Most people said it was the fault of Brito refusing to move forward from fear of the 150 cavalry who had charged us; but my own opinion is that, though the Duke of Terceira commanded, and had given his orders in conformity with a plan, Don Pedro thought it necessary to interfere, and thus, from having no "One Head," the decided good move of Hodges was rendered nugatory. Colonel Hare, had, I believe, joined as Commissioner from the British Government some days before, and was here: no one is more capable of pointing out the faults of that day than he. I restrict myself to the point under my own observation; but from Brito not moving, I thought the enemy must have entered into negotiations, or that he failed in pluck. There was certainly something very wrong.

No provisions being here, the French in a short time had the dead horses in the shape of steaks! I captured a very good charger, (one of the Chaves' cavalry) with a slight bayonet wound in his side. Here I saw the benefits of foresight. I had on my knapsack, in which was my reserve of tea, and I had much pleasure in giving a tin of that refreshing beverage to the brave Count St.

Leger and young Lasteyrie (the grandson of Lafayette), who had preferred being with Hodges as his aides-de-camp to those being witty Emperor. From this day forward, the French and British were sworn friends, and our march to Oporto the next day was one scene of joy and conviviality.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Duke of Palmella's complimentary speeches—General Povas, Don Tomaso de Mascarenhas—Portuguese Vacillation of Character—Don Pedro—General Valdez allows the Author to make a Movement on his own responsibility—Character of Valdez—Lieutenant Boulger—His burial—Mr. Crispin, British Consul—Colonel Sir T. Sorrell, his successor—Orders to send knapsacks aboard ship—Dinner in honour of the Three Days of July—Colonel Hodges—Count St. Leger—Twelfth Caçadores—Brigadier-General Fonseca—Colonel Schwalbach—"Drum-head Court Martial"—Flogging for killing a Pig—Gaol discipline—Friars guilty of Arson, taken in the fact—Duke of Terceira's reconnoissance—Captain Rebosa—His unmilitary conduct—Flight towards Oporto—Duke of Terceira forms a Rear-Guard—Casualties at the affair of Santo Redondo—Military criticism—Duke of Palmella—Colonel Evans—Miguelite fleet—Sartorius—Baron de Sa—Determined in Council to abandon the Serra Convent—Colonel Hare—His character—Position of the British battalion—Practice as to standing to arms—Favorite guard of the Subs—*Praça das Flores*—Spanish Consul sent from Oporto—Painted infant Tinselly Crown taken by the soldiers for gold—System of no challenging safest on out-posts—Usages of war—General Nepomuceno—How an officer should arrange soldiers on out-post duty—The best defence a picquet can make—

Manner of making it explained—Who is the best officer?—Mr. Wilkinson the gun-maker's machine against poachers, called a Detector—Description—How it might be turned to use in a military way—Horrid instrument presented to the army at Oporto—Action of the 8th September—Description of it—Inspection of our corps by Admiral Parker—Captain Wooldridge, R.N.—Major Staunton—Are boxers by profession, really brave?—A regular set-to—Colonel Achille Murat—What were the motives of Murat in coming to Portugal?—Description of military movements and positions—Captain Rosenberg—Captain Mitchell—Volunteer Wooldridge's bravery—Colonel Hodges—Dialogue between the Author and the Admiral's Flag-Captain—Captain Picken of the Asia—The 10th regiment—Author carried to Oporto.

Just as we reached the heights above Valongo, on the march to Oporto, the Duke of Palmella came to the head of the regiment, and took the opportunity of making us many complimentary speeches for the bravery displayed by it on the 23d. The Duke generally speaks in a very low tone of voice, and I was not a little amused with the difference now, as he wished both officers and men to hear him. We afterwards heard, that his praise of the foreigners told very much to his disadvantage at court, among the *valorosos* of the Emperor's staff. It is hardly credible, but when these gentlemen discovered the strength of Santa Martha's position, and the force he had with him, they began to waver, and despatched an officer to Oporto to put the Emperor's private baggage on

board ship, and to have boats ready for him and his *attachés*. When this officer arrived, he found that General Povas had with great tact taken possession of Villa Nova to distract us, and was then keeping up a heavy fire of musketry on Oporto, and even threatening to cross the Douro. D. Tomaso de Mascarenhas was then Governor of Oporto, a brave and gentlemanlike man, but without the power of concealing those emotions of the mind occasioned by tidings either of good or evil fortune. As soon as Mascarenhas heard the news, he felt certain of a defeat, and in a couple of hours many of the gallant Liberators, with their wives, their baggage, their military decorations, &c. &c. were hurrying to the Foz, there to embark, while Mascarenhas was barricading the streets. All was in a hubbub.

What is the cause of this vacillation in the character of the Portuguese, as braver men do not exist when ably led?—and why should this feeling be most apparent in the *noblesse* and *fidalgos?* Since the Portuguese have been taught to look for foreigners to lead and command them, they have lost that determination of character which distinguished them in former days; and I look forward with hope to see the day, when this people, (who for two years kept possession of Oporto, as the head-quarters and bulwark of European liberty,) may take that standing as a nation, which their natural qualities so fully entitle them to; and that they may never

again become tributary to either Spain, France, or England.

While the inhabitants of Oporto were frightened with our expected defeat at Ponte Fereira, some *kind* friends had sent to Don Pedro, at the latter place, to say it was certain before our return the town would be taken. It was disgraceful to General Povas, that on this day he did not take Oporto; but without decision, an officer can do nothing.

I recollect well, when we were advancing to the attack at Ponte Fereira, General Valdez (a very brave man) coming to me and saying he had been despatched by Don Pedro to order us to halt, as there was an immense force of Guerillas seen in a wood to the rear of our left flank. He asked me if I had seen this force? I said, "Yes; but it only consisted of three women with large straw bonnets." Hodges not being on the spot, Valdez asked me if I would take the responsibility of still continuing to advance? I said, "Certainly; without contrary orders I shall execute the first I received." He was the Adjutant-General, and I a Captain, and he allowed me to do what I chose without saying another word.

General Valdez possessed great personal bravery, but was most deficient in moral courage. From his being so long on the staff, I had much to do with him in all applications for promotions in the regiment, for clothing, &c. &c. &c. He is very friendly in his manner, and before

leaving Portugal, he embraced me most affectionately, deploring my departure, and all such stuff. I said, "Well, General Valdez, I can say, that during all the time I have been in Portugal you never did refuse me any thing I asked." Another embrace; and, "O, my dear friend Shaw, how is it possible an officer of your merit," and then another hug, which made me say, "Now, General, let us understand each other: although you never *refused* any thing to me, I must tell you that I never *got* any thing I asked from you, either for others or myself." Another embrace—a laugh—and a "*Oh meu Amigo!*"

When we arrived at Oporto, it was necessary to display our laurels, put into our caps "by order." We defiled before the Emperor in the Place St. Ouvidio, but I thought the inhabitants did not think much of our laurels; in short, we had at last found out a secret, that Don Miguel had no intention of decamping without a fight. Many of those who had landed with Don Pedro, then began to perceive that affairs looked serious, and such bad counsel did they give, that the transports which had brought us from the Azores, and which had been discharged, were again engaged: thus tacitly acknowledging, that we thought there was a possibility of our being vanquished, an idea that at all hazards ought to have been kept a profound secret; but to expect secrecy in a Portuguese court, as it was then constituted, was ridiculous.

The act of landing in Portugal with less than 8,000 bayonets in the face of 80,000 old well disciplined troops, was a deed requiring a throwing away of the scabbard, and the only motto ought to have been "Death or Victory."

Two days after our arrival at Oporto, we were burying Lieutenant Boulger, who died of his wounds. Poor fellow! he at once knew his wound to be mortal. He was lying alone in the wood, the men having advanced, and on my return he called to me that he was mortally wounded, exclaiming "Well; did I not do my duty?" As we were carrying his body up to the English burying ground, a message came from Mr. Crispin, the British Consul, to say he would not allow him to be buried there, nor with military honours. We were sorry for poor Boulger; but I confess, my wish at this moment was, that Mr. Crispin would come and *try* to take the body from us.

Our feelings were much hurt at this unkind and impolitic act; and as I felt convinced, that if the Government at home had not been favourable to us, we never could have embarked, this act of the Consul proved to me that he was a Miguelite; and that the English Government did not approve of his conduct, was shown by removing him to Corunna, and sending in his place, that excellent neutral, Colonel Sir T. Sorrell. All hands were now set to work to fortify Oporto, by battering down walls, and making very slight lines, but still

no house was allowed to be thrown down. The inhabitants were not interfered with, neither were provisions laid up in store, nor stopped on leaving the town. That would have been too great a degree of foresight; it was necessary to pay more attention to the appointment of the Judges in the different districts of Lisbon, and to the Commandants of the different garrisons in Alentejo and Algarves. At last, an order was given to send all the heavy baggage to the Trem Douro, where it was regularly plundered and sent across the river to the Miguelites. Most of the officers lost every thing in this way.

There was now some talk of abandoning Oporto, if we should be beaten; and fighting our way to the north of Spain; and to make the soldiers lighter for this march, all the regiments were ordered to send their knapsacks on board ship, each soldier retaining one shirt. I objected to this very much, as I knew every article would be stolen. Ten days afterwards, the transports were discharged, the knapsacks were sent on shore *empty*, and the poor soldier deprived of his all. I consider it an axiom in military economy that if stores are intrusted to weak and skulking soldiers, they will be inevitably plundered. A soldier who expresses a wish to go to the rear, or is *sick* the day the order comes for baggage to go the rear, is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a thief.

On the 30th of July, the French officers, in

honour of the "Three Days," gave a splendid dinner to the officers of the British battalion. What lots of liberty we did drink! We sat down about forty to dinner, and of these forty, I think, there are now only five alive, and these are all wounded. I mention this trifle only as a hint, that if people once acquire liberty, they should value it and not abuse it; and if they have not liberty, they should be ready to sacrifice life—all—to attain it.

We foreigners, having had our dinners, and having no governments to give away, and being as yet too few to begin to intrigue against each other, got restless, and Hodges, no friend to idleness, was appointed to command the right of the lines of Oporto, having the French, under the command of Count St. Leger, on the extreme right, touching the Douro, at the Quinta de China; the 12th Caçadores in reserve under Colonel Vasconcellos, occupying the ground from the St. Cosmo road to the Valongo road, and the British under my command—the Valongo road, the *Lugar das Antas*, heights in front of Bom Fim, and with my left touching at that point the 3rd battalion of the 18th Portuguese who communicated with the Agoardente road. The other regiments were in position towards the Braga road, under Brigadier-General Fonseca; and Colonel Schwalbach, throwing back his left, rested on the Douro, occupying that space from Carvalhido towards the river.

Colonel Fonseca occupied the village of Foz at the mouth of the river, with a very small force in the castle, but quite detached from Oporto; the whole space on the Lordelo road, with the village of that name, and the height of the Penhal and Pasteleiro (half way between Lordelo and Foy), all being unoccupied. The enemy had only to take possession of those heights, which commanded both these villages with artillery, and thus our communication with Foz would have been cut off, and all supplies from the sea stopped. But if we were bad, the Miguelites were worse. We knew little or nothing about them, as few deserters were coming in. Hodges was therefore sent with his brigade on another feeling expedition.

Starting at day-break on the 5th of August, by the Guimaraems road, we entered into a large pine forest, and reached the village of Alfana (I think). Here we came so suddenly on the people, they had not time to run away. They were very civil, so much so, that they gave some of the men too much wine; therefore, it was necessary to make an example. Hodges ordered a drum-head court martial on a man who had been caught in the act of breaking open a chest. He was sentenced to 100 lashes, which he received on the spot in presence of the French, who at the first seemed inclined to make a row at witnessing this, to them, novel system of discipline; but Hodges told them he was determined at all hazards to enforce discipline, and the punishment

was carried into effect. More than a year after this, and nearly on the same ground, and while the French were with us, I was obliged to inflict punishment on a man caught in the act of killing a pig. The prisoner bellowed tremendously, and the French made such a noise, that I was for the moment under the necessity of stopping the punishment, but I was resolved to carry it through. There was silence for a moment, and I explained I should now treat the prisoner as thieves are sometimes treated by "Act of Parliament." This gave general satisfaction, and I sent the prisoner into a neighbouring house "to be whipped privately," the only spectators being the owners of the killed pig. I found this "Act of Parliament" punishment ever afterwards attended with the most beneficial effects, as when there are no spectators there is no sympathy, and those who do not see the punishment, think it much more severe than it really is.

I wish it to be understood, that I detest flogging in every shape, although I fear there is a necessity for it sometimes; but I have no patience with those patriots who call out against flogging a military thief, and who do not look nearer home, and express some sympathy likewise for the "civil thief." In England even, this Act of Parliament flogging sometimes occurs, as was exemplified not long since at Maidstone. Two soldiers who had been guilty of some crime, for which they ought to have been flogged, were, to conciliate the "popu-

lar feeling," sent to jail; but their conduct was so riotous while confined there, that they actually received from the magistrates, in addition to their imprisonment, nearly the same number of lashes they would have received at the regiment without the imprisonment.

On our return to Oporto, we passed the spacious and splendid convent of Formiga, sufficiently large to quarter 3000 men. Hodges' foresight was good, but he was outreasoned by the Portuguese staff with him, or during our long siege the enemy would not have had such an excellent store and hospital so close to them as this convent. I confess my feelings were for burning it, and to annoy by every means the friars. This feeling perhaps, was increased by an atrocious attempt made by them on the convent of St. Domingo, on the night of the 24th of July, the troops being all fatigued with three days' marching and fighting. The 5th Caçadores were asleep, the gates of the convent were shut, when the fire commenced at the same moment in the four corners, and in an instant, the whole was in a blaze; most providentially the regiment, with the exception of three men, escaped.

Three friars were caught running away, the one was bayoneted by the infuriated soldiers, and the others were handed over to justice; but, although their guilt was proved, no punishment was inflicted; therefore a desire to be judge and executioner arose in the minds of all

the army against the friars. The Miguelites now began to move about, General Povas having even sent advanced parties close to Villa Nova. The Duke of Terceira resolved to make a reconnoissance; but, as this was to be something splendid, it was not thought proper to allow any of the foreigners to share in the glory; so he marched towards Santo Redondo with the light division under Schwalbach, and another division under Brito, at break of day on the morning of the 7th of August.

Towards mid-day, we heard he had gained a splendid victory, and that he was in full pursuit of the enemy on the Lisbon road; but towards four o'clock the approaching sound of musketry on the Villa Nova side, led me to think that was not the shortest way to Lisbon. A sad reverse had taken place. The Duke had carried every thing before him at first, the enemy retiring in great disorder, leaving a squadron of cavalry to cover in some measure their retreat. A scoundrel named Rebosa, a Captain in the gallant 5th Caçadores, seeing this squadron at a turn of the road who were retiring, ordered his bugler to sound the retreat *double quick*, he himself calling out "the cavalry are on us," and in a moment the whole of the Liberators were in full retreat in the most dreadful disorder; the rear got infected, and all fled towards Oporto, leaving two pieces of artillery in the enemy's hands. The Duke of course was astonished at this, the enemy as much so as he; but the Duke is a very brave man. He, therefore,

along with his staff and some of the mounted guides, formed a rear guard, and assisted by a well directed movement of Colonel Pacheco with four companies of the 6th, proceeded to check the enemy, who if they had had any enterprise ought to have entered Oporto with our own people. However, their skirmishers followed the fugitives into Villa Nova, causing such a panic among the Emperor's suite, that they commenced gathering funds for another emigration. Strange, that this affair of Santo Redondo is the only engagement where the Liberators met with any serious reverse; and still more strange, that it was the only time when they had no foreigners with them! The total casualties this day, were 396.

If the victory of Ponte Fereira caused terror at Oporto, one may imagine the effects of the defeat of Santo Redondo. All minds were unhinged, the embarkation was openly spoken of, and if there had been provisions on board the transports, and if they had known where there would have been a safe place of refuge, my own opinion is, that Oporto would have been abandoned; but this not being the case, the manufacturers of judges and governors must have a sacrifice. But who was this sacrifice to be. The Duke of Terceira abhorred this manufacturing system, and the Duke of Palmella was not allowed to meddle even if he had been inclined. The latter, unfortunately, had pointed out not only the prudence, but the necessity of having all the Villa Nova wines brought

to the Oporto side; but, as he proposed it, the plan was opposed, at least every impediment was thrown in the way of its execution, therefore it was necessary to get rid of such a true and useful counsellor by sending him on some mission to England. But what to do? The Duke of Terceira had in a military point of view (as he had been unfortunate) laid himself open to the charge of "Why had he no reserve to be prepared for a reverse?" There was truth in the remark, as so uncertain is war, that no temptation, not even the almost absolute certainty of success, should lead an officer to be without a reserve. This decided the matter, and the Duke of Palmella was sent to England to enter into communications with Colonel Evans, who from his speeches in Parliament showed he felt deeply interested in the cause of Donna Maria, and the warm eulogiums passed on his military talents by his friend Colonel Hodges made most people look up to him as the best successor to the Duke of Terceira.

Palmella sailed for England, and had actually engaged Colonel Evans to go out to Oporto; I even believe the Colonel's baggage was on board ship. I have heard many reasons assigned why he did not come out; but it is difficult to know the truth; therefore, I abstain from any remarks—except, that I know the warmth with which Colonel Hodges (with the knowledge of the Duke of Terceira,) urged the merits of Colonel Evans, was the cause of

raising up a system of intrigue against Hodges, which afterwards drove him from Oporto. The court intrigues were put a stop to on the morning of the 12th, by the sound of cannon towards the Foz. All made their way to this spot, the pleasure residences formerly of the rich Portuguese and British merchants, and there, off the bar of Oporto, appeared the fleet of Don Miguel with that of Sartorius at some little distance from it. It was hardly possible to keep one's temper at the remarks made about Sartorius. He was much inferior in force, but still he was doing all he could to attack the enemy; but the greatest discontent was shown by Don Pedro and the people near him, that he did not forthwith bring the whole Miguelite squadron into the Douro. After some distant firing, both fleets bore away in the direction of Lisbon. As for myself, I was very glad the cautious gentlemen had had such a good view of the Miguelite fleet, as they saw their favourite plan of embarkation must have been attended with some little danger.

These worthies having now a suspicion that their trip of pleasure might end in being drowned at sea or hanged on shore, they resolved to do their best against the latter, and the assiduity with which all now worked at the fortifications of Oporto, was wonderful. Every one was active, but none so much so as Don Pedro. He was to be seen late and early on all parts of the line, sometimes certainly interfering where he ought not to have

done. At this time, Baron de Sa was Governor of Oporto, and indefatigable in his exertions, more particularly at the Serra Convent, which in some measure commands Oporto and Villa Nova; at all events, the master of the Serra Convent is the possessor of Oporto: but will it be believed that it was determined in council to abandon this point? If I am not much mistaken it was for a short time abandoned. My earnest desire is to state the truth, and then let the public give merit where merit is due.

Colonel Hare was at this time Military Commissioner from England to Portugal. He attached himself to the Liberating Army, as there he could inform government of the real state of affairs. He was beloved and respected by all the officers, and was the most intimate friend of Palmella and Terceira; in short, he lived as if he belonged to the family of the latter. I believe his mission was a delicate one; and he was in some measure neutral. I never knew of his having directly given any advice, but I have heard him often in an indirect way, ask questions which were of infinite service to us. I can well imagine his astonishment at hearing the Serra was to be abandoned, and quietly asking, "If the enemy were there if they could not do so and so?" thus shewing our leaders the necessity of taking some steps to prevent this "so and so" occurring. Indeed, I say now what I have often before repeated, that if Colonel Hare had not been in Oporto, the Serra would

have been in possession of the enemy; therefore the town must have been abandoned or taken, and the cause lost. I recollect a conversation having taken place, with regard to taking possession of the Guia Hill, and likewise holding it. If we had done so *at first*, it could easily have been held, as the fire from the Serra and the batteries on the Oporto side flanked it; but there was a great fear of our small force occupying too extended line.

At this time, the British battalion occupied the heights of Lugar das Antas, and the Valongo road, the reserve being in the Praça das Flores, through which the road to Valongo ran, commanded by the Yellow House battery; and in the vicinity of the Bom Fim church there was another battery, sweeping the road as far as the Praça das Flores. Just below the Bom Fim church, the road was mined, and a ditch was here cut, and the same in front of the Praça das Flores. An order was now issued, which ought to have been given a month before, to allow neither cattle, horses, nor provisions to quit the town, but to use every means to allow them to enter. At this time, desertion from us took place to a great extent, especially among the 18th, who were on my left. They were composed mostly of those prisoners who had been taken in the Azores, and who gladly seized this opportunity of joining their old comrades. The enemy had begun to reconnoitre this post, which

kept us on the alert, all the troops standing to their arms at two o'clock in the morning, and as the fogs were very thick, and did not clear away before seven, this duty was most harassing. I found that if the men stood to their arms during all this time "according to order" (if their physical strength could have permitted it), and an engagement had occurred, they would have been fatigued before the fight began; therefore, to avoid this, the men at twelve o'clock at night were awakened to accoutre themselves, and fall-in to be mustered; they were then allowed to lie down, the officers along with them; the orderly officer of the company, and the orderly serjeant remaining awake, and if on a sudden alarm the companies were more than three minutes in falling-in and being "told off," then the general order was obeyed, and the lazy company had to stand the next morning from two o'clock till seven under arms. After a few days, it was wonderful in what a short time the regiment turned out; and thus I had the men always fresh. The work was very severe on the officers; as to this I did not care; they, like myself, had the power often of taking a few hours' rest during the forenoon, and I made it a point never to ask an officer to do what I would not do myself.

The town at this time was mostly supplied with bread from Valongo, which was brought in baskets carried by girls. These lasses were

generally remarkably handsome. I soon found that the Barrier at the Praça das Flores on the Valongo road was the favourite guard of the Subs, the orders being to search all those entering the town for letters. The girls had long beautiful hair, in which they generally hid their letters for the Miguelites in town; but I confess, I thought the search was sometimes carried too far. We had no woman with the regiment, so the "Telling Ninny" of the convent at Praia, was deputed to be the searcher, and many were the ridiculous scenes which occurred. If any unfortunate girl was found with some little bit of paper, then she was handed over to two old serjeants for a regular Custom-house search, the Commanding Officer often being present. With the men it was different. They were handled very roughly. I recollect a very decent young fellow, at least so in appearance, went out towards Valongo every forenoon, furnished with a passport from the Spanish Consul, to which I, for a few days, paid respect: but one morning when I was rather sleepy, and he a little insolent, I thought I would torment him a little by making him pull off his boots, which he seemed unwilling to do; but on forcing him, I discovered some letters, which I sent forthwith into town to Hodges, and in less than twenty-four hours the Spanish Consul was sent out of Oporto, it having been discovered that he was in daily communication with Santa Martha.

Just as the fog cleared up, we patrolled towards the front. I recollect from the Lugar das Antas, taking six determined devils to patrol the road well forward towards the village of Rio Tinto. We came to a very pretty cottage, in which there were no inhabitants, but on the table, in the middle of the room, was the corpse of an infant, beautifully painted, adorned with flowers, and having its head surrounded with a crown of gold, of tinsel work. When I first saw it, I really thought it was a wax doll, or some image; but, discovering my mistake, I left the room, shutting the door, supposing that none of the soldiers had observed the figure. There was a good deal of whispering among them, which I did not at the moment think of; but a week after, lying on the ground with them on the Lugar das Antas, they, forgetting I was present, told the story. These six patrollers had just got a glance of the gold crown. They thought the figure was a wax doll, and that they might get a few shillings for it with the trappings, never having the slightest idea that the corpses of infants were decked out so gaily. They went at dusk towards the cottage; the inhabitants fled; they entered and snatched the supposed doll, the reality of which they, in their hurry, did not discover until they returned back through the adjoining wood. They felt no compunction for the robbery; but the superstitious fear was so great, that it was hardly possible to get them to remain

on sentry towards this wood during the night. The men at this time had intolerably severe duty, both to keep the enemy out, and our own Portuguese in; they had no money, and the poor fellows had been robbed of their "kits," by the foolish act of sending their knapsacks on board ship; and it was barely possible to prevent them marauding in the houses, a little in front of the advanced sentries.

The command of this position was most harassing, both on this account and the desertion of the Portuguese. It was necessary to change the position of the sentries during the night, at every relief, and no challenging was allowed, so that neither the enemy nor the "would-be deserter" could know the positions of the sentries; and with young soldiers, close on an enemy, if suddenly come upon, one knows how ready they are to fire on friend or foe. Many is the escape I have had in this way, and many is the alarm which has been caused by some young hand firing at a strolling dog. But still, with all this danger, I do think that during the night and before the picquet and regiment are under arms; the system of "no challenging" is the safest method on an advanced post near to the enemy. It shakes the nerve of the boldest advancing or patrolling enemy, when he finds a ball whistle past him without first having heard the challenge. I admit accidents may happen to

comrades; but taking into calculation, how to lose the smallest number, I am positive the "no challenging" system is the best. In a short time, this system makes the sentries so alert, that it is very easy to invent some sound, which as you visit them is intelligible to them, though not to an enemy. In the Peninsula, and indeed in all warm climates, there is always near your post some noisy insect or frog, and the visiting party imitating that sound rather louder, or with some variation, is better than any countersign. The cracking the finger and thumb is heard at a short distance, and is more safe than the short low whistle of the Guerilla, which is at once distinguished to be a human sound. An out-post officer must always be thinking how he can deceive his enemy; therefore his own ingenuity will lead him to invent many stratagems.

During the night, the enemy being well acquainted with the *locale* of Oporto, they approached so near, that in spite of every exertion there was a great deal of firing, and I was much annoyed at long severe orders being published, as to this system being contrary to the "usages of war." What was meant by the usages of war? Is it the usage for one brother to wage war against another, or for a son against a father? Was this not the usage in this war, and shall people talk of "contrary to the usages of war?" War is, and always will be, guided by circumstances. It was just as natural to expect that hostilities were to be carried

on here according to the system adopted during the Peninsular French war, as that, if we were to attack savages, we should throw away our firelocks, and use bows and arrows.

"I recollect being ordered in the front of Santarem to occupy the position of Azambujeira with my regiment, about 500 strong. After having examined the position, I reported to General Nepomuceno that it was impossible to hold it if attacked. I received for answer, it was one of the best positions, and occupied by a brigade, by orders of the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsular war. I discovered that the brigade placed there by the Duke, amounted to something like 4,000 men. I had 500, which must be allowed to be at least a *slight* difference.

From what I have seen of out-post duty in Portugal and Spain, my attention has been much called to the best, safest, and least fatiguing system to the men. Nothing makes soldiers on out-posts so unfit for duty, as want of sleep; therefore, the first object of an officer should be to arrange men in such a position as that all can have the benefit of sleep, except the sentries. The fewer sentries, therefore, that are employed, the more men are fit for duty; and it naturally follows, that he who from judgment does not overload his post with sentries, is the best out-post officer. We all know that if there be a crowded line of sentries, and if one either by mistake or at the sight of an enemy discharges his firelock,

those sentries on his right and left, to a certainty, if near, will likewise fire, and thus the fire extends from right to left, with nearly the same noise as a regular discharge. This supposed and apparently sharp fire, makes the reserve, who have been either sleeping or dozing, start up in a hurry, with confusion and noise, to a certainty betraying to a watchful enemy where your picquet is; but what is worse, the discharge prevents the officer from knowing exactly where the attack is to be expected, and the men in this manner are ready, if I may say so, for a panic. To a watchful officer on picquet, one shot of a sentry is as good as a hundred shots, and the sole use of a sentry is to give an alarm; and this shot, although it puts the officer on the alert, has this great advantage, that he can quietly fall in his picquet, and make his own arrangements, without having the men in bustle and confusion. If a sentry continue popping at a particular point, I have found nothing of so much benefit, as to call for three or four volunteers, to creep up to the particular point, with the resolution to rush forward with their bayonets and a hurrah, on the first who advances, which to a certainty will halt the enemy, no matter what the number is, to consider for a few minutes, and thus give additional time to those in the rear to form and make their arrangements.

The best defence which a picquet can make, and a defence on almost every occasion a picquet

ought to make, in order to give the troops in the rear sufficient time to form, is for the officer in command to examine well the different roads or points by which an enemy can advance. He can, almost on every occasion, by cutting down trees, digging a slight ditch, or building a wall, restrict the power of approach to three particular points, say each eighteen feet wide. Suppose his picquet to consist of 120 men (it could not be less where there are three roads), let him place at each of these roads thirty-two men "told off" into four sections. In case of an expected attack, let these sections form close column, and place themselves in the centre of the road, having in front of the first section a breast-work about four feet high. If an enemy appear on this road, let the three front sections kneel down, and No. 4. fire over their heads, and then load; No. 3. rises next, then No. 2., then No. 1., which loads as quick as possible, having time from the enemy to do so, thus thrown into confusion or halted for the moment by this heavy quantity of balls fired nearly into the same point; and this can be continued. This plan is almost more efficacious by night than by day, provided the officer will take the trouble of pointing out this spot and line of fire to the men, before they lie down. This arrangement can be as easily carried through with eight sections, in close column, as with four, provided the enemy have to

descend a declivity in coming to the post of the picquet.

In September 1832, at Oporto, I tried this manœuvre with very great effect, with a close column of six sections of the British battalion firing on a road of about eighteen feet wide, by which the enemy in great force wished to advance, but they could not stand this heavy fire thrown into one point. On the 3rd of March, at Lordelo, I did the same with some Portuguese. The enemy were busy cutting down trees on the afternoon of the third, to make an opening for their artillery to advance the next day to attack us. They would not desist from cutting the trees by single-shot firing; but this perpetual volley sickened any from approaching the point; and the Portuguese officer, an intelligent fellow, took his line of fire, and during the night, whenever the sound of an axe was heard, opened this irresistible volley, and thus, the next morning, the enemy's artillery could not advance.

I feel certain, this style of firing in close column might be carried to a great extent in all military attacks. I am aware that many officers are prejudiced against the system, bringing forward, as an objection, that in the hurry and heat of action, those sections or companies in the rear may kill some of their comrades in front. If men were regularly drilled to this movement I have not much fear of it; but even suppose a few of the men in front were killed by their com-

rades, I hold that in war *men must be killed*, and that he who does much with few casualties is the best officer; therefore, by this close column firing, a few may be killed by comrades, but the fire will be so deadly on the enemy, that many lives will be saved from the enemy's shot not taking effect. Suppose cavalry manœuvring within musket shot of a close column, could an intelligent officer, commanding this column, not seize an opportunity to open this style of fire against the cavalry? There is not the slightest doubt of it; and if an officer stifles his prejudices, he will see the full force of this. I could give many instances where the manœuvre might be most beneficial; but I stop to refer to what I am sure, before long, will be in use on out-post duty in the British army.

Since my return to England, calling on my friend Colonel Hare, he mentioned to me a very ingenious method invented by Mr. Wilkinson, gun-maker, of Pall Mall, for detecting poachers. From Colonel Hare's description, I immediately saw it was the very thing, the employment of which at an out-post, I had long been dreaming of, and I immediately went to see it. I do not think the inventor saw the use to which it might be turned; at all events he did not give me as full a description as I wished: however, I shall point out my plan, hoping (for the good of the tired soldier at the out-post) that my hint may be brought into practice.

He calls the instrument a detector, which consists of a piece of iron about a foot long, with a hole at each end for the purpose of pinning it to the ground, or affixing a chain to attach it to a stone or tree. At the one end of this flat iron is fixed a very strong spring, with a trigger attached, which trigger can be drawn by a circular piece of iron, with holes drilled through it on a moveable pivot. To these holes wire is attached, which, when touched, turns the circular piece of iron, which draws the trigger; a hammer, like that of a gun-lock, strikes down sharply on a pellet, about two inches in diameter, which explodes a preparation of detonating power, giving a report equal to a six-pounder; but, besides this, if required, a blue light is set fire to, illuminating the ground for at least fifty yards round. These detectors, pellets of six-pounder noise, blue lights, and the wires, are all portable, and I only ask if an ingenious out-post officer could not so arrange these wires with the detectors, that neither an enemy could approach, nor a deserter go off without his being aware of it? If on the Lugar das Antas, or at Lordelo, or at Oporto, I had had those detectors, I could have done my duty better, and with at least one half of the sentries which it was absolutely necessary to employ. The hint once given, to what an extent might it not be carried?

This is not a theoretical plan; it is a plan which might be brought into practice, and may

be the cause of saving the lives of many soldiers, more lives being lost by over-fatigue and want of sleep before an enemy, than by musketry. How easily the blue lights ignited in this way might be converted into night telegraphs; pellets might be formed and scattered on the ground, or on a road where an enemy was expected, which may be exploded by the compression of the men's feet; how completely the movements of a body of cavalry might be thrown into confusion; and what a dreadful portable instrument of destruction this might be made, either to fill up a breach against the expected assault of an enemy, or to stop the rapid pursuit of the enemy after a defeat!

There came to Oporto a person, who was said to have invented a horridly destructive instrument in the shape of small pellets which exploded by being trampled on, tearing the legs of those who put their feet on them. When I first began war, it was thought unnatural to use slugs instead of musket balls: this is altered, therefore I have little doubt but that these pellets are in time to be considered small shells, though more destructive.

While the enemy were harassing us with their movements in front of our lines on the right bank of the river, it was clear that their serious attention was drawn to the Serra Convent, which, however, by this time was put into a respectable state of defence by the exertions of the Baron de Sa, the governor of the town, and the brave Major Bravo, then its governor. Early

on the morning of the 8th of September, we could see their columns moving on the heights above Villa Nova. Baron de Sa went out to make his observations, and while in the front, the officer commanding the picquet was wounded. Sa, with his usual "*esprit*," took command of the picquet; moved sharply down towards the Serra, receiving a wound in the arm which made amputation necessary; not, however, leaving the field until he had withdrawn the picquet in safety. Hodges, seeing the attack was determined on the Serra, placed two pieces of artillery and the French battalion at the Seminario, which raked the columns as they advanced. This column was led by an officer on horseback, who advanced most boldly, and when within a short distance of the Serra, tied his horse to the stump of a tree, and led the assault; but Bravo remained quietly till the column was within thirty yards of the ditch, when he opened a murderous fire, which forced it to recoil. They again formed in column to attack, moving boldly forward; but as they approached within sixty yards, there was a number of stumps of trees and cut wood, about four feet high, and the garrison commencing their fire, this temptation of shelter was too great for the leaders of the column thus exposed, who now broke, and began to fire under shelter of the stumps, when their only chance was moving steadily forward without firing.

On the different attacks which I have seen

on the Serra Convent, I remarked that the leaders of the assault could not resist this temptation of shelter behind these stumps of trees, and I ever afterwards, in fortifying an out-post, left or formed those *temptation baits of shelter* to break the advance of a column. A glacis is generally formed smooth, where no shelter can be got; therefore the attacking party move forward to the assault rapidly, to finish the business at once: but it requires a very brave man indeed, not to jump into shelter if close at hand, and if that be seen by those in the rear, or even the least wavering in front, to a certainty the attacking party go to the right about. I think on all threatened points of attack apparent shelters ought to be left, but which could be properly raked when required.

The loss of the enemy on this attack was very heavy; however, it was clear they would not desist; and, on the 9th and 10th, they again made vain attempts, while at the same time they threatened our lines on the Oporto side. Our casualties during these three attacks were 105; but that of the enemy must have exceeded 600, as all their movements were exposed to the fire of men behind walls and through loop-holes.

About this time, some volunteers joined the British, and I cannot refrain from mentioning the name of one who, by his gallant conduct during the war in Portugal and Spain, has now attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; I mean Lieutenant-Colonel Wooldridge, now Aid-de-

Camp to General Evans in Spain. At this time, the squadron commanded by Admiral Parker was off Oporto, and we heard that the Admiral wished to see the lines. I think the gallant Tar could not have been prepared for it; but it was necessary to make him play a political part, and orders were given for the men to be in good order, as they were *to be inspected* by the British Admiral. Admiral Parker began his tour near to Bom Fin, where, I think, he looked astonished to find the honours ready to be paid to him by the British. On the right of the grenadiers was Wooldridge, with his musket and accoutrements, who was pointed out as a very brave young man. The Admiral asked his name, and when he answered Wooldridge, the Admiral said, "Are you any connection of Captain Wooldridge, who was so severely wounded in the Basque Roads?"—"I am his son, Sir."—"Then you may be a very brave young man; I knew your father very well, but you cannot be a braver man than your father." Nothing could be more gratifying to a son.

The men now began to be restless for want of pay; and Hodges, by great labour and assiduity, managed to get about 30*s*. per man, the balance of which, after deducting the price of a pair of shoes and a shirt, was ordered to be given to the men in three different payments. This gradual payment has an appearance of good sense in it, but in practice it is totally wrong, as, instead of one fit of riot, confusion, and drunken-

ness, it makes three. I am ashamed to confess it; but I fear the soldier has no other enjoyment in his money but drink, therefore the sooner plans can be made for making him get rid of his money, so much the better for him and the service. If a soldier gets 30*s*. he will spend it in one day; and if he gets 10*s*. he will spend it in one day; in short, this system of drink lowers the soldier to the rank of a brute, and the only method to do him good is to contrive that he shall never have a large balance coming to him. This is, in some measure, avoided by the system of giving daily pay; but, instead of spending thus his daily pay, I wish that the surplus could be so managed, that, when the soldier is disabled, he should receive the benefit of it. Surely, among all the Provident Societies which are formed for the advantage of mankind, some philanthropist might organize some institution, (Independent of what is allowed by the nation,) for the benefit of the disabled defender of his country?

On the 16th of September, the Portuguese on my left made a sortie, and destroyed a battery towards Monte Pedral. This enraged the enemy, and towards the afternoon they came down in great force on my position at the Lugar das Antas. We kept them at bay for some time, but at last were forced to retire, when, a reinforcement under the brave Major Staunton coming up, allowed us to recover our ground. Never was there a more excellent man or a braver soldier than Staunton. He had not been educated for a military life. He

had read the lives of heroes, written, perhaps, in a romantic style. He imagined that the first and almost only duty of an officer was to place himself at the head of his men, and there show them an example by some personal deed of bravery. He was near-sighted, which defect oftentimes causes mistakes in military movements. I saw him at the head of his grenadiers, advancing in file about 150 yards to my right. I called him to front-form his company, to be ready to make an efficient charge, or to be prepared to give a volley; but no, as soon as he got to the top of the hill, he saw the enemy within a few yards of him, and ran at them, followed by his men, and certainly by this style of boarding, if I may say so, drove them away, hardly killing any of them; but he and the brave young Jenkins were victims.

If poor Staunton had had a military eye, he would have gone a little further to the right, and with safety have come on the flank of the enemy; or if he had thought more of allowing his company to act, by having "front-formed" them, and not have trusted to individual bravery, he would have driven the enemy away, and caused them a great loss, and suffered little or none himself. This is a fault into which many young officers fall. They ought, however, to recollect they are officers, whose duty it is to bring the personal bravery of those under them into play. Their own personal deeds should be husbanded

for some desperate affair, where the bravery of their soldiers is beginning to flag.

I have often heard it disputed, whether boxers by profession were really brave men or not. Among the Liberators, we had many professional bruisers, and on this day I saw an instance of sheer cowardice in one of them. He pretended to be drunk, and would not advance. He was a very strong man. I was in a fury with him; I seized him by the collar, put my sword in his mouth, threatening to run him through if he did not advance; at length he came forward like a lamb, totally powerless from terror. This evening, to accustom him to shot, I placed him as the most exposed sentry; but he was incurable. On the 17th of November, when the enemy had driven us sharply in, and I had formed the men behind a wall, to stop their advance, they kept up a very hot fire on this spot. Two of my fellows close together were firing over this wall, when the powder of the touch-hole of the firelock of the one hurt the cheek of the other, who gave him a blow for it. In a moment, down went their firelocks, off went their accoutrements, and a regular pugilistic encounter commenced. I tried to separate them by hitting them with the flat of my sword, but it was of no use, and, the fire being very hot, I left them. Thus I consider boxing, like duelling, neither a proof of bravery nor of cowardice.

The loss of the enemy on the 16th of September

must have been very great, as my picquet for nearly two hours kept up a very sharp fire on their exposed close columns. Our casualties this day were 141.

Colonel Achille Murat, the son of the celebrated Murat, King of Naples, was a spectator of this fight, and was most complimentary indeed, in his praises of the British. He had landed at Oporto some days previously from Belgium, where he had commanded a foreign legion. He dressed in the Napoleon style, with a cocked hat, which caused the French to talk a great deal about "*Mon Empereur*." There were many reports as to what brought him here; some that he came from America to reinstate the dynasty of Napoleon; and his relationship with the empress, the daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, the wife of Don Pedro, gave a colouring to this, as Don Pedro received him very politely. Others said that he came to offer the services of his legion to the emperor; but, be that as it may, I was very sorry when he left Oporto (which he did in a short time), as he was an amiable, quiet, highly educated gentleman.

The enemy's staff officers were every day seen on the heights of Lugar das Antas, and towards the Valongo Road, and I had little doubt but that they meditated an attack towards this quarter; I therefore prepared for every occurrence. Lieutenant-Colonel Burrell had landed with about ninety men from England, and in a very handsome manner offered to incorporate them with

the British battalion until the remainder arrived, and further offered to serve under my orders although his junior in rank. The action of the 16th September had pointed out to me all the weak points of the position. I therefore begged strongly to have a battery erected on the Lugar das Antas, but Don Pedro would not hear of it; so I had to content myself with building a slight wall round this point, to annoy the enemy as they advanced.

On the 24th March, 1833, Don Pedro was obliged to put up a battery on the very site of my slight wall, and I could not resist pointing out its remains to the Duke of Terceira, who happened to be superintending the construction of this work. Towards the Valongo Road, and in the Praça das Flores, and the works towards Bom Fim, the regiment was regularly drilled to the defence of this position, each officer and man knowing the road by which he was to retreat if forced to do so, and how he was to advance if an attempt was made to dislodge the enemy.

Some *friends* in England attempted to prove that on the 29th of September Hodges's position was surprised. Nothing is so ridiculous. Every one was prepared for the attack days before it occurred, and I feel convinced that we could never have made the defence we did, against such an overwhelming force, if that drill, and those precautions, had not been taken. Indeed, the arrangements were so com-

plete, and we were so prepared, that before the enemy had reached us, I had had time to put the men through their usual drill of retreat and advance.

There was one great difficulty with which we had to contend, and we only partially overcame it by stratagem. Don Pedro and his suite would not hear of houses being destroyed, and thus the enemy had a very unfair advantage. Towards the Lugar das Antas I burned a few, which the Emperor was led to believe was the work of the enemy's guerillas. Hodges had great difficulty on the right where the French were; it was only on the 27th that he could prevail on Don Pedro to allow him to pull down any of the walls of the houses which interfered with his operations; and on the 28th, I recollect our English commander pressing with great fervour for permission to burn one or two houses, in front, but this was refused, and these houses were, the next day, nearly the cause of the loss of Oporto.

That there was treachery among Don Pedro's suite during the whole war, is certain; but here was the most barefaced piece of treachery; and I have been often astonished that his Ex-Majesty did not hang the man who advised him to withdraw the 12th Caçadores from their position in reserve on the afternoon of the 27th, to send them on a wild-goose expedition to Aveiro. The weakest point of the position on the right of the lines, was that between the French and British, the

ground between the St. Cosmo and Valongo Roads. This post was occupied by the Academicians, and the 12th Caçadores in reserve; and, although it was well known that the 29th (St. Michael's Day,) was to be the great attack, yet, towards this point, the 12th Caçadores were moved on the morning of the 28th and the position left bare. I wish I could bring myself to believe, that this expedition against Aveiro had been undertaken solely because the London Merchant was lying idle in the Douro; but I cannot believe it, and I feel convinced one of Don Pedro's nearest counsellors was a traitor, and in proof of it, that zealous officer Captain Rosenberg, who commanded the naval part of the expedition, found the enemy quite prepared for him, and he returned to Oporto on the morning of the 30th after the fight. Is that traitor alive, or is he dead? Surely some patriotic Portuguese can still find out who was the adviser of the expedition on that day, and get him banished from Portugal, as to a certainty, be he whom he may, he does not deserve well of his country.

On the evening of the 28th, much rain had fallen, which rendered unserviceable the mine at the Barrier on the Valongo Road; but one benefit arose from the wet weather, viz. that it cleared the air, and towards one o'clock in the morning, we could easily see the numerous lights flitting through the enemy's position, plainly indicating that they in-

tended something. Some stores which were intended for Burrell's men, had been brought out from Oporto; and on account of the rain the quarter-master had not on the evening of the 28th removed them, and I thought it more prudent not to detach men this morning on this service. This I believe was the cause of a report that the British had very foolishly lost all their stores, the only stores being their soap, pipe-clay, and tobacco, the property of an individual, who was the loser. On the St. Cosmo Hill about six o'clock, a howitzer was fired, as a signal for the enemy's columns to advance. How lucky the rain of the night before had been for us, even though the mines at the two barriers were destroyed! For, fourteen mornings before, the mist had been so thick until seven o'clock, it was impossible to see more than fifty yards in front, but this morning all was clear and distinct.

The enemy first reached the French, which they safely did, through the neighbouring gardens and houses; and the short hurrahs, and the smoke all being on the same spot, convinced me they were fighting at very close quarters. Why they did not advance on the vacant space left by the 12th Caçadores, I know not, as there they might have entered the town with ease; indeed, their numbers were so overpowering, that for a moment they obliged the French to retreat, and about 200 of them pene-

trated a little distance; but a sudden unexpected and gallant charge made from behind the house of Banos Lima, headed by that gallant fellow Nepomuceno, with fifty mounted guides, or rather cavalry officers, drove them back. Although Hodges had sent over and over again to the Emperor for support to supply the vacancy of the 12th Caçadores on the St. Cosmo Road, and likewise had sent to Schwalbach, (who had promised him in case of necessity at any time to stand by him with men,) yet, instead of this, 120 of the 6th regiment were sent as his sole reserve, and the 5th Caçadores, who were on their way to him at double quick time, were halted; and four hours afterwards Colonel Pacheco, with the 10th regiment, filled the blank space of the 12th Caçadores.

The 18th regiment had the picquet on the Lugar das Antas; and, during the previous night, I had been to inform the officer of the picquet of the expected attack, and had begged him to make a brisk defence in order to give more time to the garrison. I saw, as I thought, his picquet running down the hill towards our position; being somewhat astonished that he made no defence. This was not, however, his picquet; and what became of him I know not, but, as these men were in the uniform of the 18th, I felt at my ease, until to my surprise, they opened fire upon us. I discovered the next day that these were the deserters of the 18th, leading the Miguelites into our position. The

enemy came upon us in all directions in great force, and never was I so much pleased as with the conduct of the men. Just as the action was beginning, Burrell came to ask me where I thought he could be most useful; I pointed out a house, which he entered, and which he held in spite of every attack of the enemy. I was at this moment knocked down and carried to the rear, and, on my return in about an hour, I found Burrell still holding out, although he was nearly surrounded. I ordered my sole remaining bugler to sound the retreat; but a musket ball shivered the mouth-piece of the bugle to atoms, and made it useless. Three men whom I sent down with orders were shot, the moment they left the barricade to descend. Captain Mitchell, though severely wounded, offered to go down, but I would not permit him. Volunteer Wooldridge offered his services; I feared to let him go, telling him it was certain death, but he answered, "I have nothing to do with that; order me and I shall go." He did go, and brought away all the living officers and men, but he was like all the others badly wounded. I think I have seen many individual acts of bravery; but there was, on this particular occasion, such quiet determined gentlemanlike bravery, that I felt inclined to differ with Admiral Parker, and say, that young Wooldrid · · was even a braver man than "his father."

The enemy were continuing to pour re-inforcements upon us, and getting so determined that they attempted our last barrier; and here there was, for nearly a quarter of an hour, hand to hand work, even fighting with stones. At last we made them for a short time desist. From the heights where I was, I saw Hodges on his immense black horse, galloping about wherever the fight was sharpest, and I was most anxious he should come towards me, to let him know I must have re-inforcements. At last he came, and a mauled handful he found us. I think this was about one o'clock. He told me he would send the 5th Caçadores to me; that he was going to the right to make a charge with the French to recover the lost ground; and that when I saw him charge, I should follow it up with a charge to recover my own lost ground. He had hardly left me, when I saw two British naval officers in uniform coming as amateurs. One of them addressed me at the very time I was in great excitement, seeing Hodges forming the men for a charge. He asked me how matters were going on; I said, "Oh, famously," without looking round. He said, "I wish to know, not the Portuguese account, but the truth of the matter; I am the Admiral's Flag Captain, and I am going on board." I said instantly, "Oh, for the truth of the matter then, the enemy a short time since were here; now they are out of it." He seemed to think he had hurt my feelings by using the expression, "the

truth of the matter," and said something; but at this moment, Hodges was charging splendidly, and I recollect calling out, "Nothing like truth in difficult matters, and I must now be off from this spot; and I advise you the same, or one of you to a certainty will be knocked down, and that is the truth of the matter." As I moved off, in order to form the men for a charge, the shortest of the two dropt, being shot through the body. The officer with whom I had been speaking, was Captain Picken of the Asia; and it was not till 1834, when dining on board that vessel with Admiral Parker, I could make him an apology for my apparent rudeness; and nothing delighted me more than seeing Mr. Vidal, the purser, completely recovered from the wound he received at that time.

The 10th regiment not making the charge as ordered by Hodges, at the same moment, was the cause of the two flank charges not succeeding; we, therefore, let the enemy keep the ground they had gained. However, our batteries began to be served better, and many of the inhabitants had now come to the lines and were fighting famously, among the most distinguished of whom, I must mention Senhores Jose Pereira dos Santos, and Joaquim Mendez, of Pennafiel. Towards four o'clock, I saw that the enemy began to waver, and I then sent for two companies of the 5th Caçadores who were lying behind the Bom Fim church; but the officer commanding would not move without the

express orders of the Duke of Terceira. During the whole day, I had neither seen a staff officer of the Emperor, nor of the Duke of Terceira; but near to me was the son of General Valdez, who was attached to Hodges' Staff. He was a smart boy, and dressed in the Staff uniform. I therefore told him to go to the officer behind the church, and give the order from the Duke in a determined tone, for the two companies to advance. He had some difficulty, but I was delighted to see him bringing them up. There was now a general charge on the whole line; we recovered our lost ground, and crossed the barrier: I wished the 5th officer to advance to a spot where we might have easily taken a number of prisoners, but he *would* not understand me. I then, to prevent mistakes, explained what I meant through the nephew of the Duke of Palmella, who was an officer of the 5th, and most anxious to go on; but no, the officer said he had got orders to advance no further than the barrier. I pointed out to him that he was fifty yards in front, and he might as well make it 500 yards, but no, he would not move. We therefore missed many prisoners. Feeling completely knocked up, at this moment I fainted, and was carried to Oporto.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"A day too late for the fair"—Marquess de Loulé—Duke of Terceira—Charge of drunkenness brought against the regiment—Author's Letter to Colonel Hodges—Invited to dine with Don Pedro—Death of an ex-baker of Oxford Street—Miguelite indulgences—Miseries of being wounded in battle—Dr. Jebb—Schwalbach—Don Pedro's drilling—Sartorius's action with the enemy—Sir J. M. Doyle—Colonel Bacon—Lieutenant-Colonel Williams—Duke of Terceira resigns—French and Portuguese taken from under the command of Colonel Hodges—Struggle between Sir J. M. Doyle and others—Selling of Rations—Author refuses to serve under Sir J. M. Doyle—Put in arrest—Released from arrest—Sir J. Campbell—Captain Saavedra—Review of the British—Colonel Saavedra in and out of fire—Author wounded in both thighs—Doyle and Bacon consent to receive Portuguese Pay—Xavier of the Caçadores—Mina—Captain Glasscock—Colonel Miranda ordered to the village of Foz—General Zagallo—Anecdote of Burke the murderer—Loss of the Rivals off the coast of Galway.

HAVING been refreshed, I was returning to the field to see the wounded carried into the Hospital; when I saw about thirty mounted Lancers going to the field! To do the men jus-

tice, they appeared ashamed of not having been employed as the infantry had been, and if they had been ready when the enemy began to give way, their services would have been of the utmost consequence; but, unfortunately, their present leader was a poor creature, who had been a private in some dragoon regiment, appointed to the *command* in England by Senhor Mendizabal, and who, as soon as the firing commenced in the morning, had gone on board of one of the British ships of war, and there remained the whole day, in spite of the very broad hints of the officer; but now, when the fight was over, marched in all the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of war," at the head of this party of cavalry. I was so indignant that I could not refrain from making some very cutting remarks about the propriety of his conduct in not soiling his splendid uniform. The Lancers having passed, the Marquess de Loulé accosted me, and said he had been sent by the Emperor to ask me why I had allowed the men to get so drunk in the action? I shall never forget how shocked I felt at such a question. I was speechless, but at the moment the Duke of Terceira came up, and said to me, "Shaw, is it the case your men were drunk?" I was weak, fatigued, and agitated, and staggering, I said, "Yes, my Lord, they were drunk, drunk as I myself am with the rations this day served out; I mean no drink, no food, but lots of ammunition.

This is shameful! Oh! it is a shame!" The Duke instantly said, "I knew it was false, and I shall tell the Emperor so."

He was then very complimentary; but my feelings being much hurt, I went to my quarters and wrote the following letter on the spur of the moment to Colonel Hodges.

SIR,

It has been reported to His Imperial Majesty, that the battalion under my command were drunk during the action; whoever made this report, stated what was false. I formed the men before six o'clock in the morning, and from that hour till night they had received nothing from the Portuguese but ammunition. My servant brought me a bottle of wine a few moments after we had driven the enemy out of the Yellow House battery, which had been abandoned by the Portuguese artillery, part of which wine I drank; and, on offering the remainder to six of the Englishmen who were there with me, they would not receive it, but insisted on my giving it to "the brave Portuguese." (Sergeant Barboza of the 18th, the only Portuguese with us in driving the enemy out.) This is the only wine received by my battalion this day, which circumstance I hope will be reported by you to His Imperial Majesty. As I did not see any of His Majesty's Staff near my position during

the day, I can well imagine, that on their arrival after the fight in the Praça das Flores, when they saw so many of the British battalion lying on the ground, and others reeling and staggering from fatigue, that the person who reported them as being drunk, has not a mind capable to suppose that soldiers sometimes prefer death to abandoning the position intrusted to them.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

CHARLES SHAW, Major.

To Colonel Hodges, Commanding Brigade.

Hodges felt more indignant than myself at this calumny. The French too were accused of cowardice, and of having abandoned their position without defending it. Hodges wrote a strong letter to His Imperial Majesty on the subject, who, however, never answered the letter; but the gallant writer, myself, and Major Marianni, who then commanded the French, received an invitation to dine with His Majesty on the 1st of October. I refused, giving as an excuse that I thought I should be attending more to His Majesty's interests by remaining at the out-posts, all the officers of my battalion being either killed or wounded. Hodges refused, as suffering from the wound in his arm, but Major Marianni accepted. On declining the invitation, I had had no communication with Hodges;

but this incident made it appear to all as if I was following his example, which, after such an insult, I certainly consider I ought to have done.

The 30th was employed in burying the dead and getting the wounded carried to the Hospital. It has been reported that all the wounded Miguelites were butchered. This is not the case. The only instance I know of, was reported to me by Mr. Chambers of the navy, as brave and as humane a young fellow as ever lived. He brought in to me a Sergeant of the 18th prisoner, caught in the act of murdering a wounded officer, but from circumstances I could not punish him.

A curious incident occurred. A great proportion of the battalion had Bibles. One man who had formerly kept a baker's shop in Oxford Street, died from fatigue in our sharp advance on Pennafiel. Some of the soldiers in stripping one of the Miguelite dead, found the Bible of this baker in the haversack. On opening the Bible, there was written in a trembling hand, "I think I am dying. If I die, carry this to Captain Shaw or Colonel Hodges." Hodges got the book, but how strange to have it brought in such a manner! All the Miguelite dead had on their bodies indulgences in case of their being killed; and almost all carried relics given to them by the Friars to make their bodies proof against musket balls.

Their loss this day must have been tremendous, there being nearly 500 dead in front of this part of the position. I might give many instances of great individual bravery shown on this day; but there have been so many accounts of the action, that I refrain, although I could not help being struck with the love of the profession evinced by Colonel Hare, who was moving about in all directions as an amateur.

Our casualties on this day were 834, more than two-thirds being French and British. It has often astonished me why one of the Portuguese brigades did not follow up our advantage during the afternoon, when the enemy retreated. The only reason I can give is, that all were so elated at Oporto not having fallen, that they spent this useful time in congratulating each other.

The duty which now had to be performed by the medical men was of the most arduous character. The surgeon of the British battalion, Souper, carried away by the military spirit instilled into him by being an actor in the "Three Days of July," resigned his commission as surgeon, and on this day commenced and finished his military career, being killed at Hodges' side while carrying orders to the French battalion. His place was filled up by Mr. Rutherford Alcock, who had the same love for "fire," but for a different object—that of being close at hand to give prompt assistance to any

who were wounded. Although young, Alcock was old in knowledge and experience: he was highly respected by all who knew him, and beloved by those who entered into action, as they felt assured that he thought not of his own safety when his services could be of benefit to them. In the most exposed situations I saw him this day, dressing officers and men with the same coolness as if he were in a London Hospital; and I cannot refrain from expressing envy at the gratified feelings he must ever possess, when he thinks of the number of human beings he has saved by his knowledge, experience, bravery and activity, both at Oporto, Vittoria, and St. Sebastian. But his trials after the fight of the 29th of September were great.

Owing to the fights of Pennafiel, Ponte Fereira, and the different affairs on the Lugar das Antas, the wards allotted to the British in the general hospitals were full; therefore, one may form some idea of the misery of the British when scattered among the different hospitals, speaking a language which was not understood. Measures were taken by Hodges and Alcock, to gather the wounded foreigners together, but the Minister of War threw every impediment in the way of this; almost making one suspect, that now that the soldier had done his work and was useless, the sooner he died the better.

Truth compels me to state a fact I should wish to avoid, but it is right that those who are to be soldiers should know the value that is sometimes put upon their services. The words were made use of by Don Pedro, but from what I have seen of him, I think others must have at the moment prompted him. The medical man was mentioning that it would be necessary to amputate the legs and arms of some of the British. "No, no," said Don Pedro, "you British are fond of amputations, because your men are to have pensions, and that is expensive."

No application from myself as commanding the battalion; from Alcock, as senior medical officer; nor from Hodges, as the representative of the foreigners, had any effect on Augustinho Jose Freire:—thus the poor fellows, crowded together, without beds, without nurses, without clothes, and even without medicines, died in numbers. A young man who had joined me some days before the 29th, as a volunteer, had been reported to me as killed; indeed, I had buried a mangled body which I was told was his. I visited the hospital daily, and about the middle of October, in passing through a ward, I thought I distinguished a voice from a corner, repeating my name. I looked, and then discovered on the bare boards poor ———, in a state of nudity, imperfectly covered by a dirty blanket, filled

with vermin. Before this, he had been too ill to speak. If I had taken an active interest in this young man, all the other wounded would have been offended; but I sent my servant to pretend he was an old friend of his, and thus gradually supplied him; and I am happy to say he recovered, and is now a thriving man in India.

How little do young men know of war, and all its miseries! I do not wish to disgust young fellows with the military profession, as, with all its drawbacks, I prefer it to any other; but how apt a young man is to be led away when he sees an officer at home without his arm, to say to himself, "How I should wish to look like that officer." He forgets the starvation endured before going into action, the cold and bitter nights spent in drenched clothes, in wet fields in bivouac; the momentary forgetfulness of all misery in action, until the shoulder-bone, by a shot, is splintered into bits; then the little sympathy felt, every one being for himself; then the excruciating pain endured by the shaking of the bullock-waggon, or the want of care in carrying him away, the little bones coming through the skin, making him shriek with agony; then the time he is allowed to lie on the cold floor of a church, until the surgeon comes to dress him in turn; then the pain of amputation, and when that is over, the necessity of shutting his ears to the screams of the

dying, and his eyes to the corpses of those carried past him, who, a few minutes before, had suffered an operation similar to his own. This appears to him very shocking, but this is nothing compared to the disgust which he experiences in the dressings, washings, splinterings, bandagings and cuttings out, which are the daily, nay hourly detail of military surgery. Of the foul air caused by so many confined in the same spot, and suffering the same inconvenience, some idea may be formed, but no description can be given. Worst of all, too, the patient is obliged to witness the deaths of many around him, who, almost before the breath is out of their bodies, are robbed, and have their effects distributed among the attendants, most of whom volunteer this service, to have an opportunity of plundering the dead and dying.

Often when a patient is thirsty, these attendants are either too hardened or too drunk to be able to give him drink, and very possibly offer him the nearest liquid to them, probably something which was intended for a wash. Or, while the expiring man is saying his prayers, a wretch is holding up his head with the one hand, while he is stealing the dollars of the dying man with the other. This was the daily scene for many days in the hospitals at Oporto, after the 29th, until they were to a certain degree emptied by death.

With some of the officers it was better: but

still, take away the romance and let the truth appear, and who would eagerly embrace the military profession?

A handsome young fellow is lying in a comfortable bed. He has a severe wound in the leg. This you do not see; but come into the room when the surgeon is dressing the wound, and you are driven out by the insupportable stench. Alas! instead of taking an interest in, you have almost a feeling of disgust for the sufferer.

I could dwell on this subject at great length, but I refrain. Officers who have witnessed these sights, must allow I have not exaggerated them.

Much misery was certainly alleviated by many kind inhabitants of Oporto; I feel it would be unfair to mention individuals, as many worked in secret; but I dare not omit the always kind and active humanity of Dr. Jebb, a resident here, and formerly a surgeon of a regiment of cavalry, and now a staff surgeon of the British army. Seeing the sufferings of the men, I wrote to London, and many of my friends subscribed most liberally; but it was not till the month of March that I could get possession of a part of these necessaries, the rest being plundered.

On the 2nd of October, the brigade of Hodges was placed in reserve, and relieved by that of Colonel Schwalbach, but there was no complimentary order for their services on the 29th . .

This was very wrong, but the shameful attack about drunkenness rendered me, while I did my duty, insensible to praise or dispraise; and as I had now no officers, I was glad to be again sent to the Convent of St. Lazaro, where I could have the men more under my own eye. Schwalbach no sooner took the command of our old position, than he reported to the Emperor it was extraordinary how the British and French had been able to hold it, and that it was absolutely necessary to throw down different buildings and burn others: so after the loss had been sustained by our brigade, the Emperor gave permission, and then our former positions were made tenable in a military point of view.

On the 9th, the enemy made a very smart attack on the Serra, but were driven back with great loss.

On Sunday the 14th, they kept up a very heavy fire from all their batteries, and towards four o'clock their columns advanced to the assault. Forward they went boldly, one officer leading with the same light dancing step as poor Staunton had when he fell; but the moment the column came to the remaining stump of trees, the leading company broke, and commenced firing behind them, and those in the rear, seeing this, fled. Three times did this column (headed by the 24th regiment) advance, but the stumps of trees invariably produced the same effect.

I saw the leading officer drop, and I was sorry for him. Two hours afterwards Torres, the brave commander of the Serra, sent over this major of the 24th, saying he was a deserter to us. The major, unable to retreat, when his men fled from him held up his handkerchief, and was brought in. I could not believe such a brave man so base, and I reported his conduct, which was the cause of his being sent to the Foz, from which he afterwards escaped.

While this attack was going on, it was expected the enemy would make an attempt on our old position, and I got orders to have the forty Lancers (mostly old soldiers) accoutred and armed as infantry. They positively refused to take the firelocks, assuming great airs as being old soldiers, and only engaged to serve as cavalry. They were formed on one side of the Convent Square, the battalion occupying the other three sides.

I had no idea of having my orders disobeyed before my own men, and I wished at the same time to have the use of these old soldiers, but how to attain it was the question. I called forward four boys of the battalion, and pointing them out, asked them if they were ready to do anything I asked them. The answer was prompt, "That we are, Sir." "Then," I said, "*You* are the *old soldiers for me*; as for you, forty old humbugs, to the right face,—Cowards to the rear, march." They

did go to the rear; and when left to themselves, they went into the store and armed themselves, and thus before half an hour was over, I had these forty old soldiers in the ranks.

At this time, numbers of very young boys, aspirants for glory, were daily arriving, but totally ignorant of military duties. Among them were some very superior young men; but, of course, there were others of the very worst description. All our attention was turned to drill, and bringing the battalion, now gradually increasing in numbers, into some form. I drilled in the large field at the Seminario, which was now almost the only place where the enemy's shot did not reach. I made a point of explaining why I made such and such movements, every movement being restricted to what could occur in actual warfare; and as soon as the movement was finished, I pointed out, why the nature of the ground obliged me to do so and so, and likewise showed that if I had not made that manœuvre, certain consequences must have ensued. To prove the thing clearly, I executed the false movement, and, on the spot, pointed out the superiority of the former manœuvre.

I began this style of drill for the purpose of improving myself and the young officers; but before I had practised it a week, I found the men had an absolute pleasure in drill, and took a real interest

in it; especially when I referred to the different affairs in which we had been engaged; pointing out what results, either good or bad, might have occurred. Some officers who had been long in the British service, laughed at the homely way in which I instructed my men, not using the words according to "regulation;" but I let the laugh go on, as I was the commanding officer, and I daily saw the good practical effects of the system. Let any commanding officer attempt this practice, and he will be aware of its difficulty, but he will at the same time be astonished, both at his own improvement and that of his men.

Don Pedro prided himself on being a great drill; and certainly he had a quick eye at seeing a fault. I had been practising the battalion at the charge, the front rank at the "Trail," rear rank at the "Slope." When he saw this, he came up to explain to me, that that was wrong, for both ranks ought to be at the "Port." I endeavoured to prove that the "Port" was not so good, and, as I had once heard an officer of the 52nd, silence a general officer by the authority of Sir John Moore's name, I attempted the same, by saying it was his drill; but Don Pedro thought himself a finer fellow, and I had to get his permission to show him the difference.

I gave the order to "Port and Charge," which certainly was very badly executed, so much so, that

Don Pedro wished another attempt, but he gave me permission to try the "Slope and Trail." In galloping along the line I gave the hint and they advanced and charged like a solid wall, so that Don Pedro allowed it was the better plan, and no doubt it is. I saw he was much pleased with the keenness with which I stuck to my point.

On the 10th of this month, Sartorius had a gallant action with the fleet of the enemy; and, although he was not properly supported, and made no captures, he crippled them, and put it out of their power to make their appearance this winter. Thus, in case of necessity, the marines might be landed.

On the 18th, Sir J. M. Doyle arrived with officers —at least, with young men in officer's uniform— sufficient for two regiments. I called on him, and I could scarcely keep my gravity when he mentioned that he had left four hundred men on board the steamers, ready to sail the night he left Falmouth.

About this time, mutiny, confusion and drunkenness began among the men, and jealousy, discord and discomfort among the officers, and there was nothing like unanimity. Those who had been at Terceira, and had been present at all the engagements, thought it very hard to have men put over their heads, who never thought of entering into this affair until they imagined it to be in a prosperous condition; and many of those officers

who came out, having sold their commissions in the British service, thought it hard to be commanded by those who had been their juniors in the British army ; taking very good care, however, not to explain to the Portuguese government, that when a British officer once sells out, he has his profession to begin again. In short, if the Portuguese were disgusted with the British, they had good reason to be so : as each officer, to raise himself, seemed to take a pleasure in relating stories to the natives prejudicial to his countrymen.

With the men it was still worse. It was impossible they could have any real respect for their officers, when they saw them have so little respect for themselves. They became a crew of the most horrid description.

Hodges stood steadily to his purpose, to get justice done to his men, and thus became anything but a favourite with the Minister of War, who was glad to listen to the soothing speeches of Sir J. M. Doyle and of Colonel Bacon, who proved that, if the British were under their command, they would have performed wonders.

About this time, Lieutenant-Colonel Williams landed from the fleet with those marines who had gone on board in the month of July. It was necessary for government to take some steps, and, as the Duke of Terceira had resigned the command in disgust, and Don Pedro assumed it, his first step was to take the French and Portuguese from

Hodges, and put the English into four battalions, all to be commanded by him, and to be named "Regimento da Armada." All were sent to the Seminario, a building sufficient to contain 3,000 men, the British hardly amounting to 1,000. The whole body were divided into four nearly equal parts, but those in hospital were handed over, not in proportionate numbers; and thus, at one blow, the accounts of the old hands were thrown into irremediable confusion.

Each commanding officer now took every possible sort of step to increase the strength of his battalion, and the men soon discovered they were sought after; and at this time, to increase the confusion, Colonel Bacon received permission to pick the battalions for his Lancers, of course choosing the smartest young men and old soldiers. Bounties were now given to the men at the rate of 2*l.* 5*s.* each, but many a smart fellow drew three or four bounties; indeed, the waste of money and waste of rations was most disgraceful, and I felt disgusted and ashamed to hold any command.

Hodges was only nominally in command; the run for real command being now between Sir J. Milley Doyle, and others. The battalion handed over to me consisted of three hundred and seven; but as I never would draw a ration for any except for those I actually saw on parade, according to the positive orders of Hodges to the commanding

officers of the four battalions, my ration return during this season of confusion, never exceeded one hundred and forty-seven, and I have no hesitation in saying, that in spite of this order of Hodges and all his exertions to prevent this shameful abuse, if the government refer to the rations drawn by the British commanding officers at this time, the daily rations drawn must have amounted to nearly four thousand.

The men formed themselves into parties of twelve; the first four would draw rations for twelve from the first battalion; the second four would draw twelve rations from the third battalion; and the third four twelve rations from the fourth battalion, and most probably the four-best looking of these twelve would likewise draw twelve rations from the Lancers: thus each man had four rations daily, and the same system with pay was carried on to a less extent.

Hodges had by this time resigned, therefore, having no confidence in Sir J. Milley Doyle, I reported this shameful waste to the Marquess of Palmella, and by this act brought a host of my own countrymen on my shoulders. I think it was on the 9th of November that Hodges resigned. At the time, I thought he did wrong in taking so decided a course; but shortly after, I saw it was right.

I happened to be in his house on the 6th of November, when an English merchant called to

show him a letter just received from Lisbon, saying how much the Liberals in Lisbon regretted having heard of his resignation, on the 1st of November; which was some time before Hodges ever thought of resigning, clearly proving that it was agreed among a certain party that "*nolens volens*" he "must resign." I have a great regard for Colonel Hodges as a friend, and a great respect for him as a soldier; but I must now state, what I said in the Duke of Palmella's room, when he at the moment received the diploma of the decoration of the Tower and Sword, sent back to him by Hodges for the Emperor, that he by this act was almost insulting every officer who was decorated with this order; that perhaps he had reason to be discontented with the Emperor and the Minister of War, but that he should have paid respect to the feelings of those who had fought and bled with him.

But still, I confess the annoyances of all sorts to which he was exposed, were excessive. This change among the commandants, caused the confusion among the British to increase. The inhabitants came to the Seminario in crowds to buy the rations of beef from the men. who were thus kept in a state of inebriety. To put a stop to this sale, I got the non-commissioned officers to kill four large dogs, which the butcher cut up in the form of rations. This dog's-meat was sold by the non-commissioned officer to the inhabitants, who

on this became so suspicious, that they would not buy the beef, even from the soldiers, who were obliged to eat it, and were thus kept sober.

I refused to serve under Sir J. M. Doyle, who placed me in arrest. I have reason to thank him for this. Before Hodges resigned, I suppose it was thought I had much influence "at court," as the number of visitors and friends I had was immense; but no sooner was I in arrest, than not a soul came near me, except Colonel Hare and the Staff of the Duke of Terceira: but I was at the same time in communication with the Duke of Palmella, with a view to lessen the evil Doyle was committing. I from this day saw the value of Oporto friendship, and resolved to trust to myself alone, and when the tide of friendship flowed back on me (Sir J. Milley being displaced after forty-eight hours) it came unheeded.

On the 14th, Schwalbach crossed the river towards Quebrantoes; so, as soon as the fight began, I joined (while under arrest) the artillery commanded by my friend Passos, and thus missed the officer who had been sent by Don Pedro to release me. Schwalbach showed great judgment in the manner in which he attacked the positions of the enemy, but still greater in the manner in which he retreated when threatened with an overwhelming force. While he was up the river, the brave Captain Morgell had attacked the enemy's batteries; but fell, as well as a Mr. Hayward, an officer

of my battalion, who had accompanied him as a volunteer.

On my return home, I was ordered to take the command of the lines on the old 29th September ground, now held by the British. The morning was excessively wet, few or none of the men had great coats or shoes, and most were in a state of drunkenness, owing to a Crusada Nova, which Doyle in his liberality had served out to them, taken from the bounty money of the recruits. From the position which they held, the officer commanding could have perceived the approach of an enemy at two miles distance; but instead of having placed proper sentries, and allowed the men to be in shelter in this dreadful weather, they had been exposed for the last five hours, as if an enemy was at 100 yards distance. I instantly placed sentries and put the men in cover, and I confess, I felt gratified at the manner in which I was received by them.

Sartorius was now on shore. When in the Azores he had been appointed Major-General of Marines, i. e. Regimento da Armada, but he had never interfered in the command, and if he had known as much as I did, he would have remained contented with the title; but he was advised otherwise, and the first was ordered to be a sort of picked one, both for officers and men, principally intended for the squadron. Of course, as those were the best officers and soldiers who had been on shore in all the affairs, I felt sore at

finding all my "old hands" taken away from me and put under Colonel Williams; but I never complained, because I had no person to whom I could complain.

On the 15th, I went to call on the Duke of Palmella, who put into my hand a letter which had been that day seized at the outposts, from some deserters sent to entice their comrades to follow their example. It was written with great tact, and mentioned how well they were treated by Sir J. Campbell, and that he was to be ready to meet all those who chose to come. The Duke asked me to make use of the letter, and my own opinion is, if I had not been wounded on the 17th, that Sir John and I would have had a strange "*rencontre*."

Early on the morning of the 17th, Captain Saavedra attached to the Emperor's staff, came to inform me there was to be a review of all the British by the Emperor that forenoon, but *he was so very civil*, I was sure a sortie was intended. When all assembled in the place St. Ouvidio, where we were easily distinguished by the enemy, I found myself with a battalion of recruits, and not one officer who had ever seen a shot fired on shore. If a fight took place, I saw I had a bad chance; and, Sartorius being present, I could not resist explaining to him my predicament in perhaps strong language. We marched off, and as we left the barrier on the Valongo road, we

saw the enemy fully prepared for us. We moved upwards of a mile on this road, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd battalions, being formed in close column, with the lancers under shelter about half a mile in our rear. The fight began with the advance of the French and Caçadores in front of the Lugar das Antas; and the enemy not only standing their ground, but bringing up more force, it was necessary to reinforce our people, and Captain Saavedra arrived to order my battalion to a certain position. We moved off, but certainly not in the order to which I had been accustomed. On arriving at the heights, where we received a volley, I looked round for Saavedra, but he had moved away.

There seems to have been in Portugal a sort of fate attached to this Captain Thomas Pinto Saavedra, now Lieutenant-Colonel Saavedra, wherever the British were concerned. I suppose he is a very brave man, and he speaks English as well as any Englishman; but during the whole time I was in Portugal, I never "in fire" heard him utter a word of English; and I know the same strange circumstance has been remarked and commented on by General Bacon and Colonel Wakefield, while under "fire," the latter of whom made use of very broad and intelligible language, which, however, Saavedra did not "*understand*." I should not have referred to this, if the same person, when not "in fire," had not been on all occasions interfering with the British; and I unhesitatingly state, that

French, English, Scotch, and Irish, have suffered more seriously "out of fire" from Colonel Saavedra, than they did "in fire" during all the war in Portugal. There is not an officer or soldier of these four nations, who will not bear out my assertion by facts of the truth of this; and I am sure every honourable Portuguese officer regrets, for the credit of his country, that Saavedra has acted as he has done.

Being thus left alone by this hero, I could find no one from whom to receive orders. I therefore thought it best to advance to the point where the firing was sharpest. In this, I think, I acted wrong, for I forgot I had not a disciplined battalion. I ought not to have attempted a movement where I might be obliged to retire in the face of an advancing enemy, with recruits without officers, but I should have placed them in a commanding position to cover the retreat of those who were forced in rapidly. I saw my fault and proceeded to remedy it; but the enemy, seeing the battalion retire, (which they did with wonderful order and coolness,) were encouraged to advance rapidly.

I had placed the men properly; but the difficulty now was, to distinguish friend from foe, the only difference of uniform being, with the Caçadores of both armies, the different cockades, Donna Maria being white and blue, Miguel blue and red. I threw out a few of the scarlet jackets to mix with our Caçadores, but in spite of this we nearly

mauled some of the musicians of the 5th Caçadores, who had no cockades. I allowed the French battalion and Caçadores to pass us to the rear, and then we had the whole brunt of it at a very short distance. It was necessary to be moving from spot to spot, and it was actually requisite to shove the recruits into their places, the young officers behaving with the greatest degree of gallantry; but still there was confusion. I got a slight contusion on the shoulder, and, a few minutes afterwards, a shot in my left thigh, which, though painful, did not disable me. Having my back towards the enemy, forming some men to make a charge up a road, I received another shot through my right thigh, which gave me severe pain. I retired, and for a moment the men followed me; but forming them again under cover, they charged most gallantly under Major Popham Hill, and retook not only the momentarily lost ground, but drove the enemy to their old position.

The French surgeon having bandaged my wounds, some of the old 29th September French seeing me, pulled a door off its hinges and carried me to my quarters. The French surgeon had by his information made me rather low, when a medical gentleman came to make me a call. I asked him to look at the wound, and while feeling it he said, "Well, it is lucky Sartorius has escaped!" I could not help saying sulkily, "What have I to

do with Sartorius?" He answered, as I thought, "It would have been a very bad thing if Sartorius had been touched." I was quite annoyed, and said, "Confound Sartorius; it is all his fault!—taking away from me all my old officers and men."

This astonished the medico, and it did me great good, as I lost all melancholy at the ridiculous cross-purposes we had been at; I having my mind full of Admiral Sartorius, and the medical gentleman thinking of a muscle in the thigh called "sartorius," near to which the ball had passed. I was the only officer of the three British battalions wounded this day, and a lucky wound I have ever considered it, as I was in this way completely thrown out of the line of intrigue, dispute, confusion, mutiny, and every other disagreeable circumstance and adventure, which to a certainty must have been my fate had I remained with the English battalion.

About this time, Sir J. M. Doyle, General Bacon, and a great many of the monied men of the Lancers, volunteered to take Portuguese pay until the army arrived in Lisbon. This appeared generous. I thought it prudent, as, if they had known the difficulty of getting money as well as I did, they would have been quite aware the Treasury never could give them British pay in Oporto, and I suspect they did not get it in Lisbon.

At this time, when the officers were so generous,

provisions began to be very scarce in Oporto, and every necessary of life very dear, the enemy having lined the whole side of the river with batteries. To the wounded officers this was a most serious evil, and the sufferings of the inhabitants began to be very great; but still the enthusiasm which they showed whenever an attack by the enemy was threatened, was most extraordinary. A great fault was now committed by Don Pedro in making so many sorties, always choosing the point to go out where the enemy appeared weakest, thus tacitly giving them a hint to fortify that spot more strongly. And certainly the enemy attended to the hint.

On the 28th of November, a sortie from Carvalhido took place, the first part being most ably executed by Xavier, the brave Commandant of the 5th Caçadores, and now the Viscount das Antas, commanding the Portuguese Auxiliaries in Spain. His advance was so rapid that he nearly made a prisoner of that cruel monster Telles Jordaõ, who commanded the right of Don Miguel's army towards the sea. If a sharp movement had been made on Matozinhos, and if we had retired by the road to Foz, not only would a great many prisoners have been taken, but we could have returned to Oporto before the enemy brought a force to bear on us. Instead of this, the retreat took place over the same ground by which we advanced, thus exposing the rear to the sharp attacks of the

enemy. The casualties on our side this day amounted to 288; that of the enemy was very great, the French having bayonetted about 200 *voluntarios* in revenge for the atrocities committed on their countrymen on the 17th of November. The enemy now turned all their attention to erect batteries to annoy the town, hoping they might force the inhabitants to revolt against the troops; but Gaspar Terceira had published an order of the day, the purport of which was, that his troops should give no quarter either to the garrison or the inhabitants: in fact, promising them the plunder of Oporto. The inhabitants, whatever their political feelings might have been, now saw no hopes for safety to themselves or property, but in vigorous defence.

The houses in Oporto are built extremely strong, the greatest proportion of the walls being bullet proof. Although the carnage among the inhabitants was great, the strength of the houses diminished it in some measure. About the beginning of December, discord and discontent were at their height, caused by court intrigues, by want of money, and the increasing scarcity of provisions. A short time before this, the Duke of Palmella and Mozinho de Albuquerque had embarked for England on some special mission; one party glad to send the Duke there to get rid of him, and, if report speaks true, he was resolved to use his diplomatic ability to outmanœuvre his opponents in Oporto,

by trying to make good terms for his native country, even although both Don Pedro and Don Miguel should be driven from the stage. On board of this steamer for England; was the famous Mina, who has since died at Barcelona; but neither Palmella nor any one was aware of this circumstance.

In October, a decree, signed by Don Pedro, had appeared in the Oporto Gazette, calling on all authorities to seize Mina, if he could be any where found on the Portuguese soil. No one had the slightest suspicion he was in Oporto, much less Don Pedro or his Ministers; but it was supposed that the British and French Governments, missing Mina from France, suspected his active spirit was on the move, and insisted on Don Pedro publishing this decree to prevent the Spanish Government having the excuse to interfere in the quarrel between the brothers. When I had the command of the outposts, I reported to Hodges having seen a very suspicious-looking person wandering about; but, as he did not pay much attention, I thought little more of the matter. Previously to Colonel Hodges' embarkation for England, he sent to me to remark a person who, at a certain hour, would enter his house. Although in a different dress, I saw at once that the person passing the door and my outpost friend were one and the same. This was Mina, who was an old and intimate friend of Hodges, to whom he had discovered himself; and I believe he left Oporto, with Hodges

and myself being the only persons who had a suspicion he was in Portugal.

After Palmella's departure, we heard that a celebrated French General was coming to command us; therefore every one, before his arrival, considered himself entitled to give his opinion of what ought to be done, and unfortunately, on the 17th of December, a badly arranged attack was made for the purpose of bringing away wines from Villa Nova. The official Gazette of loss made our casualties only about sixty, but from what I have heard the real loss must have been nearer 200. A very brave officer, Major Athayade, of the Duke of Terceira's staff, fell this day. There were most disgraceful reports made against the British squadron, for having fired on our people when put to flight and driven into the river by the enemy. Nothing could have been more false, as, unless the British squadron had acted as they had done, our loss must have been more severe. I was not present on that occasion; and, therefore, could not judge from my own personal observation.

The situation of the English naval commandant in the Douro was most difficult and perplexing, and he must have been gratified by the promotion he received, as a proof that the government at home were pleased with his conduct, but he certainly was disliked by the greater proportion of the officers of the Liberating

Army. I should perhaps except very many of his own countrymen in Donna Maria's service, to whom he showed the greatest hospitality, as any one who was in want of a dinner was sure to find one on board the Orestes; but, as hungry human nature is the same all over the world, "feeding friendship" is not much to be depended on. I never dined with Captain Glascock, though sometimes invited, because from different circumstances I was induced to think his political feelings led him to take Miguel's side of the question; and what could be more natural than that he should feel incensed against the opposite party, for having made such shameful and disgraceful attacks on his character as a man and an officer. I therefore thought the dinner parties which took place on board the Orestes, where officers of both armies met, did infinite harm to our cause. This struck me as carrying neutrality to too great a pitch. At least, while shell and shot were flying, I thought it indelicate to meet and go through the forms of "humanity," while on your return from dinner you were sure to encounter some innocent woman or child, the victim of shot fired by order of these very people with whom you had been sitting in society. I may be wrong in my views, but I pride myself in being able to say that, during the whole active war in Portugal, I never met an officer of Don Miguel's army except in the field. Many of our countrymen's politics in Donna Maria's service were

not those of Liberals, and many drank more wine than the Miguelites; and what better opportunity could a sharp active-minded man like Baron Haber, or a polite courtier like Count Torrebello, have for sifting the brains of liberating officers, as to how matters really stood in Oporto. And yet astonishment was expressed at the enemy being aware of all our movements and intentions!

Towards the end of December, my battalion was ordered to the village of Foz, preparatory to the fortifying of the light-house. Hearing there was a chance of some affair, although not yet recovered, I went there the evening that Colonel Miranda, then in command of the French, was sent to occupy this position. He had received no distinct orders what to do, and why he commenced fortifying the light-house, when he saw Monte Castro (which commanded it) a few hundred yards from him, I know not. My own idea is, he made a mistake, and when at daylight it was pointed out to General Zagallo, it was too late, *because* the enemy had already posted a vidette there.

General Zagallo is, perhaps, the first officer in the world as to being able to detect a mistake in a return; but take his head from paper and figures, and he is lost. His ambition as a soldier is to be able to hand in "returns" without blots or erasures, and he has attained perfection. At all events, it would have been for us of the greatest consequence during the whole siege, if General Zagallo had taken the hint,

and erased Monte Castro out of the enemy's lines, and put it in our " return."

During the months of November and December, a great many bad characters and invalids had been put on board the ship Fulminense, for the purpose of being shipped to England. In returning from the Foz one evening, I saw her coming down the river. The enemy's batteries, as soon as she came within range, opened on her. She grounded, but the batteries still continued to fire until it was dark. A good many of the poor creatures had been wounded, others had jumped overboard, and swam to our side of the river, on seeing the Miguelites' boats approaching to take possession. It has been stated to me, on very good authority, that there were not seven days' provisions on board this vessel. Why she sailed is to me incomprehensible, as it was hardly possible to escape being sunk by the enemy's batteries; indeed, it looked as if the minister of war had intended, " *coute qui coute,*" to get rid of these men; as it would have been easy, even after she grounded, to have landed them on our side. The merit of mercy, however, rests with the officers of the British squadron, who thus gave a splendid answer to the calumnies formerly heaped on them, by sending medical assistance on board. And to the Miguelites it is but fair to do justice, for they landed these men, treated them tolerably well, and actually sent them home to England.

I had now been more than a year a Liberator,

and certainly, in my own opinion, we were further distant from our first object than the day I had engaged in the service. Almost all those who had been at Terceira, were either in their graves, or disabled for future duty; in short, the bright romance of ideal life had vanished; and the only tie which now bound us together, was a distinct view of common danger—a danger which seemed as though ready to overwhelm all. Still, though certain destruction appeared in view, most of us were intent on trifles. I recollect in Edinburgh being present at the execution of the "infamous Burke." The ground over which he had to walk to approach the gallows, was wet and muddy. As this was an "extraordinary man," I watched his every movement of body and countenance intently, and although he knew he was to be a dead man in the course of a few minutes, he took every precaution in crossing the lane, not to wet his feet. So it was with us, while dire destruction was at hand, each was picking his steps in the dirty road of intrigue and selfishness.

A few days after Marshal Solignac landed, the first detachment of Scotch were disembarked, the remaining 400 being expected daily on board the Rivals; but, melancholy to relate, this vessel, with every soul on board, was lost on the coast of Galway.

APPENDIX.

PORTUGUESE APPENDIX.

A.

Belem, June 22nd, 1834.

To Colonel Shaw, Commanding Scotch Fusileers.

Sir,

It is with feelings of anxiety that we venture to intrude ourselves on your time, knowing how much it is occupied by affairs of great moment; but being now in the capital of the country we have helped to save, and expecting to be removed to a distant place where communications can easily be delayed, and applications to the fountain head of the State must be attended with loss of time, we are compelled, respectfully, but firmly, to request your attention to the following:—

By the contract of January 1834, which we signed and agreed to, being convinced that the exigencies of the Government through the expected duration of the war, made them unable to fulfil the original agreement upon which we entered the service, they were bound, at the conclusion of the war, to consent to our discharge, and our return to our native land; at the same time, it was promised, that the arrears of pay due to us should be settled within three months. The war being now happily at an end, Portugal once more independent and free, we come forward to claim that discharge which was promised: and through you, our commanding officer, as the only source to whom we can look for our rights, as the individual in whom we have placed our confidence, we beg you will urge those applications which are necessary to obtain our discharge, and an immediate settlement of our just and hard earned claims.

We cannot forget that we were citizens before we were soldiers; and, though urged by the spirit of liberty, and led on by the hope of adding to the independence of the world, induced us to enter the cause of Portugal, now the war is over it is contrary to the principles we came here to support, to remain during peace the mercenary soldiers of a foreign power. Dreading, in event of a civil commotion, any ebullition of popular feeling, or any demand on the part of the people for an increase of liberty, which it may not be the principle of the Government to grant, we might be called upon to act in a manner inconsistent with our feelings, as Britons, as patriots, and as men.

Actuated by these considerations we are compelled to state firmly and decisively, that nothing shall compel us to leave this place until we are settled with, and a time fixed for the purpose of embarkation for England, as we consider our time of service expired; and having fulfilled most righteously, on our part, the terms of the contract, we expect and demand from the Government the same strict adherence on theirs.

With sentiments to yourself of devotion and respect,

We remain,

Your humble Servants,

CHARLES EBBRELL, Serjeant No. 1. Company.

Signed by all the Non-commissioned officers of the regiment.

B.

To Colonel Shaw, Scotch Fusileers.

SIR,

We, the undersigned, officers of the regiment of Scotch Fusileers under your command, beg leave to submit to the Government of H. M. F. Majesty, through you, our claims to the fulfilment of the contract under which we entered this service.

We feel assured we need not remind you of the sacrafices we made during the memorable siege of Oporto, in accepting a very small portion of our pay; and others, of which number you are one, in entirely relinquishing all pay, until the Government of H. M. F. Majesty was so firmly established, as to enable it to fulfil the engagement

entered into with the British troops. This sacrifice was cheerfully made, in order to afford all our support to the cause of liberty and justice; a cause for which so many of us have left our country, our homes, to encounter all the dangers and privations of actual war. This sacrifice was, however, made on the faith, and the direct understanding, that our original contract would eventually be acknowledged and acted upon.

In January, 1834, a fresh contract was submitted to the men and officers of this regiment; the terms of which contract were, that all our arrears of British pay and allowances were to be immediately paid in bills, on London, of three months.

2ndly, That we were to receive an increased Portuguese pay, monthly.

3rdly, That a gratification of one month's full pay, of the rank we might hold on retiring, would be given for every month we have served, on our quitting the service. The men were also to receive an increased Portuguese pay daily, and a gratuity of £40 worth of land at the conclusion of the war.

We need scarcely say this contract has not been adhered to. The arrears of British pay are not given to us until Sept. 1834, and our promised two years' full pay, as a gratification, was not paid according to the rank actually held by each officer, but of former and lower grade. By this, many of us met with no small loss. And as for the men, recent circumstances evince, that their part of this new contract, shares the same fate as ours; the £40 worth of land being an illusion.

With this contract, indeed, we cannot consider ourselves as having anything to do, as it was never acted on, except as regards our monthly Portuguese pay. It was submitted to, as we were well aware of the difficulty under which H. M. F. Majesty's Government were then labouring, as to pecuniary affairs.

Under these circumstances we call upon you, as our commanding officer, to represent our claims respectfully, but strongly, to the Government of H. M. F. Majesty, that we receive full British pay and allowances up to the day

that we were discharged from the service, agreeable to the engagement entered into with us as Royal Marines; and in accordance with the manner in which the officers and men of the navy and marines are paid: agreeable, in fact, to the original contract of Admiral Sartorius, which, we beg to submit, holds good and effective.

We must say one word on the subject of "allowances." As yet, no remuneration has been given for wounds received in action, though many of us have suffered severely.

In conclusion, we confidently trust to the justice of H. M. F. Majesty's Government, that our claims will meet with every attention, as we are quite sure you would not sanction any that were not founded in strict equity, and to which you considered us not fully entitled.

We beg to assure you of the high respect with which we remain,

Sir,

Your obedient Servants,

(Signed by all the officers of the Fusileiros Ecoseses.)

C.

Petition of Colonel Shaw to H. M. F. Majesty Donna Maria.

MADAM,

With the most profound respect I forward to your Majesty, a letter presented to me on the part of my officers. I am quite confident your Majesty is not aware that the solemn promises made in the name of your M. F. Majesty's Government, by apparently authorized agents in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Portugal, have not only not been fulfilled, but the officers and soldiers have been sent out of this country without their complaints being attended to, and without receiving a settlement, by the terms of any contract, except the decision of a commission appointed for the liquidation of the accounts of foreigners. The only agent with whom I have had any intercourse, has made me the tool of innocently deceiving the officers and men under my command; who now, in Britain and here, accuse me of not keeping faith. The regiment under my command was the only one, which accepted the contract offered to them by the letter of Lieutenant-Colonel

Saavedra, dated 8th January, 1834. This proposed contract was, by my influence, signed by every soldier of the regiment, I pledging my honour that your Majesty's Government would never break faith. About 40 soldiers of the English, and 90 of the Irish, were sent as prisoners to the Castle of St. George, for not accepting the proposed contract; and I state as an extraordinary fact, that I have in my possession a letter of Lieutenant-Colonel Saavedra, dated the 8th of January, 1834, offering very handsome remuneration to the soldiers of my regiment, if they would accept of the terms proposed in that letter (which they did). And I have also in my possession, titulos of these very soldiers, signed by Lieutenant-Colonel Saavedra, dated the 21st of Feb. 1835, not granting one half of the remuneration offered to them in the letter of the 8th of January, 1834. I do not intend to accuse Lieutenant-Colonel Saavedra; nor do I wish to accuse any one; but both my officers and myself cannot account for the manner in which the commission settle claims; as officers who were sent away for bad conduct, or unfitness, have got a similar reward to those who continued to serve your Majesty until the end of the war. As to the men, some who did little or no duty, are better rewarded than those who did; and upwards of two hundred of my regiment have received no gratuity whatever from this commission, because they refused to do more duty after their contract was finished; upon which a declaration was made to them by this commission, that faith was not to be kept. I wish to return to my native country, thinking I have done my duty to Portugal. I have also done justice to the officers and men who served under my command, whose rights I am bound in honour, to protect; I therefore trust your Majesty may graciousiy take the letter of my officers into your most kind consideration.

I am, with the most profound respect,
Your Majesty's most faithful obedient Servant,

CHARLES SHAW,
Late Commanding Scotch Fusileers.

Note—No answer was returned to this letter, although given by the author to the Duke of Terceira, who pledged his honour to deliver it to the Queen.

APPENDIX D.

Copy of the letter of Marshal Saldanha to Colonel Charles Shaw, referred to p. 14, vol. II.

Lisbon, June 27, 1835.

MY DEAR SHAW,

EVER since the age of fifteen I have had the honour of commanding in efficient situations, and the result of all my experience is the certainty, that the only way in which I have been successful is by administering impartial justice; therefore, you may be assured that justice shall be done to the claims of all the foreigners that enlisted in the service of the Queen. Although I cannot but lament the terms on which some of the engagements were made, still you may rely they shall be lawfully executed.

Truly yours,

(Signed) SALDANHA.

E.

Letter to Mr. John Harper from Marshal Saldanha.

Lisbon, August 5th, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for the Courier of the 18th ultimo, containing an article on Lieutenant-Colonel Shaw's return to London, and his appointment in the Spanish Service. I never was more surprised on finding therein, a letter with my signature attached to it, nor can I as yet credit Lieutenant-Colonel Shaw having lent himself to that which he knew to be a falsehood. As you mention your intention of noticing the article by addressing the Editor on the subject, I can have no objection to your stating my perfect ignorance of the letter imputed to me,

I am, my dear Sir, yours truly,

(Signed) MARQUESS DE SALDANHA.*

* This letter Mr. Harper says he never received. When given to me lately by the Editor of the Courier, who received it from Lisbon, I am of opinion it is a forgery.

F.

From Mr. H——

London, May, 1834.

By the last letter of Colonel Shaw to his brother, T. George, it does not appear that he had then received the hints—"hot and cold"—sent to him.

It is evident, however, that the spot proposed for the new colony is one of those mentioned in these hints, near to St. Ubes. It is represented as an insulated spot of low rich soil, surrounded by sand hills and well watered by artificial canals; whether these canals are supplied with water from any river, by natural springs, or by connexion with a tide river, is not explained. But as great labour has been bestowed on the formation of these canals, and as the land is unoccupied, there must be some cause for this neglect; most probably it is the unhealthy nature of the climate. A flat country, intersected with ditches, never can be salubrious, and it is well known that more moisture exudes from sand-hills than from hills of earth or rock: this is certainly of the first importance. According to the subjoined map, Troya is on a point of land with the river Caldao on the north-east, and a branch of the sea to the west, with low land betwixt that branch and the ocean. Troya seems to be the point to which all the eastern and southern roads are carried, and from which point they pass over to St. Ubes, and from St. Ubes there are two roads to the bank of the Tagus.

Where the proposed location is situated, and how it communicates with the sea, is the question. If with the river Salinas, it is understood to be very unhealthy; if with the larger river, Caldao, it may be better. Inquiry should be made on these important points.

It is stated that the land is chiefly a black earth, which may be alluvial and decayed vegetation, which generally produces fine crops of corn, but does not do so well for fruit or vines, which take the earthy taste. Nor is it preferred for pasture, being too wet in winter and too dry in summer.

G.

Remarks on the Scheme emanating from the Contract with the British Soldiers, and the suggestions of Colonel Shaw.

The existing Government of Portugal does not inspire confidence. The establishment of a liberal representative Government might be more relied upon. In that case, should any deviation from contract be attempted, an appeal to the Chambers would obtain justice. Without this safeguard, no association could be formed to act with that necessary confidence which can alone produce beneficial results. Any doubts or embarrassments in the outset to create a want of confidence would be ruinous.

There is a general opinion that many parts of Portugal are subject to fevers and agues at certain seasons annually, which would be a bar to establishments in such quarters.

The banks of the Tagus and Santarem are considered unhealthy, which seems to be proved by the few populous towns on its banks.

The largest towns appear to be distant from the rivers, on eminences.

The northern districts of Portugal are more populous and better cultivated than the southern provinces; they are considered more healthy, and manufactures have long prevailed in the north, quite unknown in the southern districts.

The Utopian idea of founding a Glasgow, on the ruins of the convents of Santarem, is amusing.

A fertile soil and healthy climate are the first inducements for new settlements. Perfect freedom from all Government restrictions, and facilities of communication with distant markets, are the next points.

There must be a superfluity of produce to render food cheap and make wages low; which latter point must be evident before manufacturing industry of any kind can be introduced.

Articles for home use must first be made, before anything can be manufactured for export.

A rich soil produces flax; wool and skins are everywhere: these alone produce clothing and household articles.

The necessary import of manufactures must be paid for by an export of the superfluities of the produce of the soil.

There appears no other natural way of forming new populations with hopes of success.

It must be admitted that if any old town should lose its inhabitants, their empty habitations would be an advantage to new settlers, and save them the labour of building new ones for themselves; but the lands to be cultivated for their subsistence must be quite contiguous, to reap all the benefits.

A situation where opulent persons resided, who purchase everything, either necessary or for luxury, with funds derived from distant sources or land rentals, may not be suitable to new settlers.

A despot may live in splendour, surrounded by the poor industrious cultivators of the soil, from whom he extorts his wealth.

The Government of Donna Maria the Queen of Portugal, appears to have contracted with the British Troops in her service:—

That, at the termination of the war, the soldiers and non-commissioned officers shall be entitled to their discharge.

That every well-conducted Soldier shall then be entitled to a recompence, in land value 30*l.* to 40*l.*; Corporals 50*l.*; Sergeants 70*l.*; First-Sergeants 85*l.*; Sergeants-Major 100*l.*; with permission to bring their families to Portugal, and to practise any trade, the same as native Portuguese.

That the value of the lands is to be determined by Commissioners appointed—one half by the Government, and the other half by the field and other officers of the British regiments.

That the soldiers are to have a right to dispose of the land allotted to them, and to settle in any other part of Portugal, as above.

That, until the lands are allotted to them by the Commissioners, they are to be entitled to their daily rations, although discharged, while in Portugal; but those desirous to return to England are to have a free passage found them.

These are represented to be the outlines of the contract with the British soldiers who have behaved well in the service.

It is stated that the land to be thus given, is the richest in the kingdom—part of the Royal Domains in the Alemtejo, a soil hitherto uncultivated.

As many, if not all, of these soldiers will be desirous to sell their allotments of land, it is contemplated that the estate might be purchased by some wealthy person or by some association, under the protection of the Government, who would immediately settle such estate and engage the soldiers to cultivate the same.

A rough estimate has been made, that the said estate might be purchased from the soldiers for 600,000*l*., and by employing these men in building houses, making roads, and enclosing the lands at some additional expense, a magnificent establishment might be rapidly created, which by proper regulations, encouraging agriculture in all its branches, and also manufactures, would, in a few years, be valuable in every point of view, not only to the association but to the kingdom at large.

If the lands to be thus granted are fertile and situated near a navigable river, with water-power for machinery, the active industry and the capitals of persons engaged in all kinds of handicrafts, would be settled there as quickly as accommodation could be provided.

Unless the estate be near to water-communications, by which timber, fuel, and other requisites could be procured cheaply, the beneficial results would be much curtailed.

Supposing the allotments of land to be made in a favourable situation, it is conceived that above 600 men of good character, with their little capitals, would at once locate there, and thus would, by the addition of their families, assemble an industrious population of great magnitude, so soon as the land could be made capable of producing food for them.

The ready money would procure cows, pigs, horses, tools, sowing-seeds, and other requisites.

The association would immediately lay down plans for towns, villages, and small allotments to individuals, so as not to interfere with ulterior general combinations for increasing population of every description. It is not imagined that the

Royal Domains near to navigation contain forests, but if the soil be fertile, trees would soon grow, for which early arrangements should be made.

Although the vicinity to navigation overcomes many difficulties, yet it must be borne in mind, that abundance of lime, good stone, and clay or brick earth, are essentials of vast importance not always found in rich soils.

Portugal is generally healthy where the country is well watered with running streams, and free from stagnant swamps.

Supposing that the Government of Portugal should be inclined to enter into the views briefly stated in the preceding pages, the objects for consideration are :—

The situation and soil of the lands to be granted, which embrace the capabilities of establishing thereon the enlarged objects contemplated.

The privileges to be enjoyed by the settlers and their descendants, whether originally soldiers or others.

The freedom from or liability to imposts of any description.

The freedom of religious duties, and regulations as to the registration of marriages, burials, and births.

The laws of inheritance to be clearly defined.

Local courts and police to be established within the territory.

The duties of imports and exports to be regulated and permanently established.

The powers and authorities of the officers of the association to be clearly defined. No appeals at law, respecting objects within the Domains, should be allowed.

An outline of what can be done respecting the foregoing points would enable parties to judge whether the scheme would answer, and whether the estate or territory to be acquired, under the conditions stipulated, would be worth the sum to be paid for its purchase and improvement.

These hasty observations are submitted to the consideration of those who feel interested in promoting the views of beneficence which have been proposed by the Government of Portugal, and the most advantageous means of realizing immediately to the brave soldiers, the rewards intended for them, with permanent benefit to the kingdom of Portugal.

It is mentioned in the above observations, that the Royal Domains are situated in the province of Alemtejo.

In that district, the only apparent access to navigable waters, is on the northern boundary, where it touches the Tagus to the eastward of Abrantes, the Guadiana on the south-east, the sea near the Algarves mountains on the west, and the river which rises there and runs to the sea at St. Ubes. This does not augur well, but little is known from good authority.

The capabilities of such waters must be carefully surveyed.

To carry this object into full effect, a company might be formed under charter from the Crown of Portugal, to be named—The British Agricultural Company of Portugal.

Capital £ 100,000, or R$ 360,000,000 metal.

In shares of £ 50, or " 180,000 do.

There might be half and quarter shares to facilitate the distribution to the soldiers.

Some officer, who is much liked by the men, might be selected to carry the scheme into effect on behalf of the Company, by which means many would be induced to follow their leader and settle on the Domain. Such men would be satisfied with any code of regulations which such officer might recommend, and thereby a system of equity and police might be introduced by which affairs could be governed to the satisfaction of all.

The profits to be derived by the speculation would be produced by the sale or rent of lands and houses, which would increase with the population; and by the produce of lands cultivated by the Company, which in the first outset might be necessary. Such profits would be great ultimately, and permanent.

Every thing connected with agriculture should be in metallic currency at the place of growth; this should be introduced at the first outset, and strictly adhered to.

The Governor's house should be a place of security, and a bank should be established under his protection. The bank might give interest to those who made deposits, under proper regulations; and lend money to the industrious, with proper security.

May 27th, 1834.

SPANISH APPENDIX.

A.

Extracts from Instructions to Officers in Command of Brigades, Regiments, and Detachments of the Legion.

7. Though the voyage will certainly be very short, yet, as it will be made in steam-vessels, the men may, it is presumed, be immediately employed in fitting their clothing and appointments, so as to enable them to land in Spain with a good military appearance; and every opportunity should be used to impress on the minds of the men the necessity of soldier-like and orderly conduct, and the pride of maintaining the character of the British name and nation while employed in a foreign land.

8. The men should land with arms and accoutrements.

9. The men, not being trained, will not require to land with ammunition in their pouches. Particular attention to be paid to small stores, worms, turn-screws, prickers, &c. &c. These would, perhaps, be better not served out till the men are somewhat trained to the use of their arms.

B.

Conditions under which British Subjects will be admitted to the Service of Her Catholic Majesty, Donna Isabella the Second, Queen of Spain.

1st. The time of Service to be for either one or two years, as may be preferred by the individual engaging to enter Her Majesty's Service.

2nd. The pay and allowances to be the same as in the English Service, according to the rank and employment of each individual.

3rd. This force to be governed in conformity with the British Military Articles of War, and, in matters not con-

nected with military discipline, in all other circumstances by the laws and institutions of Spain.

4th. At the conclusion of the service, each officer to receive a compensation equal to the amount of pay of one-half the time of their respective service, without prejudice to any further recompense which the government may confer for special services, on the recommendation of the Commanding Officers of the Forces.

5th. The amount of bounty for each recruit, on being attested in the service of the Queen of Spain, will be two pounds sterling.

6th. Each non-commissioned officer and private to receive, at the conclusion of their respective service, a compensation equal to the pay of two, four, or six months, according to their conduct, at the discretion of their commanding officer.

7th. The compensations designated in the preceding articles to be absolutely forfeited, in case any officer or private should be dismissed the service, or retire from it without the sanction of the Commander of the Forces, unless on account of wounds or sickness.

8th. In case the Spanish Government should find it expedient to dispense with the services of any individual, he shall receive the compensation corresponding to his time of service, as determined by the 1st, 4th, and 5th, articles.

9th. The wounded, invalids, and widows of those who may be killed in action, or die on actual service, shall be entitled to the pensions corresponding to their respective ranks and employments, according to the regulations of the British Army.

10th. In all other matters not herein detailed, the Rules and Regulations of the British service will, as far as the cases admit, be adhered to.

11th. All the recommendations made by the Commander of this force, in favour of the officers and soldiers of all ranks composing it, both during the war, and after its conclusion, will be most favourably attended to by the Spanish Government.

On the part of the Spanish Government,

(Signed) MIGUEL DE ALAVA.

The foregoing to be circulated to the recruiting establishments of Her Majesty; the original, with the seal and signature of the Ambassador representing, at this Court, the Queen Donna Isabella, being in my possession.

(Signed) DE LACY EVANS.

Bryanstone Square,
22nd June, 1835.

C.

Memoranda by Sir Hussey Vivian, for the use of the British Legion, given to General Evans.

Head Quarters, Vittoria, April 2, 1836.

The following invaluable memoranda are printed for the use of the Officers of the Legion. I am indebted for them to the kindness of one of the very highest and most distinguished Officers of the British, or of any other army. There are two or three observations applying rather to the formation than to the organization or efficiency of a corps; but I could not think of omitting or altering a word of so admirable a paper, which carries with it all the weight of authority, experience, and proved ability, and I earnestly recommend it to the study and constant recollection of every Officer of the army, who desires, as doubtless every one does, to acquit himself of the duties he has to perform, with advantage to the soldier intrusted to his charge, to the cause we have come to support, and with honour to himself.

D. L. EVANS.

1. Form your Battalions into eight companies, of sixty rank and file each. Small Battalions are much more handy than large and unwieldy bodies; besides, with officers and men brought together for the first time, it is better that the companies should not be too strong.

2. A Battalion of 8 companies is much more readily formed into Square, and, in short, is altogether easier handled than one of ten. Have no flank companies,—they create jealousies, and spoil the other companies.

3. Let your Battalions be taught the simplest movements only;—such as formation from open and close column into line, and throwing forward or back a flank, and the Light Infantry movements are most important.

4. Do not spare ammunition in making your men good shots—it gives confidence.

5. Always work on parade or at drill in the same dress you wear in the field before an enemy; especially work in your knapsacks.

6. Have no feathers or any sort of nonsense, but let the men have one of the ball tufts, each Battalion being distinguished by the colour from the others, so that, in an instant, by the tuft, you see to what corps the soldier belongs.

7. Do not attempt to take the field with any one Battalion, until officers and men are perfectly known to each other.

8. Be most particular in having the men's accounts regularly settled, and both officers and men paid up to the day.

9. See that your Commissariat is in every way efficient before you take the field; and impress on the men the absolute necessity of preserving the strictest discipline, and conducting themselves with the utmost kindness towards the inhabitants—not only their success, but their lives depend on this.

10. In moving into the country take great care to avoid being surprised. Recollect the Guerilla system is well adapted to the country in which you are to act, and for a long time the Spaniards have been acquainted with it. It will tend much to relieve your men from the harassing duty of outposts if you can get some light corps of Spaniards attached to you to keep a look out;—but nevertheless do not trust too much to them. Always have your own advanced and rear guards on a march, and your own picquets and reserves when halted. Above all things teach your officers to take advantage of ground and of defensible houses when engaged—twenty men may defend a house against double or treble the number.

11. Take every precaution to avoid wanting food either for the men or the musket.

12. Inculcate and insist on the strictest discipline at all times, and punish summarily where it fails, but obedience and good conduct produced by love, is ten times more valuable than when produced by fear. Let your officers then above all things make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the characters of the men under their orders, and treat

them kindly, and as friends. Let them look into their wants, and as far as possible consult even their wishes. Let them teach them to look up to them as to their fathers.—By these means mutual feelings of attachment will be produced that will contribute more than any thing to success.

13. In respect to dress, let it be of the simplest and most useful description—a dress and undress jacket, two pair of trousers, a chaco, to come well down to the ear, covering and protecting the back part of the head—hair not cut too close—three or four pair of good socks, and three shirts, with at least two pair of good shoes, and two stocks, with a good great coat, and the requisite articles of small necessaries.

14. At all times when your men have been exposed to wet, and they have the power of doing so, insist on their putting on dry things—if they take proper care of their necessaries they will be enabled to do this—and nothing will tend more to preserve your army efficient. The hospital sends more to the grave than the bullet.

15. If you form cavalry, let your front rank be armed with lance and pistol, your rear with sabre and carbine, put the lance into the hands of good horsemen, and take none into the field that cannot ride so as to be able to use the sword on horseback with effect, and well know how to take care of their horses.

16. Insist on your officers of cavalry seeing every saddle well fitted—sore backs are the destruction of cavalry on service. The surface of the saddle-tree towards the horse's back, should be perfectly smooth, admitting of no false pressure on the blanket or pad—the least undue bearing produces a sore—both in front and rear, the saddle should be well above the withers and the horse's back. Horses become thin on service, and have the worst possible sore backs if the saddle is not sufficiently narrow; on the other hand, if too narrow, you will have the sides sore. All this is most important.

17. Let your swords be pointed lancet point, and both point and edge kept well sharpened.

18. Your men probably will hardly have time to become good horsemen; let your stirrups then be rather short, ad-

mitting of a firm bearing, and the stirrup leathers strong. Strap your overalls and seat them with leather—it adds considerably not only to the duration of the dress, but to the strength of the man's seat.

19. Inculcate watchfulness and sobriety, and send off at once to punishment to some fortress, all those who disgrace their country by misconduct; more credit is to be gained at the head of five thousand good men, than ten thousand, one half of whom are bad.

The foregoing memoranda, the result of the experience of forty-three years' service, have been hastily put together for the use of a brother soldier and friend, in the hope that they may, in some degree at least, contribute towards promoting that success which the writer most sincerely wishes him.

HUSSEY VIVIAN.

London, July 5th 1835. Lt.-Gen.

D.

The following memoranda have been drawn up for the benefit of this force, by one of the most distinguished, skilful, and experienced military surgeons in Europe, Mr. Guthrie. They are directed to be printed for the use and guidance of Officers. If read attentively, and adopted as far as possible, much advantage to the health and efficiency of the Legion would undoubtedly be the result of this excellent advice.

FOOD.

Breakfast.—The Troops should always have a hot breakfast, of Cocoa, Broth, or something the country will afford; and the first duty of an officer is to see it in messes.

Dinner.—The second is dinner, hot if possible, and wine or spirits are not so necessary as a quantity of plain warm food, although a little spirit is sometimes useful.

These two points should never be neglected in quarters of any kind.

Sleep.—The soldier should not, if possible, sleep within 18 inches of the ground; and if he is obliged to do so, a mat made of straw, hay, rushes, or any thing dry should be made to lie upon in every quarter where the troops remain a week. The officers should see every man on his bed.

Rising.—Every man should strip naked and shake himself, if he cannot wash, every morning when not before the enemy, and the blankets should always be shook, and the quarters cleaned out, before breakfast.

Drill and March.—Neither drill nor march in the midst of the day. In this adopt the custom of the country.

Shoes.—The British will do little without reserve shoes from England.

Night march, Day march.—Young troops make nothing of a night march, and old ones but little. To start an hour before day-light is best, or even half an hour, and never if possible make a long march. On level ground 10 miles at most; 8 are better, and with 1 or 2 short halts, so as to get in early.

Carts.—Every Regiment should have two carts for its sick, lame and lazy, in charge of the Surgeon, and one extra for the Staff Surgeon of each Brigade.

Each cart carrying, in boxes in the seat, Medical Stores and comforts, but not the Instruments. They assist the tired by carrying their Knapsacks or Kit,—the arms occasionally, and the man—if it cannot be helped. The carts of the country must be procured if others are not at hand, and any draught horse will do in carts of the Chery construction.

Surgical Mule.—The Surgeon should have a mule for his panniers, and his instruments. When the Quarter-Master has a mule for Pioneers' tools, these two should march in front of the rear section of each Regiment. They should never go to the rear, or they will not be forthcoming when wanted.

The Surgeon should never be asked to attend parade for form sake, but be ordered to examine the quarters whilst the people are out of them.

Encamp.—Encamp always near water; but never remain a night on moist ground, in September and October, if it can be avoided; and never encamp on the top of a hill near marshy ground.

Sick.—If the troops get sickly, let the Surgeon most strictly watch them and find out the cause. Find the people full employment, and change their quarters when unhealthy.

Regimental Hospital.—Each regiment should take care of its own sick in quarters, and the Corregidor or Alcaldé must find an hospital and furnish it with bedding for each regiment by requisition, whenever the troops halt for a few days.

but it would be well for each regimental surgeon to carry 12 sets of bedding for immediate use, viz. one empty palliasse for straw, one blanket, one coverlet, three sheets.

Brigade Hospital.—When the troops move, the sick of each Brigade should be collected, and left in charge of one assistant surgeon, and the town should provide the bedding, &c.

General Hospital.—In every fortified town on the British line of march, there should be from twenty to thirty miles apart, a small hospital, whether Spanish or British.

The Brigade Surgeon should see every man that goes to the rear, and the Regimental Surgeon, or assistant, should march with the carts, and report each man left behind.

Stragglers.—No man should be allowed to fall out without leave from the officer commanding his company, who reports on his arrival at quarters. A card or ticket must be given, and any man without one becomes immediately known to the Provost Marshal, as well as Medical Officer.

Provost.—Each regiment should have an acting Provost Marshal and a Drummer, or person or two, to punish when necessary, and there should be a mounted Provost.

This system will save many lives, and preserve the discipline of the army better than any number of punishments by Courts Martial. Indeed, the punishment should always be summary where it can be done, and experience has taught us that severe punishments by courts martial are of little use.

The Provost should always flog on the breech. It is more like flogging a boy, and does no harm to the man.

Wounded.—The wounded must find their way to the rear, as they can, without help; for if any men fall out they will not return. This rule should be absolute, and one-third of the wounded will be well in less than a month, one-fifth in less than three weeks.

Officers commanding regiments, troops, and companies, surgeons, and all concerned in maintaining the discipline and health of the troops, are entreated to pay strict attention to the general purport of the advice contained in this memorandum.

DE LACY EVANS,
Lt.-Gen.

Head Quarters,
Vittoria, 24th March, 1836.

E.

TO THE SOLDIERS OF BRITISH LEGION!!!

From the General in Chief, in the name of our King, his Royal Majesty Charles V.

SOLDIERS!

FOR the sake of yourselves keep silence!

I have made you no offers until now that I find myself enabled to perform whatever I promise. If you join our army, who fighting for the right and legitimate claim, which I have on the crown of Spain, you shall have everything that a soldier requires, receiving the reward which I now promise you. Many of your comrades have joined our ranks; they can tell you how they have been received by us, and what kind of treatment they have. Follow their brave, their bold example; we will receive you with love and affection; you will then join our brave soldiers, who fight for our God, our Religion, and our King.

You will be rewarded as follows:—

To every sergeant, corporal, or soldier that presents himself to me, and joins our army with his horse and arms, fifty dollars; and he will be enrolled in our British Legion, where he will receive the best treatment.

He that joins with his horse alone, thirty-five dollars.

If he joins with his arms alone, ten dollars.

And he that comes to us without arms, five dollars.

Every sergeant, corporal, or private that joins us, bringing with him from thirty to forty men, shall be made an officer.

If he joins from with forty to sixty men, he will receive a lieutenant's commission.

If he brings over from sixty to eighty men, he will be made captain, and the officers, sergeants and corporals, that are required to fill up the troop, in his company, shall be made from the men who join with him.

Any man who is the means of bringing over 300 men shall receive a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Legion.

Soldiers! By your joining us quickly you will be the means of putting an end to this horrible warfare. You have before you a noble career. Come then and enrol yourselves in the ranks of the legitimate Sovereign, and I pledge my Royal word that all I have promised shall be performed.

EL CONDE DE CASA-EGUIA,
The General in Chief of his Majesty's Army.

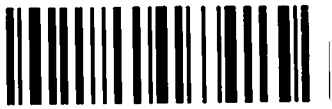
From Head-quarters, 10th of June, 1836.

Comrades! You are now serving in an unlawful cause; you are commanded by a set of officers, who are neither soldiers nor men, and who disgrace the name of Britons, by their cowardly conduct in the field, and their brutal treatment of their men in the camp. Here! if any man distinguishes himself as a brave and respectable soldier, he will have a fair and equal promotion from the ranks.

From the British Legion in the service of his Majesty Don Carlos.

END OF VOLUME I.

J. B. Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament Street.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